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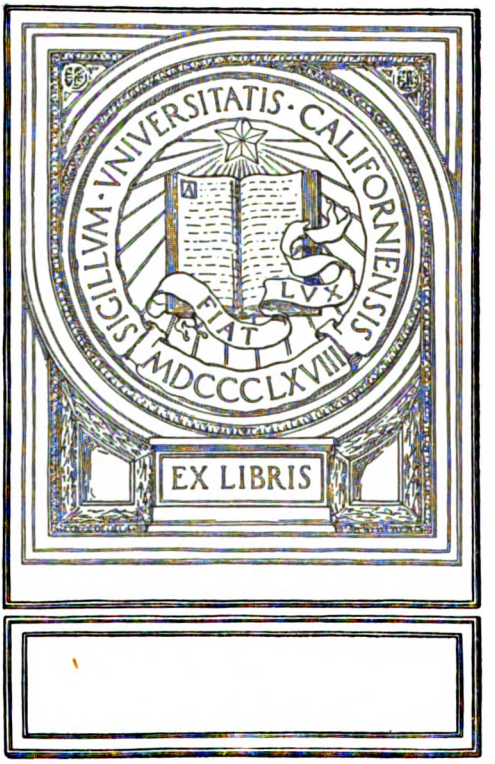

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Granville Fortescue, Russia, 1915

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FRONT LINE AND DEADLINE

THE EXPERIENCES OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

GRANVILLE FORTESCUE

ILLUSTRATED

G · P · PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK
1937

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UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY THE VAN REES PRESS

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TO

GERALD MORGAN

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CHAPTER I

THE SEED IS PLANTED

My first adventure in war corresponding grew out of meeting Ralph D. Paine, of the Hearst Newspapers, in Philadelphia in 1897. I was at the University of Pennsylvania, a junior that year. Paine had been given a presentation sword by Mr. William Randolph Hearst to deliver to General Maximo Gomez, commander-in-chief of the Cuban army. He failed in his mission. He suggested that I take over the job. The Hearst newspapers were in the midst of their campaign to force the United States to intervene in behalf of "Free Cuba."

Perhaps the fact that Osgood, another Pennsylvania football player, and Osman Latrobe of Baltimore, whom I knew by reputation, were already officers serving in the Army of Cuban Liberators, influenced me to accept the venturesome job. From Dr. Guitterez, one of my professors, I obtained a letter to the Cuban Junta in New York and was shortly enlisted in the Cuban artillery. This seemed the most feasible way of getting to the island, and meeting General Gomez.

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So I became a "filibuster." At that date the name was given to those who—against the edicts of the United States Government, and the continued activity of its navy—attempted to land arms in Cuba. It is interesting to reflect on the changes in the significance of the word. My dictionary gives the definition as: "A lawless military or piratical adventurer, a buccaneer." Then as a verb intransitive: "to obstruct legislation wantonly by endless speeches, motions, etc.," and traces the word to the Dutch, "vrijbueter," freebooter.

I was neither pirate nor buccaneer, neither did I "obstruct legislation wantonly." Just a disguised newspaper correspondent.

I set down a few excerpts from my diary, in all its original naïveté. The first entry reads:

"Started from New York for Jacksonville on S.S. Seminole, 3 o'clock P.M. Washington's Birthday, 1897. Why am I doing this damn fool trick?"

No doubt this was that "sober second thought" which so often plagues us when we follow our impulses.

"Jacksonville. Feb. 26th. Passed the 'Three Friends' (a gun-runner ocean tug, impounded by the Navy) as we came over the bar. Went to see the 'big guns' here. Found General Nunez (Chief of the Cuban gun-runners in Florida) to be a perfect gentleman.

March 4th. Great excitement. Tried to get the 'Dauntless' (the ocean tug which was to take our expedition to Cuba) out, but the U.S.S. Vesuvius sent two solid shots across our bows, and whistled us back. No ammunition on board. Just a trial trip.

March 10th. Shown the delights of 'Mexican Monte.' Taking Spanish lessons. Told by Captain Andre, my teacher, I would be able to speak in 15 days."

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It took me several years and then I spoke ungrammatically.

"I saw the Maringo dance. I will not describe it."

What a grand newspaper man I must have been! As I remember the "Maringo" was a fan dance, minus the fan.

"March 15th. There is a very nice girl here, a Miss Mc— very sensible and with many other good qualities."

Was that love interest?

"March 16th. My 'compañero' Manning (another American who had sold his shoe business and deserted a wife in Ohio) got in a fight . . . had a new white vest cut by his assailant who used a knife. Luckily he did not cut deep enough."

Manning was an excellent rifle shot. He helped mightily at the time of our disastrous landing.

"March 20th. Tampa–Ybor City. Waiting our chance to get out. Two Americans, Gorman and Street, backed out."

On the Siboney Road, a year later, I met Gorman, then a sergeant in the 71st New York, marching to San Juan Hill.

"March 22nd. Damn the warships, especially the Vesuvius and Captain Pillsbury."

A new attempt to get out with our guns and ammunition had been frustrated by the vigilant U. S. Navy.

"March 23rd. The sweetheart of one of the 'expedicionarios' was shot last night by a rival. He has gone to attend the funeral."

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The expedicionario, or the rival?

"March 28th. Fever carried off one of our small band today. Life is too short to weep over the dead."

At this point in my diary I find a page of numerals, evidently a code. I no longer remember the key.

"March 30th. Had to fish a Cuban out of the river today. For a moment I thought I saw my finish. He entwined his legs around me and nearly drowned the both of us.

April 1st. Went to a Cuban ball and met a few of the girls. One had nice eyes.... A major and a captain had a fight. The major drew his gun but fortunately it went off in the air. Expect to get off soon."

There is a break in the diary here until April 10th. Follows a summary of our attempted landing in Cuba, and being driven off by a Spanish patrol. A warship appeared when we were landing ammunition, shelling our tugs and small boats. Our American master insisted upon returning to Florida. So my first venture in war corresponding ended in failure.

Looking back on those early experiences, I now realize the grand writing material I let slip through my fingers. Knowing what I do now I could easily have written a half dozen blood-tingling adventure stories. Unfortunately the incidents leading up to my failure to carry the presentation sword to General Gomez did not appeal to the then editor of the Hearst syndicate. Within six months after my return to Florida, President McKinley, perhaps influenced by the propaganda carried on in Mr. Hearst's newspapers for intervention, declared war against Spain.

Now that it has dropped into the limbo of history, a discussion of the justification for our war against Spain

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is of small value. Still I resent the tendency of certain writers to belittle the men who fought in that war. Those men enlisted from patriotic motives. In '98 there was no such word as "pacifism" in the vocabulary of youth and the call to arms was the call to glorious adventure. Some may sneer at this now termed "adolescent" quality of spirit. Yet those Americans who trained in the fever-ridden camps established in the United States, who suffered the hardships of the Cuban and Puerto Rican Campaigns, who were wounded or killed in those campaigns, deserve as much honor as any of our soldiers who fought in the Argonne.

A soldier killed assaulting the trenches at Château Thierry was no more dead than one killed charging up San Juan Hill.

In May, 1898, I enlisted in the First U. S. Volunteer Cavalry, christened by the correspondents of that day, the Rough Riders.

I was one of the legion of the "first man" up San Juan Hill. At least my bunkie, Edward C. Waller of Chicago, always maintained I was the first. Dudley Dean, the Harvard football player, and I squatted on the summit of Kettle Hill, shooting up a Spanish mountain-gun section. We never agreed as to which one of us potted the officer in command. I distinctly remember—there, perhaps I was wrong.

Later, while firing kneeling, I was hit by a Mauser bullet in the ankle. The sensation was that of being clubbed with a baseball bat. Luckily the bullet passed between the bone and the tendon Achilles. I kept on with my squad. Presently Colonel Roosevelt called me. He sent me off to the right flank with a message and used me as an orderly all the rest of the day and night. The next morning I had my wound dressed. It was stiff and sore at this time.

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For my part in the San Juan fight I was cited for bravery, received a "certificate of merit," later exchanged for the Distinguished Service Medal. I was awarded a commission as First Lieutenant and served for two years during the Philippine Insurrection with the 26th Infantry, a regiment recruited in Massachusetts.

During my Philippine campaign I had the "time of my life." Given command of two platoons of mounted scouts (forty men on American horses) I operated under direct orders from the General in command of operations in the Island of Panay. Riding out at the head of my troopers, I did not envy Marshal Ney. Several times, raiding behind the Filipino lines, my escapes from capture or death were matters of sheer good luck, and on two occasions my life was saved by the quick shooting of my troopers.

The Philippine campaign concluded, General Williams of Texas appointed me his aide-de-camp. With him I returned to the United States in 1901, completing the trip around the world, via Hong Kong, Singapore, Ceylon, Suez, Genoa, Paris, and then home. I spent most of the two years' pay I had saved in the islands on that trip.

Visiting old Rough Rider friends in Texas and New Mexico, I read in the local papers I had been commissioned a Lieutenant in the 4th U. S. Cavalry. I joined the regiment at Fort Leavenworth, studied in what was then designated as the General Service and Staff College, and in 1904 was selected by President Roosevelt as one of his military aides. While on this detail, I was sent as an observer with the Japanese Army before Port Arthur.

Here I had the opportunity to study the operations of great armies engaged in modern warfare, a study that helped enormously during my World War corresponding days. Three factors in military tactics impressed me more than all others while observing the operations of the Japanese army—the effectiveness of howitzer fire; the tremen-

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dous value of machine-guns in defense or attack; and the usefulness of hand-grenades.

Hand-grenades were not recognized as necessary weapons in modern warfare until that period. During the attacks on the Swenshuie outworks—the scene of many bloody hand-to-hand attacks and counter attacks during the siege of Port Arthur—the Russians improvised hand-grenades from empty meat cans, filling them with powder and attaching a fuse. The Japanese immediately improvised similar weapons. And from that time the hand-grenade found its place as a regular part of the infantryman's equipment.

Observers were not supposed to go into the danger zone, still Lieutenant Count Wolfskeel, the German military attaché, and I made it our business to move up into the front line trenches when possible, and we always rode out to watch the critical assaults as they developed along the six miles of fighting front.

At that time I met Lieutenant Yates-Smith, Yorkshire infantry, who was killed at the Battle of Mons during the World War. He received a posthumous Victoria Cross for his bravery.

I also met many of the American and English correspondents. Gerald Morgan, representing the New York *Tribune,* and I became fast friends. Richard Harding Davis, whom I had known in Cuba, Willard Straight, Guy Scull, Jack London, John Fox, Jr., John Barry and Robert Dunn, among the Americans; and Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett of the London *Daily Telegraph,* Frederick Villiers, Bennet Burleigh, my friends among the British correspondents.

I was able to do Ashmead-Bartlett a favor in getting out his copy, a favor he always remembered. Other correspondents worked themselves up into quite a dither over the incident, trying to make trouble for me with the War

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Department. Still when a friend asks you to mail a few innocent letters, can you refuse him?

The Japanese Government conferred the Order of the Rising Sun on me and the Campaign medal, when I left.

This sketchy outline of my military experiences previous to the World War is included here to tell the reader something about myself and my background. This that he may be able to judge of my comments on strategy and tactics employed by the various armies during the World War. These experiences gave me a splendid foundation for my work as a war correspondent.

Perhaps it was the association with so many correspondents during the Port Arthur campaign that gave me my taste for that type of adventure. At any rate, it seemed to me that they had all the fun, much of the glory, to say nothing of excellent pay, for taking part in war. It was natural, I suppose, that I should take up such a career when later the opportunity offered

During the years that followed, I resigned from the Regular Army. In 1907 Gerald Morgan and I explored the Orinoco River from its headwaters to its mouth. Later I was given a commission and sent as an assistant to Colonel Herbert Slocum, U. S. A., in the organization of the Cuban Rural Guard. This work done, I went to Europe, relaxing on the Continent, in Paris, Berlin, Aix-les-Bains.

While in Aix I began my actual career as a correspondent.

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CHAPTER II

CAREER BEGUN AND ALMOST DONE

I AWOKE with the warm, August sun streaming in the over-furnished, hotel room window. A soft-footed valet arranged my golf suit, shirt, tie, for the day. A deft-fingered waiter was setting the breakfast table, serving *café au lait, brioche,* a single soft-boiled egg. Luxury!

Lazily I opened out the morning paper. *Le Matin,* still ink-damp from Paris. I read the "banner" across the top of the first page.

SPANISH BRIGADE MASSACRED!

GENERAL PINTOS WITH HIS ENTIRE FORCE VICTIMS OF SAVAGE RIFFIANS IN MOROCCO

On the slopes of Mount Gurugu, some kilometers east of Melilla, the Spanish port in North Africa, a mixed brigade of infantry and cavalry was surrounded—

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I put down the newspaper; sat thinking of those Spanish soldiers. My *café au lait* tasted unusually comforting that sunny morning. I buttered a bit of *brioche*. Lying on the bleached table-cloth, a blue envelope caught my attention. A telegram. Immediately I felt cold, as if some one had opened a door letting in a chill wind. A premonition? I tore open the telegram.

LONDON. 1/8/09. CAPTAIN GRANVILLE FORTESCUE.
HOTEL SPLENDIDE. AIX LES BAINS. FRANCE.

Are you game for Riff war in Morocco question mark Standard wants correspondent stop Can place you stop If game meet me in Malaga where the grapes come from.

ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

I looked about at the luxury of the room. Again I glanced at the newspaper, threw it down. I clipped the top off my egg sharply. I shook in salt, pepper, began eating English fashion. What about Dorothy? I'd promised to motor up in the Alps with her— Heigh-ho! I barked at the valet: Madrid express, wagon-lit, *ce soir*.

Missing Ashmead-Bartlett in Malaga I caught him in Melilla. A blond, tall Englishman, Ellis, thin, sharp-featured, his most striking characteristic two curiosity-filled blue eyes. Gifted with a rare sense of humor and a passion for war-corresponding to say nothing of an unmatched flair for writing, he was the staff ace of the London "Daily Telegraph." He introduced me to a Colonel "Gyppy" Lewis, writing for the London "Times," who won his title and nickname serving in the Egyptian army under General Kitchener.

Short, thick-set, bronzed, Lewis wore a monocle plugged into his right eye. He also wore the most beautiful boots I have ever seen on any officer in any army in the world. Finished by the most expensive boot-maker in Jermyn

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Street, they were locked in trees for twelve months, saddle-soaped and polished daily, and not worn until the end of the year. You could use one any time for a shaving mirror.

Ellis gave me a letter from the London "Standard" authorizing me to act as their Special Correspondent. We went immediately to headquarters to have my passes put in order. This accomplished, when leaving headquarters, suddenly I came face to face with a glamorous *demi-mondaine,* a gorgeous lady I once knew slightly in New York.

Did she recognize me? I hardly recognized her. Flashed through my mind our last meeting; Saratoga, at the races, when she was the young and beautiful mistress of one of New York's richest men. I recalled rumors of exotic escapades in London, Paris. Later it was whispered this flaming lady accepted the favors of King Alfonso of Spain. Always her costumes exploited the genius of Parisian *couturiers.* Now, in this squalid, Moorish city, three Spanish officers playing gallants at her side, she wore the uniform of a Red Cross Sister!

Curls of rippling chestnut hair escaped under her white wimple. The symbolic Red Cross covered her breast. Her uniform, a dramatic blue, matched her adventurous eyes. Those eyes were stony when she passed me.

Meeting this lady in Melilla playing the rôle of Florence Nightingale, obviously a favored guest at the commanding general's headquarters, the cynical might raise dubious eye-brows. I chose to believe she was a Magdalen who had found grace. Later I learned her novitiate name was Sister Innocenta.

Ellis was eager to meet the lady. I made no effort to recall myself to her. Shortly we both were too busy to bother further about the glamorous lady who thus honored Melilla.

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Leaning, arabesque walls shadowed the city streets. Over-flowing from cavernous shops, merchants spread their stock on the side-walks; prayer and harem rugs, ivory laces, inlaid tabourets, flint-lock muskets, those sticky, polychrome sweetmeats the Arabs love, and unnumbered other knick-knacks and what-nots, on sale in all Moroccan ports.

Spanish soldiers—forty thousand, all arms—crowded the once pirate haven. Despite the indignant glances of Moorish merchants, regal in embroidered *kaftans,* the angry-eyed frowns of desert Arabs in burnoose and turbans, the soldiers smiled brazenly at the *yashmaked* maidens. Pretending a supercilious disdain the Moorish girls joggled their donkeys over the cobbles.

In Cuba I became really fond of the Spanish soldier as a type. Pepe is short, he staggers under the weight of rifle, ammunition, and pack. Yet he is almost always happy, if somewhat pathetic in his rôle. Never is he without some musical instrument on the march. I have counted an average of four mandolins, or guitars, to a squad. And Pepe will strum and sing up until the very moment he is ordered under fire.

In contrast the Riffians are physically perfect. These descendants of the Barbary pirates are nearly all over six feet, and appear taller wearing coiled turbans. They move their lean, hide-tough bodies so gracefully you think of the rippling muscles of race horses. Faces oval, noses hawk-like, eyes brilliant jet, the sun has tanned their skins to a shade between blood-stone and copper. Their wild, desert life has endowed them with a carriage of command, dignity.

Picture these battle-loving sheiks pitted in war against peasants recruited in Andalusian pastures and Malaga's vineyards.

North Africa's desert is hot and dry. The Riff country climate approximates that of western Arizona, being some-

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what cooler when the winds blow from the Mediterranean. The terror of this land is the sand storm. They are less destructive but more frequent than the Florida hurricane.

Naturally we correspondents were impatient to see action. We bought our horses. I found a pure white, Arab stallion, big chested, legs without a blemish, flowing white mane and tail. He was a picture steed. I confess I fancy myself on a horse. I have always spent to my limit, and over, to satisfy this vanity. Both Ellis and Lewis were obviously consumed with envy when I led in my stallion, "El Moro."

Ellis had a horse that used to go to sleep on his feet, and Lewis had bought a dun pony.

"Chose this color especially," he explained. "Sheik blighters can't sight a chap against the sand." When Lewis first saw "El Moro," he chuckled.

"Fortescue, old man, don't you think the sheiks might mistake you for General Marina himself? You'll be a target for their whole army, horse, foot, and dragoons, on that circus horse."

I do not know if the Riffs mistook me for the Spanish Commander-in-Chief, but Lewis was right about my being a chosen target.

When the Spanish army started its offensive I suggested that we correspondents join the cavalry. During the two weeks' wait we had made friends with a number of Spanish officers, among them General Carlos, Prince de Bourbon, in command of the cavalry division, and his younger brother, René de Bourbon, a captain commanding a squadron of the Princessa Hussars. The princes were cousins of King Alfonso, courteous to a degree, delightful companions, and gallant soldiers.

Spanish army tactics would have been highly praised by Napoleon. The drill book had not been revised for a century. Personally I much prefer those old-fashioned cavalry

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charges, the advance of infantry shoulder to shoulder, the sporadic support of artillery; one feels the thrill of romance in these maneuvers. The Riffians met those carefully prepared battle tactics with attacks on flank and rear, firing from the saddle, charging right up to the infantry bayonets with wild fury, shouting their battle cry—"Allah el Allah!"

We made a one day's march to Zoco el Arbaa—"Wednesday's Market Place"—and pitched tents. In order to prevent the Riffs from riding down the troops at night, a single line of wire entanglements was stretched around our camp. After two days' wait, during which both Spaniards and Moors staged small skirmishes, Ashmead-Bartlett and Lewis returned to Melilla for needed supplies. All our Scotch whiskey, soda, large quantities of canned meats and dainties, had been expended in entertaining our Spanish officer hosts. I remained in camp. Luck favored me; I beat them to the first Spanish battle.

It was a cavalry engagement. I can see the picture now. The videttes had pushed out to scout some clay houses about a mile across the level desert. Prince René de Bourbon's squadron of the Princessa Hussars—I was riding beside him—followed in the supporting line. The videttes came back galloping helter-skelter, spurred on by the "puck-koo-o-o-l" of the Riff's muskets.

The scouts report the clay houses held by a large force of Moors. As our orders were to develop the enemy, we are eager to move forward, but are ordered to await further instructions.

In our rear I see the staff grouped about the division commander. Each officer has his glass fixed on the baked clay houses. A bugle shrills! The rumble of wheels, the clank of harness chains, the pound of horses' hoofs. A Schneider battery of 75s gallops into position. The gunners set up their range finders, make their calculations.

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Four blasts shatter the air. Four cloud puffs appear suddenly above the clay houses. Before the echoes of the exploding projectiles reach our ears, a group of gray horsemen scurry from behind the walls. More salvos from the guns. More shrill bugle calls. The second cavalry regiment —the Lancers de la Reina—mount. An orderly gallops up to report that the whole cavalry brigade is going into action.

Now we can see groups of racing Moor horsemen scattered across the desert. Some time passes before our Spanish cavalry is aligned and trotted into position. The Moors pour long range fire into the forming ranks. Horses and men drop under that fire. The charge is delayed.

Seeing this I suggest to Prince René that he march his squadron—which was in support—along the seashore below the desert level, then cut in on the Moor flank. From his brother he receives permission to try this maneuver.

While the Hussars and Lancer regiments engage the Moors along the front, we gallop over the sands a mile or so. We halt. Prince de Bourbon and I reconnoiter the enemy position. We find that the charge has been checked, the battle broken up into a series of skirmishes between Spanish squadrons and scattered groups of Moorish horsemen.

De Bourbon is as excited as a child. I point out that a hump in the desert makes it possible for us to ride undiscovered to a position on the enemy flank. We hurry back to the squadron. The Prince gives his platoon commanders their instructions. Hidden by that fold in the terrain, our column rides from the seashore straight back into the desert. Once we flank the enemy front we wheel into line.

Sabers flash. Bugles sound the "Charge!"

I rode in the center of the charging line at Prince de Bourbon's left hand. The desert wind blew hot past my cheeks. I could see the battle line broken across the sands.

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Far on the right flank the Lancers fought hand to hand against a horde of galloping Riffians. Other soldiers of the Princessa regiment were fighting on foot. Horses ran loose. Bodies, looking like bundles of crumpled uniforms, spotted the sands.

Directly in front a group of Moors held a goat kraal, a low walled fortress about a hundred by three hundred feet. I sighted horses with high Arab saddles tethered in the rear while the tribesmen crouched behind the walls blasting the Spaniards with rapid fire from Remington and Mauser rifles. Our charging line was within four hundred yards of the kraal before the Riffs discovered us.

When they did they shifted to meet our rush. Bullets ping-e-e-d overhead, plowed into sand under our horses' hoofs. Above the stone walls I could make out dark bearded faces topped by white turbans.

I was armed with my service pistol only. When we were within about two hundred yards of the Riffs I yelled. A wild shout always signaled the climax of our drill charges in the 4th Cavalry. The Hussar soldiers caught the idea. They echoed my shout with strings of Spanish oaths. As we thundered on, the Riffs fired point-blank in our faces. But before we were within sabering distance they sprang to their horses. Still firing from their saddles they galloped out of the kraal. Spurring their mounts they headed for the slopes of Mount Gurugu.

A second group of Riffians, who had been fighting the dismounted troops of the Princessa regiment, now turned their fire on us. The walls of the kraal had hopelessly messed our squadron. I suggested to Prince René that we sweep back to our own lines.

To carry out this maneuver was not easy. The troopers —this was the first time any of them had tasted fire—were laughing, swearing and shouting in high excitement. Luck-

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ily not a man had been killed although about a score had been wounded and a number had their horses shot.

When we trotted back to the Spanish lines we received loud congratulations from the general. Our tactics had decided a doubtful engagement and sent the sheiks in full retreat. General Carlos de Bourbon was delighted with the way his younger brother had conducted the charge, he also showered me with flattering phrases. He promised us both the Cross of Isabella. The Spanish officers knew I had fought against them in Cuba. That *faux pas* was forever wiped out. I was warmly adopted into the Princessa Hussar regiment.

I spoke Spanish fluently—although quite ungrammatically—which gave me a pull over Ashmead-Bartlett and Colonel Lewis. When my fellow correspondents arrived that evening with a cartload of supplies including several cases of Scotch whiskey, they found me the guest of honor at the Cavalry officer's mess. I quote from Ashmead-Bartlett's tome, "The Passing of the Shereefian Empire," describing the scene.

"We found the camp in a state of uproar, and our friend Fortescue having the time of his life . . . the officers of the First Brigade had a big dinner in the open air, and Fortescue having greatly distinguished himself in the fight, was being royally entertained. Colonel Lewis and myself were invited. After the dinner we had an open-air concert and I have never listened to anything finer than the singing of the Spanish officers; many of them had excellent voices, and sang old Spanish songs to perfection, especially one officer with a rich tenor voice, who sang old Andalusian love songs."

I cannot picture adequately the scene, the delights of that happy occasion. The camp on the desert sands, the long table lit by candle light, the occasional neigh of teth-

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ered horses, the silver-bright, tropic stars glittering down on this little group of happy soldier men. We had finished the Jérez and Malaga. When the Scotch and soda went round, we found ourselves in closest harmony in more senses than one.

During the next few weeks the Spanish army was harassed by sporadic Riff raids. One most electrifying skirmish was staged during a sand storm.

Imagine if you can one of the worst rain and wind storms you ever experienced. Then push your imagination further and change the rain to clouds of sand that whip and smother everything on the face of the earth, until men, women, children, horses, dogs, chickens, every living thing caught in the storm is covered with yellow powder. Eyes, ears, hair, noses fill with sand. You breathe a yellow haze.

Suddenly white lightning stabs through this haze. Hurricane winds blow. Tent canvas is whipped to shreds. Roofs lift intact from house walls and scatter over the desert. The climax of the sand storm is usually a deluge of rain turning the surface of the earth into a huge mud pie.

Early one September morning when Ashmead-Bartlett, Lewis and I had been swimming in the Mediterranean, the heliograph flashed its warning that Riffs were on a raid. We heard the cavalry trumpets sound the "Call to Arms!" In no time we were dressed and cantering to camp ready to follow the fight.

The Moors had swooped down on a weakly defended sector of the railroad. They drove off the infantry half-company guarding it. Already they had dismounted and were tearing up the tracks, a game they practiced day and night.

We discovered the first squadron galloping across the desert. They managed to arrive within a half mile of the

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Moors without being noticed. Then the raiders scrambled up on their saddles, fired a broken volley, and raced off. I noted that they did not ride their usual trail leading to the hazardous foot-hills of Mount Gurugu, but half-wheeled along another desert road.

Galloping far in rear of the squadron I suddenly felt the sand stinging against my face. It made little impression, for at that moment another band of sheik horsemen came bounding over the desert to join the fleeing raiders. The two groups merged. A moment or two while Arab horses plunged and reared, then the whole party wheeled, charging the Spanish squadron's flank.

At that instant the dust storm broke. Clouds of sand spiraled up from the level desert throwing the Spaniard's horses into plunging confusion. I could see the officers raging to restore order. The Moors, a ghostly horde, came thundering on. Rising in their saddles they fired again and again at point-blank range into the disordered Spanish troops. They swerved just as the squadron formed, sabers drawn.

The sand now whirled in clouds, hiding both horses and men, friend and foe. Galloping through brown fog, the Spanish squadron charged. They crashed into the enemy rear-guard. Sabers hacked right and left. The ghostly horde scattered again, every sheik for himself, streaking across the desert.

As they fled thunder crashed. Lightning spiked through the brown, sand haze. Then the deluge! . . .

After that storm we were free from raids. General Marina, the Spanish commander-in-chief, gradually pushed forward his infantry and guns until his army once more held the gully on Mount Gurugu where General Pintos had been entrapped.

The soldiers found many bodies of their ill-fated comrades. The African sun had mummified these dead. Bodies

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showing light gun-shot wounds, were crushed under mounds of jagged bowlders, horribly mutilated. The sight affected the Spanish soldiers deeply. Again and again I heard groups swearing to take an equally terrible revenge.

Early next morning when the sun turned the desert sand to diamonds and dried up the dew on the prickly pear trees, the whole Spanish army, horse, foot and guns, moved out for a general attack. The objective was Beni Sicar, the main Riff strong-hold.

Lewis and I rode with the cavalry patrols commanded by Colonel Sandoval. Ashmead-Bartlett elected to remain with the Headquarters staff.

Napoleon could have found no fault with General Marina's dispositions. The horse soldiers, their sabers and lances glittering, swept out to the front to "clear the ground." The foot soldiers followed in mass formation, bayonets fixed. Guns, caissons and ammunition lumbered in the rear.

"Jolly sight, what?" said Lewis riding beside me, spotless from topi helmet to shining boots.

Just at this moment a squadron of sheiks, their white cloaks fluttering in the wind, galloped down on our patrols and let fly a volley. They wheeled and raced the whole length of our front shouting defiance. Patrols galloped in pursuit, but the Spanish horses were easily out-distanced. I heard the trumpeters sounding a crescendo call. The cavalry wheeled and rode off by the flanks.

"*Venga conmigo!* Come with me!" shouted Colonel Sandoval to Lewis and myself riding to the rear. I translated.

"Not a bit like it," waved Lewis. "We're going to see this show, eh, Fortescue?" I nodded.

Spying a goat kraal some hundred yards along the flank we rode to its shelter. These kraals are rectangular enclosures about a hundred feet deep by two hundred feet long.

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The walls are built of heaped rocks about three feet high. They are used by the Arabs to herd their goats at night.

Lewis and I rode into the kraal, dismounted and stood behind our horses watching the Spanish battalions open volley firing. Lewis lit his pipe, uncased his binoculars, and posed himself in the corner of the kraal. I stood beside him.

We had been given a rough idea of the Spanish battle plan. We agreed that our position was about the center of the infantry line of advance. Either General Marina changed his plan or we made a serious—almost fatal error.

The Riffs held a line along the ridge about six hundred yards across the desert. Between volleys, groups of white clad horsemen raced parallel to the Spanish front shooting and shouting as they rode. Both sides seemed satisfied for the moment with this method of attack.

"Is this a battle or an exhibition of wild riding by the sheiks of the desert?" I complained to Lewis after watching these maneuvers for ten minutes. "I've seen better shows at the Madison Square Garden." El Moro, my white Arab pony, nuzzled my pocket for sugar, while I searched for cigarettes.

"Fuego!" commanded the battalion commanders about fifty yards away on our right. Volleys blasted across the desert sands. The "battle" continued in this fashion for some twenty minutes. Neither side seemed eager for closer action.

"If this is a Spanish battle," I again complained, "I've seen a couple of French *garçons* in the Splendide bar put up a more exciting show over a ten centime tip. When does the fighting begin?"

As if in answer to my complaint, a volley crashed on my ear-drums with the roar of a suddenly exploded mine blast. Lead slugs spattered against the rocks protecting us, *on the inside!*

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Lewis' pony uttered a piercing neigh, leaped the wall, and plunged head-long into the sand. I heard a grunting moan beside me. El Moro lay stretched on the ground, a red stream straining his white flank. It all happened so quickly I stood stunned.

Another volley crashed. Again the lead slugs spattered against the wall. We crouched behind my dead pony.

We then discovered that a detachment of Riffians had cut in on the flank, crept across the desert unseen to the wall of our kraal about two hundred feet away. We could see their turbans bobbing behind the rocks, their rifles pushed through openings. The rifles blazed. My helmet flew off my head.

"You've lost your helmet, old chap," said Lewis. Under the circumstances this especially British remark riled me.

"Yes, but I still have the top of my head," I snapped.

After firing a few carefully aimed shots from his pistol over the dead horse's withers, Lewis remarked:

"Can't stop here. Better retire, what?"

"If you know some better shelter, show me," I shot back while bullets chugged into the wall and the pony's dead body. Every slug that entered that body increased my anger.

"I'm getting over the wall," said Lewis. "Better come—"

"I've a little account to settle with those sheiks," I answered.

In my cavalry training I had qualified as an expert pistol shot. At this moment I had no thought but to put that training into practice, to avenge El Moro. I had two clips of cartridges only. I crouched behind my horse, firing at the black eyes under the turbans bobbing above the distant wall.... When I had fired my last cartridge I followed Lewis.

Once over the wall we were safe from the sheiks' bullets. When I joined him, Lewis marched stiffly towards the

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Spanish lines where the battalions were still firing across the desert. I shuffled beside Lewis while the Riff bullets continued to sing overhead.

"Why not run a bit?" I inquired, wishing to get back to the Spanish lines, "or is your heart weak?"

"Can't run," drawled Lewis, "British officer, you know. Can't let the Spanish johnnies think we funk it."

"I'm no British officer, and here's where—"

But I got no further. The Riff bullets now fell among the Spaniards. Discovering this attack on his flank, the Spanish battalion commander wheeled a company to meet it.

"Fuego!" he commanded. Bam! came that volley right in our faces. I experienced all the sensations of a deserter backed up against a wall at sunrise. Crash! The Riffs replied with their Remingtons. We were caught between two fires!

"What does the British officer do now?" I asked with nasty sarcasm.

It showered lead. The bullets ping-g-ged, whizzed overhead, plunked into the sand about us. Riffs and Spaniards answered volley with volley. Lewis and I lay stretched on the ground.

"Why don't you tell them to 'cease firing,' " cried Lewis petulantly. "You speak their language, damn it."

"Lewis, old man, you'd better get busy writing your despatch. The *Times* will feature it and maybe run an editorial eulogizing the British officer writing despatches while his life blood reddened the sand."

"I say, spoofing aside, Fortescue, we can't stop here."

"I'm tunneling through to China," I replied, heaping up the sand breast-work I had already started.

Lewis suddenly stood up and began shouting.

"Correspondentos! Correspondentos!" He waved both arms above his head.

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The Spanish fire slackened. I could see the company officers consulting together. They ordered a charge. With a "huzza!" the men rushed forward. In a moment Lewis and I were caught up in their ranks. Three company officers kissed us in succession.

"Beastly Latin habit," Lewis complained as the Spanish battalion commander joined us asking a dozen questions. "What did he say?" asked Lewis.

"He says correspondents should not take such risks. We mustn't do it again."

"Not likely," grunted Lewis.

"And I told him the British government would give him a medal for saving your life."

"A medal! Why, the chap deserves the Victoria Cross!" drawled Lewis, adjusting his monocle.

The story of our adventures spread throughout the Spanish army. Lewis and I became heroes. Later I went back to Melilla to buy a new horse and find a little relaxation. At Headquarters I again met the flaming Sister Innocenta. This time her tourmaline eyes smiled at me....

Following the Riff War I returned to Washington. In June, 1910, I married. Remaining in the capital with my wife until 1913, we then migrated to England. We spent the winter of 1913-14 in London, crossing to Belgium in the early summer.

Looking back on that period I remember a dinner given by Baron Burdett-Coutts in his delightful mansion at number 2 Stratton Street. Like so many of London's famous homes, it has been torn down to make place for a modern apartment building. Those priceless tapestries, rare books, delicate china, Gainsborough and Reynolds paintings, together with the uncounted number of *objets d'art* collected by Baroness Burdett Coutts—which stamped the house as one of the most distinguished residences

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gracing the Victorian reign—have now alas! been scattered. Sometimes I have been oppressed with the thought that the passing of the Burdett-Coutts mansion symbolized the beginning of the end of England's glory.

At dinner the talk turned to the date of the next European war. To nearly all the guests the possibility of war seemed remote. Only Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett—Baron Burdett-Coutts' nephew—and I held opinions opposed by the majority. In my opinion the balance of power was so delicately adjusted in Europe that the weight of any trifling incident antagonizing two nations would destroy that balance. All the political and diplomatic artifices and adjustments safeguarding the *status quo* would be swept away, plunging the continental nations into war. Frankly I did not conceive England actively embroiled in a continental war. I had no knowledge at that time, no suspicion of Sir Edward Grey's secret understanding with French politicians.

Over the precious Burdett-Coutts port we continued the discussion. The Baron argued, supporting his contention with diplomatic knowledge, that a European war was impossible, because: first, win or lose, it would ruin France, and second, it would bring to a victorious Germany the fear and hatred of the whole world.

"You are forgetting Russia," I interposed. "France has bought Russia. When the trained Muscovite millions are armed and ready, France will move. I should not be surprised to see war break within two years."

"Nonsense!"

"I agree with Fortie," chimed in Ashmead-Bartlett.

"Don't talk like a fool, Ellis," snapped the Baron.

We passed the port.

Later Ellis and I continued our speculations concerning the European conflict, and I set forth my reasons for thinking it would not be long delayed.

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While serving as Military Observer with General Nogi's army before Port Arthur, I had met English, German, French, Italian and other military attachés. In particular I formed a friendship with Lieutenant Franke, junior Austrian attaché, a highly intelligent and well informed officer who later served on the Great General Staff. Also I was thrown with the Junior German observer, Lieutenant Wolfskeel. From him I learned much of the armament and military resources of different Continental countries. Lieutenant Wolfskeel predicted the European conflict within ten years. That was in 1904, an accurate forecast. Without exception all the military attachés from Sir Ian Hamilton through the list of foreign officers in Japan, held the opinion that war on the continent was inevitable.

Ellis and I exchanged detailed information concerning the preparations Germany was then making to perfect her complex war organization. We both knew France was meeting Germany's preparedness step by step. What other meaning could one assign to the visit of the Czar to Paris, the loan of twenty billion francs by France to Russia? That money went to pay for the Russian recruitment, organization, armament, maneuvers, where more tribes took the field than ever marched under the banners of Xerxes.

We agreed that the conflict could not be long delayed. Within six months the Great War disrupted Europe.

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CHAPTER III

IN BELGIUM WHEN THE WAR BREAKS

BRUSSELS, the third of August, 1914! WAR! The Great European war I had so long expected. And I on the very center of the stage! No wonder the telephone receiver shook in my fingers.

"Hello! Hello! London, yes.... Are you there?"

The telephone booth, shunted away in a dark corner of the legation hall, smelled of stale tobacco and expensive perfume. Vaguely I wondered what other excited Americans had occupied the booth.

"London?... Fine. Daily Telegraph office, yes, the newspaper, *Daily Telegraph*. Immediate, please."

Knowing the English telephones were operated under government control, I expected a long wait. Astonished, I found myself connected at once.

"*Daily Telegraph?* Mr. Lawson, please... yes.... My name? Fortescue. Yes, Ashmead-Bartlett introduced me. I wrote up the Mexican oil situation—what? Oh, from Brussels. I've news, yes, news, most important news—"

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From the other end a voice whispered: "I'll switch you on to Mr. Lawson." Moments that seemed years, then I heard Mr. Lawson's voice. I answered his question.

"This is Fortescue. Yes. In Brussels, telephoning from the American Legation.... Yes.... Here's the news.... Early this morning, August 2nd, get that, two automobiles with German officers drove through Belgian territory, violated Belgian neutrality, at least technically. Yes. Just heard—absolutely. From a peasant, brother of the legation porter. Arrived here in the legation about a half-hour ago, from Visé. I listened to him give a detailed description, motors, German uniforms from helmets to spurs.... Yes, Visé, a small farming town north of Liége. No, I can't be wrong. Sure.... A peasant—Walloon—no, I don't speak Walloon, but the peasant's brother, the porter of the American Legation, speaks French and some English. Had him translate. Questioned the peasant brother for the last half-hour—checked up on all angles."

I paused to listen to Mr. Lawson's politely skeptical voice. He read me the latest British War Office bulletin. It sounded a reassuring note on the Belgian situation.

"I don't care what your War Office says, my story is authentic. I've seen this peasant, this Walloon. I can't be mistaken—the Censor! Permission! Hell, no! What difference—yes. Two motor cars, military, loaded with German officers drove into Visé yesterday, August 2nd, and—... Hello! Hello! Hell,—are you there?"

Frantically I jiggled the hook. Silence. Had the censor awakened? Discovered this method of sending out news? Well, I'd gotten mine out right under his nose—or had I? Would Harry Lawson believe me?

Yes, he must. He'd ask Ashmead-Bartlett; Ashmead-Bartlett would vouch for me—suddenly I recalled that Ellis had already started for Serbia. He had wired me about his assignment immediately after the assassination

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of Archduke Franz Ferdinand. No luck! And I had counted on this coup to impress Lawson and assure me a job with the *Daily Telegraph*. I had made up my mind to see the war as a correspondent or—

"Well, Fortie! You here!" A smiling dark-haired young man shook my hand. Hugh Gibson, a young diplomat I had known in Washington and London. "I can use you. Stranded Americans over-running this legation, clamoring to be sent home. You can help."

No diplomat deserved the success he has achieved more than Ambassador, then lowly secretary, Hugh Gibson. But at the moment I had other plans than straightening out passports.

"Sorry, Hugh. I'm not having any. Too busy, newspaper work." This was anticipating somewhat. "But I should be honored to meet the Minister."

Upbraiding me for not helping out in legation work, Hugh ushered me into an inner office to meet Mr. Brand Whitlock. I had admired his novels and welcomed this chance to see him in person. I found him to be distinguished, polished, considerate. Worried of course by the sudden catastrophe threatening the world, and incidentally those American citizens caught in Europe, but calm. He promised to issue me a special passport, write me a personal letter and use his good offices to have me attached to the Belgian army. Mr. Whitlock smiled indulgently when I asked this favor.

"Belgium is not at war. Her neutrality is guaranteed by the pact of 1832."

"Belgium's neutrality has already been violated, Mr. Minister," I blurted out, "that is, technically. And I'm certain it will be actually, perhaps within forty-eight hours. German armies are marching on the Belgian border—"

"Rumors, young man. This legation has no word to that effect." Again Mr. Whitlock smiled at my enthusiasm.

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I decided to keep my story to myself. Let it break in London tomorrow to startle the world. Who was I to presume to know more than the diplomats? And, in the outer office, a dozen American ladies and gentlemen clamored for visés, information about steamship sailings, money. I shook hands with Mr. Whitlock and left.

"Anything we can do, Fortie, to help your war corresponding we shall. Good luck!"

That was Hugh Gibson's good-by.

Good luck! Looking back on those past days I know now I was the luckiest correspondent in the war.

My luck began when I left London in June, 1914, to spend the summer with my family in Knocke. Knocke is a Belgian seaside town fifteen miles east of Ostende. The coast here is the site of some dozen small villages patronized largely by German tourists during the summer months. They filled the hotels, restaurants, crowded the out-door cafés, drinking unnumbered "bocks," "Muenchen," and various other beers imported especially from Germany. My life went on happily and peacefully, playing golf, swimming in the channel sea, writing. Mrs. Fortescue was, as it is now termed, expecting a "blessed event." The addition to the family arrived about July 15th. I say about, as the girl-child's birth certificate was lost during the excitement of the following weeks.

Archduke Ferdinand and his wife were murdered on June 28th. Two shots from the pistol of a nineteen-year-old consumptive fanned a war wind to a world-shaking storm.

I quote from my diary:

"The papers are full of the possibilities of war between Austria and Serbia. If such a war should come it would mean an European conflict sure. Russia could not leave Serbia to her fate, and Germany is only wait-

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ing a chance to attack the Bear. Then it is not impossible that France must step in. And what will England do? Italy?"

I began cabling frantically to friends on the New York *Tribune* staff and on *Collier's Weekly*. I suggested I represent these publications in Vienna. Using the under-channel telephone I tried to connect with Ashmead-Bartlett in London. His brother answered he was on his way to Vienna representing the London *Daily Telegraph,* I might catch him going through Brussels. Unfortunately when I arrived in the Belgian capital, Ellis had already hurried on to Austria. Sorely disappointed I returned to Knocke.

Motoring through Brandenburg, a seaside town about halfway between Knocke and Ostende, I noticed that the restaurants, the out-door cafés and bars were practically deserted. Where had the formerly omnipresent Germans gone?

Dropping into a Bar *Americaine* on the sea walk, I put this question to Madame Busschot, *la propriétaire.*

"Ils sont fiche le camp! They have been going quietly all day by train and motor. *Hein!* Soon there will be not one, so quickly they go."

Obviously the Germans who had so hastily left Brandenburg and the other Belgian villages had been called to colors. Germany took the first steps for mobilization.

Press despatches that day carried reports of the bombardment of Belgrade, rumors of the mobilization of the Russian army.

Then, on August 1st, "War!"

Intuition told me this was the beginning of the long expected European Armageddon.

I had received no replies from the *Tribune* or *Colliers.* I was determined, however, to cover the coming war as a correspondent. Immediately we started packing. Before

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nightfall I had everything arranged. I rented a private trolley car to entrain the family for Ostende. Into it I piled my wife, the two weeks old baby, two other girl children, a nurse, fifteen pieces of heavy baggage, innumerable small odds and ends from suit cases to boxes of milk bottles. At Ostende I hurried all on the channel steamer under my brother-in-law's care, and waved good-by.

The steamer was packed with refugees. The wiser Belgians already knew the fate in store for their country.

I took the midnight train for Brussels. I drove to the Palace Hotel, dropped my bags and went on to the American Legation. Before the door I encountered the gesticulating Walloon peasant and his brother the Legation porter....

Such is the prologue to the war drama I was to follow for two years through Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, Serbia, Russia, Rumania and Turkey. During those two years I covered all the war fronts except the Italian.

My story of the German officers motoring into Visé broke in London August 3rd. In New York the same day. That news stunned the world.

Sir Edward Grey had been temporizing. He invited France and Germany to a conference. Too late. In Germany, the Great General Staff seized the reins of government. Steam was started in the engine of the mighty German war train. That train was bound through Belgium.

Why European statesmen believed that Germany would respect Belgian neutrality remains a mystery to me to this day. The route from the German frontier to Paris through Belgium is the shortest, easiest, most feasible line of march from the military point of view. Look at your map. See the German railways creeping to the Belgian border. When the German war train started, obviously it must move smoothly through this compact little country of

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flowering farms and bee-hive busy cities. Would the Belgians resist? If so would they be mangled in the mud and blood of war under the grinding wheels of the invading fighting machine?

I sent the world the answer Germany gave to this question.

What happened in the rival London newspaper office when my dispatch in the "Telegraph" was read, I can only imagine. Lord Northcliffe of the "Times" whom I came to know intimately later, gave me some hint of the excitement. Staff correspondents besieged the Foreign Office. Questions were asked in the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Mr. Lawson was overwhelmed with inquiries concerning the authenticity of his startling "scoop." At that date the Censor's office was not functioning smoothly. Newspapers did not have to submit their dispatches from the war area. Which was extremely lucky for me.

Finally Sir Edward Grey issued a formal denial. The Foreign Office had assurances from Berlin that no violation—even a technical violation—of Belgian neutrality had taken place. Germany had demanded a peaceful passage for her armies through Belgium. This demand had been received in Brussels. King Albert and the Chamber of Deputies had it under advisement. A reply would be forthcoming within twenty-four hours. This, and more "hooey," as we would call it today, to the same effect.

The next day all the London dailies carried this Foreign Office bulletin. I received a curt telegram from Lawson asking for an explanation. I replied giving all the details, which I had again verified. The story was now common knowledge in Brussels. I closed my telegram with a request that I be given a job with the "Daily Telegraph" as war correspondent.

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The following day—August 4th—England declared war against Germany *for violating Belgian neutrality!*

That night I received a dispatch from Lawson authorizing me to cover the war on the Belgian front for his newspaper. I was given an unlimited expense account, told to report to William Maxwell in Brussels, "Daily Telegraph" correspondent. Nothing was said about salary.

And that was that.

At the Grand Hotel I called on Maxwell. I met Patrick de Bath, Gillinand, McCaskell and a M. Harry, all mobilizing to gather war news. They were friendly enough, but not too friendly. I was a newcomer to the game, American. It may have been my imagination but I felt my breaking into their preserves was not entirely relished by these gentlemen of the "Daily Telegraph" staff.

Having English ancestors I understand how to handle Englishmen. The technique is simple. Be a little more "up-stage" than they are. So when I noticed the frost forming on their whisky and sodas at my American enthusiasm—I burbled war-theories—I also froze. This is no disparagement of my colleagues. Immediately I saw they did not work in the American manner. They knew of my "beat." Perhaps it rankled.

After consulting with Maxwell about getting my dispatches over to London, I returned to the Palace Hotel. I thought the whole situation over carefully and at length. I decided that I would work as a "lone wolf." I worked as a "lone wolf" correspondent all during the war, except when with friends whom I knew and trusted; men like Richard Harding Davis, Ashmead-Bartlett, Gerald Morgan, Henry Suydam, and one or two others.

Brussels was fermenting. Two ingredients stirred the population to frenzy. First, the war propaganda that crowded actual news out of the newspapers, and second, the spy mania.

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The first German Uhlan to enter Ostende

First German Scouts in Bruges, Oct. 14, 1914

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Edition followed edition from all the newspaper offices with hardly an hour interval. When the story broke that England had declared war against Germany, one could hear a hum arising from the streets as if the inhabitants had been transformed into swarming bees. Newsboys shouting "Extra!" were mobbed. Citizens pushed, fought, mauled one another grabbing for the ink-wet sheets.

This craving for news, feverish and unappeasable, increased as day followed day. Mythical French victories were hailed with hysterical huzzas; dispatches from Germany with groans. In the Place Charles Rogiér, in front of my hotel, I witnessed a delirious celebration one evening. Wild, exultant shouts, hats tossed in the air, men and women dancing on the sidewalks, all cheering, singing, waving flags.

I rushed down from my room, pausing a second at the hotel reception desk.

"What's going on?" I shouted to the Swiss manager.

"The English. They have landed already. The soldiers are in Ostende!"

I joined the crowd. Strangers shouted in my ears, waved Belgian flags in my face, perfectly strange women—and some of them not so sweet—kissed me.

"Vive les Anglais! Vive, vive, les Anglais! A bas les Allemands!"

Such was the tenor of their shouting. Snatches of the "Marseillaise," of the Belgian National hymn, café chantant songs, filled the pauses in the shouting.

When their spirits began to lag, like an army under command, the mob started for the nearest drinking places. If they happened to be native cafés, well and good. Beer and wine was drunk, toasts shouted, bottles emptied. The riot continued. But when sections of that mob moved in on "brasseries" run by Germans, as many of the drinking places were in Brussels, the mob wrecked the place. Beer

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mugs were hurled through plate glass windows, kegs were rolled out on the sidewalks, the beer drunk. This finished, the mob surged down the cellars and up again, arms filled with bottles of Rhenish wines. German bar-maids were pursued into the night. The unfortunate men, many of them long resident in Brussels, who owned, ran, or worked in these "brasseries" were captured. The crowd pummeled them, called them all the vile names they could summon to memory. Finally the word rang out that blanched those German faces.

"Spy!"

That word drove the mob to redoubled fury.

Actually I did not see any Germans shot during the beer house raids. From Swiss waiters in my hotel I heard detailed accounts of such murders. My newspaper colleagues also had accounts of alleged spies being shot indiscriminately in different parts of Brussels. Shots were fired through windows of one of the largest dry-goods stores, owned by a German.

Unquestionably some innocent Germans were murdered. Undeniably many German spies continued to operate freely in Belgium. The spy complex covered the whole country. Innocent German citizens were always in danger. Thanks to the untiring work of Mr. Whitlock, Hugh Gibson, and the American legation staff, all protection possible was given such citizens. Finally they were deported to the German frontier.

I feel a certain sympathy for these alleged spies as I also was arrested as a spy four times. The suspense I suffered endeavoring to prove my innocence twice brought me to the verge of nervous prostration. When an excited soldier, hissing "Spy!" holds his revolver covering your heart, you must think fast. When you are being cross-examined by a group of wooden-faced staff-officers who

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sneer at every statement you make to them, your wits are never so agile, your tongue never so persuasive.

The Belgian parliament debated the nation's reply to the German war ultimatum. When it was known that the Deputies would vote to refuse the terms of the ultimatum, King Albert rode to attend this historic session of the Chamber of Deputies. His ride through Brussels streets stirred the throngs to cheering frenzy. Voices shouting brave "Vivas!" thrilled with emotion.

A brilliant group of staff officers, mounted on caparisoned chargers, first caught my eye. Then I made out the King leading them. Wearing service uniform, his staff had outshone him. That ride pictured to the Belgians their king actually taking the field at the head of his army to fight for their country's liberties. His service uniform symbolized war. Amidst the bellowing cheers, King Albert's expression remained grave, concerned, almost haggard.

Followed a carriage containing the Queen and the royal children. Her smiles in answer to the crowd's wild shouts were tinged with all too visible sorrow. Beside her sat the children, looking on the fevered gestures, and listening to the emotional voices of the thousands crowding the curbs, as an absorbing show staged for their benefit. Rebellious hair tossed by the wind, Princess Marie José waved and shouted back to the crowds.

When King Albert rose to address the Deputies an electric silence filled the hall. The strained, work weary faces of the members of the Chamber of Deputies turned up to him. Diplomats, officers, visitors, crowding the hall from floor to rafters, listened tensely to every word King Albert spoke.

It was a simple speech, no boast, no threat. In slowly spoken words, so slow they seemed hesitant, King Albert set forth the duties confronting the whole people in this

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crisis, from himself down to the lowliest peasant. One held one's breath, not to miss a syllable of that speech. As climax, the King shouted—

"Vive la Belgique Independente!"

Instantly the chamber rocked with roaring cheers.

With those cheers vibrating in my ears, I walked away from the hall. A faint hardly distinguishable sound displaced them, a sound like the winging of a wasp. I looked up. In the cloudless summer sky, high above chimneys and slate roofs, sailed an airplane. I recognized it . . . a German "Taube."

How many of the madly cheering mob I had seen that day had any definite understanding of what that scene would lead to? How many knew the menace in the word . . . WAR!

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CHAPTER IV

FIRST GUN THUNDER

As a war correspondent my job was to gather news. To do so I must make my plans. I laid out my railroad map of Europe and tried to imagine myself a member of the Great German General Staff. How would I move my armies?

Never was there a simpler problem. Aix-la-Chapelle—Aachen—the German watering city—lay less than ten kilometers from the Belgian frontier. Railroads, like the fingers of a hand, stretched out from Aix to five points of the compass in Germany. Almost opposite Aix-la-Chapelle lay the Belgian city Liége. Obviously I must meet the Germans in Liége if I was to see the fighting.

The next morning I rented a glittering, claret-colored limousine, strapped my camera over my shoulder and started for Liége.

During the World War a correspondent was about as welcome at the front as an enemy gas-shell. He was looked upon as a sort of international spy. Rightly enough press censors were established in all countries at war. How these

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censors hampered the correspondents! From a military point of view I am whole-heartedly in favor of censorship. From a newspaper point of view—

Outwitting the press bureaus becomes a sort of game. Your dispatches you know are submitted to the censor in the country where your paper is published. You write freely, confident that anything that might help the enemy will be deleted.

Yet, during the early days of the War, press censorship was not as thoroughly organized as when the United States entered the conflict. The A.E.F. had an excellent press bureau under Frederick Palmer and his assistant Gerald Morgan, both former war correspondents.

From my angle, while being scrupulously careful not to write anything *the enemy did not already know,* I took it I was expected to send back colorful descriptions of what I actually saw. This implied I must be personally at the scene of fighting.

That was my risk. To be picked up in the war zone while the fighting was going on would be dangerous. I knew this. That I was not summarily shot on several occasions I attribute to my good luck and perhaps some other native quality. Richard Harding Davis was within an hour of being shot at sunrise. Sometimes I feel a chill running down my spine when I recall my own adventures.

Leaving Brussels, my chauffeur tried the direct road to Liége. We did not get many miles on our way. Soldiers of the Civil Guard, the Belgian militia, patrolled all the roads. They stopped the car and demanded my *laissez passer.* Having no papers other than my American passport and a letter from Mr. Whitlock, the American Minister, I was turned back. I directed the chauffeur to try the road by way of Namur in the south. This time I was halted by a battalion of Belgian artillery and politely but firmly ordered to return to Brussels.

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Discouraged, I returned to the Palace Hotel. It stands in the Place Charles Rogiér opposite the railroad station, the Gare du Nord. Looking up at the clock tower I had an inspiration. It seemed foolish. But in war you never know your luck. I crossed the square to the station, stepped up to the ticket office, asked carelessly,

"What time does the next train leave for Liége?"

"Thirteen-sixteen. Single or return?"

"Return."

Outwardly calm but with heart palpitating, I paid for my return ticket and scrambled the change into my pocket. It was ten minutes to one, ten before thirteen o'clock in Belgium. Hastily I bolted a sandwich in the station restaurant, then stepped on board the train.

"All aboard for Liége!" the guard shouted in French, Flemish and Walloon. I waited. Was it possible? I heard the wheels grind along the rails, the engine's shrill whistle. Yes, after all the fuss the military had made along the highways, here I was traveling to the enemy's objective as safely as if I was on a Long Island local.

In the little compartment opposite me sat a conscript, a boy. In Belgium the youngest classes had already been called to the colors. This boy was about nineteen. He carried a brown paper parcel, a lunch put up by a loving mother. That red in his eyes came from parting tears.

Beside the conscript sat a jaunty officer, uniform resplendent with silver buttons and marine-blue facings. From his insignia I marked him as a veterinary surgeon.

Next to the veterinarian sat a handsome priest. He was not more than twenty-six, his light hair curling from under his biretta in a manner to make a motion-picture star envious. How that priest talked war! Let the Belgians only hold the Germans until the French armies arrived—then they would be sent packing back to Berlin.

"Ah, if it were not for my eyes, monsieur—"

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The priest conveyed by gesture he would be in the front trenches defending his country.

On my left sat an old woman with a basket. She wore a black shawl covering her white hair and mumbled rambling thoughts about the war of 1870. She had been a young girl then, living in Luxemburg. Ah, she remembered those Prussians! All giants, monsieur! And they ate like wolves.

Wondering why this old woman entered the lair where again she must meet those Prussian wolves, I asked—

"Why do you go to Liége?"

"I run a little hotel in Liége, monsieur, myself and my husband. I go to be with him."

"But have you not heard the Germans may shell Liége? Capture it? You must know the danger."

"Yes, monsieur, so I have been told . . . but my husband, he is in Liége."

At last our train rolled over the rim of a great bowl out of which appeared the steeples and roofs of Liége. As the train chugs slowly into the city I see detachments of troops clearing the ground in front of the forts. Trees are being cut down, houses that lie in the line of fire are blown up, everywhere the feverish preparations that betoken impending battle.

I went directly to the Grand Hotel. As I registered I asked if any other correspondents were there.

"Yes, one." The manager pointed to a name on the page. I read—Percival Phillips. I knew him, an American writing for an English paper. Well— "Ah, no, monsieur, I remember. This gentleman has today returned to Brussels."

So, I would have the field to myself. More luck.

"Where shall I find the American Consul?"

Whenever I found myself in a strange city I always registered at the American Consul's office. Just in case of complications.

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Driving to the consulate I stopped at a bookseller and bought a map of the city and environs. Staff motors raced across the Place du Marché to and from the Hotel du Ville. Cavalry wearing high bearskin shakos patrolled the Place. Detachments of troops, infantry, engineers, marched through the streets, a battery of artillery lumbered across a bridge spanning the Meuse. Red Cross flags flew from a dozen houses. Everywhere that activity that precedes battle.

The American Consul was not at home. His wife, a tall, dark-haired, blanched-faced woman, wearing a monocle, viséd my passport. I returned to the Grand Hotel and ordered the best dinner the card offered.

At dinner but one other guest sat at my table, an officer. I introduced myself. He was Lieutenant Colonel Flibus, Director General of the personnel of the Ministry of War. I ordered champagne.

"Ah, a war correspondent," he commented when I pressed him to take a glass. "What paper?"

I told him.

"Well, you will find something to write about . . . I hope."

That was all. I did not carry the conversation too far; I feared the Lieutenant Colonel might make embarrassing inquiries concerning my *laissez passer*. I had none.

After dinner I smoked, then went up to my room to study my map of Liége and its environs. I consulted a larger map. Outside I could hear the hub-bub of snorting motors, rumbling ammunition trains, artillery, back-firing motorcycles. The forts defending Liége made a circle about three miles equidistant from the city. The German cavalry I knew had taken Visé about ten miles distant. I studied the roads leading from Visé to the forts.

About half-past eleven I looked out the window to see if there had been any change in the aspect of the city.

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Decidedly the feverish activity in the streets increased. Trucks loaded with soldiers rumbled through the square. Staff motors were being driven by speed maniacs. In the Place du Marché citizens milled around in loud talking, gesticulating groups. I listened. Suddenly above the hub-bub in the streets I caught the "Boom!" of a distant cannon-shot.

The battle had opened!

I grabbed my map and water-bottle, rushed downstairs. I had a general idea of where I meant to go. The attack I believed would develop south of the city. I walked rapidly towards the Pont de la Boverie, crossed the Meuse, then the Ourthe. I turned off the highways. I did not want to chance being picked up by the soldiers, or military police.

I aimed to approach as near Fort Fléron as possible. I figured the German attack would concentrate there. A small arms factory, the coal mines, and the electric lighting plant, clustered about the fort. All these were of military value.

I soon lost myself among the coal dumps. They rose before me, ghostly hills in the moonlight. Above them a dozen brick chimneys towered to the moon. I trudged on, stumbling over railway tracks. Cannon thunder vibrated through the skies. Along the road I had abandoned I caught sight of galloping artillery, horses, guns, limbers, caissons, rattling over the road. Lost, I clambered higher and higher up a clinker dump. Above its top searchlights flashed their beams across the heavens. Beyond lay another ridge of hills. I must climb those hills to see the fighting. Down the clinker dump at a dog-trot, then, breathing hard, I mounted the side of the nearest hill.

Across a dip in the ground, like a monster battleship stranded amid the foothills, I located Fort Fléron. Mush-room turrets bulked round under the moon. Searchlights

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swept the tree shadowed valley below the fort, as if it were a sea infested with attacking submarines. Bursting shells showered silver stars. Flashes of red flame spat from the gun turrets, golden tongues licking the darkness. Above, the moon shone calmly.

Rifle fire spurts almost at my feet. The tide of battle sweeps through the forest valley. Ghostly horsemen ride among the trees. Uhlans, their lances striking the trees, gallop head-on against hidden entanglements. Trapped, horses and men struggle to free themselves from that snake-coiling wire.

Above the ever rising crescendo of rifle fire, I hear wailing shells keening overhead. I watch the battle waver through the forest. Even in the resplendent moonlight it is almost impossible to distinguish German from Belgian. Battalions form, advance, retreat, fire-spitting rifles and machine guns ringing their broken lines.

For hours that fight rages in the forest. The dawn sun reveals the combat lines. The German battalions rush forward, solid ranked as the timbered country will permit. Belgian rifle and machine-gun fire mow down these gray-coated soldiers. The battalions waver, break.

The Belgians clamber out of their trenches. Groups of men dash forward firing as they run. Slowly the tide of battle sweeps back, the firing slackens, the woods are silent.

The sun is high now. I distinguished the outlines of the forts clearly athwart the morning sky. Daylight brought calm in the battle storm.

Walking back over the coal dumps to the main highway I am swallowed up in a stream of panic-stricken refugees. Men, women, children, old, young, sick, well, rich, poor, country gentleman and his lady, peasant and his wife, and always more children, dogs, horses, even cocks and hens, household gods of every description, hastily crated, bundled in sheets, pillow-cases.

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One woman carries a canary in a cage, another a cat in its basket with kittens. Carriages, carts, cattle—but no automobiles, these have all been seized—block the passage of the throng. Eyes terror-filled, all surge on towards Liége. So drift the derelicts caught between two tides of battle, peaceful folk swept from peaceful towns and farms by the shell storm. In vain I struggle against this human flood.

I stop to question one.

"Have the Germans captured Fléron?"

Blood-red, haggard eyes meet mine.

"My home was there. They drove me out."

"But the fort—is it taken?"

"Yes, surely, for all night the *obus* have shattered the homes in the town. Oh, our poor Belgians."

This river of refugees, fear printed large on its surface, is dammed by a herd of cattle. These run bellowing across the bridge into the city streets. Some are herded into the tennis-court below the British Consulate. On a slope here a Belgian battery takes position.

I drop into the consulate to warn Consul General Dolphin. He has toured the city on a motorcycle since daybreak. His information is that the assault has been halted all along the line.

"You think, Fortescue, the Belgians can hold on, what?"

He has offered me champagne and sardines as a substitute for breakfast. I know the answer he hopes for. Sipping my champagne I counter:

"You know the Germans helped build these forts, supplied the armament?"

"Yes. Krupp cast the cannon."

"Germans supervised their installation in the turrets."

"Yes," he agreed.

"Well, it's reasonable to suppose—" I paused.

"I see what you mean." His glance wandered around the pleasant consulate living-room.

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Turning over the events of the night in my mind, selecting the pictures I should try to paint in my dispatches, I strode down into town. The streets swarmed with excited men and women. They stood in clusters talking, gesticulating, shouting, wailing. Carefully I made my way among them, headed for the Grand Hotel. I came in view of the Place du Marché. I quickened my steps. I could see the Grand Hotel.

Suddenly a Belgian lancer blocked my path.

"Alt!"

I halt. The lancer growls at me in Walloon. Before I can speak he has slipped off his horse. Drawing his eyebrows in a knot he presses his revolver under my heart.

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CHAPTER V

MEETING THE WAR TIDE

I CONFESS my heart lost several beats. Looking into a pair of blazing blue eyes, watching a blond mustache bristling above bared teeth, listening to snarling gutturals in an unknown tongue, a pistol barrel pressing against your fifth rib will stop anybody's heart. However I stared back into those eyes and managed a smile.

Speaking in French I said: "Just a moment. I have my papers."

I slid my hand into my pocket and brought out my passport. By this time a dozen men and women had gathered about the Lancer and myself. They were shouting in Walloon, menacing me with their fists, and evidently advising the lancer to shoot. Still keeping his pistol against my ribs, the lancer shook out my passport with his left hand. One of the crowd pointed to the American eagle emblazoned at the top of the document.

"Allemand! Allemand!" he shouted excitedly.

"Allemand! Allemand! Allemand!" The others took up

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the shout. Hurriedly I explained the eagle was American, not Prussian. I spoke fast. Unfortunately I broke into English. That started another Walloon cry. The crowd shouldered me. A red-faced man pushed the lancer's pistol arm. A woman spat at me. The lancer lifted his eyes from the passport. I could see him debating in his mind whether the situation would not be most simply solved by pressing the trigger of his pistol. In the midst of the hub-bub a Belgian officer pushed through the crowd.

He demanded what went on. The lancer, and every man and woman in the crowd began talking at once. I don't know a word of Walloon, but I could imagine the purport of that raucous chorus.

"If Monsieur the lieutenant will permit me to explain," I said in French.

The lieutenant raised a hand. Fiercely he took the passport from the lancer's fingers, scowled at it.

"I have a letter from the American Minister in Brussels," I added, fumbling Mr. Whitlock's letter of identification out of my pocket.

"That is the American eagle?" The lieutenant pointed to my passport.

"Yes. And the passport is in English. Monsieur the lieutenant can see that," I expostulated.

"But what are you doing in Liége? In war time?"

By this time the crowd were no longer shouting. The lancer had removed his threatening pistol.

"I am correspondent for an English newspaper," I declaimed. "I'm here in Liége to write of the fighting, the heroic Belgian army—" And now I was talking very fast. Gradually a smile spread over the officer's face.

"I see. Our people have taken you for a spy. It is dangerous for a foreigner here. Especially in such clothes."

I happened to be wearing a golf suit; something striking in checks from Savile Row. I rather fancied myself in

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that golf suit. Still, if it was the sort of thing the well dressed spy would wear—

"And you look like a German. Your face—it is unfortunate."

The lieutenant was still smiling. I smiled in return.

"Unfortunate. But the only one I have, alas!"

He pacified the crowd. When he explained I was an English correspondent, they shouted—

"Vive les Anglais! Vive nos allies! Vive!"

Now they clapped me on the shoulders, shook my hand, and the same lady who spat a moment before wanted to kiss me as atonement. But I wasn't having any. Not her. She was forty, bloated and loose-lipped. The lancer climbed back on his horse. The lieutenant advised me to return to my hotel. The crowd drifted away.

I walked down the street wondering how I was going to acquire a flat Walloon face, even a Flemish one. And what was I going to do about that golf suit?

I felt a rough hand on my shoulder. I turned and faced a member of the *Guarde Civile;* he was the most uncivil person I could imagine belonging to the force. Growling in his black beard, he threatened me with a bayoneted rifle. Again a mob surged around us.

"*Allemand!* German spy! Spy! Spy!"

Again I began talking, took out my passport, pointed up the street to the Grand Hotel, making plain my job and nationality to the best of my ability.

"If we go to the Hotel—"

But the militia-man hustled me the other way. Under the persuasion of his bayonet I started. The mob now overrunning the street crowded us, menaced me, cursing. They shouted, "Spy! Spy!"

We arrived at what I recognized to be the local police station. Fervently I welcomed the sight of that jail. When the door closed behind me and the *Guarde Civile,* I wiped

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the sweat from my face. I was bustled in among a group of refugees who had gathered there for protection. How happy I was to share this haven!

I still think of the Chief of Police of Liége with affection. He spoke French fluently, also some English.

"Of course an American," he said after looking through my papers. "Always I can discern an American from an Englishman. My sister is in Chicago, she works for the family Cook? Perhaps monsieur knows the family Cook?"

Well, the Chief of Police was right. Always he could discern an American. I was picked up four times that morning and he discerned me each time. My appearances at the police station became a joke. The last time I was brought in the Chief called me *"vieil ami,"* and invited me to lunch. After lunch he wrote out a *laissez passer,* and accompanied me to the bazaar. We found an American flag decorating a toy cruiser. I bought the cruiser and stuck the flag in the front of my cap. Then we went to the nearest wine shop and had a brandy, then another.

Footloose again, I sought the Palace du Marché. Crossing the square my passage was stopped. A motor car occupied by four German officers chugged its way slowly through the hate-breathing Belgian throng. I learned that an armistice had been discussed. Also the rumor ran that the Germans were here to demand passage through the city under threat of bombardment. Cavalrymen wearing bearskin shakos, green tunics, purple breeches—the famous Guides regiment—patrolled the square in front of the Palace. I managed to take a few photographs.

I wandered about among the excited mob. Suddenly a terrific explosion shook the city. The bombardment! Every heart in that mob stopped breathing. Then in a flash the news ran that the main bridge over the Meuse had been blown up, to prevent the Germans crossing.

At the same moment the group of German officers

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marched out of the Palace. They saluted the Mayor and the other Belgian officials stiffly. They crowded into their motor. Slowly the glittering car started. From mouth to mouth it was whispered that permission to pass had been refused!

I made my way to the wrecked bridge. I stood taking photographs. As I clicked the shutter a well-dressed man, face white, eyes terror-stricken, rushed past me shouting—

"The bombardment! Save yourself!"

Listening to the crowd in the square before the Palace, I learned that the Armistice ended at six o'clock. It was now a quarter past five. In three quarters of an hour—

Like a rising tide men, women, and children sped towards the railroad station. It was a panic. At the railroad station that human tide surged up against the ticket office. Men fought, women screamed, children wept, struggling to buy tickets. Stolidly the agent sat in his barred office, slowly passing out those tickets, one by one, taking in money, making change. Denser and denser grew the mob. Having a return stub, I walked through the gate to the platform. I scanned the anguished, frantic faces of those people fighting to escape the expected bombardment. It was as if they were passengers on a sinking ship watching the last life-raft depart.

"That damn fool! Why doesn't he let them through? Why don't the officials couple up more trains?" I muttered angrily.

Through the gates marched a group of German prisoners. They were herded into an empty box car coupled behind the locomotive. The sight infuriates the terror-stricken people. Clamoring men and women storm the ticket window.

Boom! A single, distant explosion. It brought a heart-wrenching wail from the multitude. Never shall I forget that moment, looking back on those faces, seeing Hope

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die in a thousand eyes, hearing the cries of women and children, the curses of men . . . the clang of the engine bell. . . . I turn to the train.

Grasping the handle of a third class coach, I hear a voice speaking in French.

"Will monsieur please aid me?"

I look down on a Sister of Mercy. She wears a Red Cross over white on her black robe. She is leading an old lady; hair silver white, face seamed with wrinkles, eyes dulled with the film of age. A black lace shawl covers her white hair, she wears a black silk dress, hobbles on two black wooden canes. Another woman, about thirty, handsome in yellow furs, stands at her elbow.

Carefully I pick up the old woman and carry her into the coach. I place her in a corner seat by the window.

"What more can I do?"

"Nothing, monsieur, merci," answers the Sister of Mercy.

"Thank you, sir." The woman in the yellow furs speaks in French. She cries softly. She sits beside the old woman, takes one of the wrinkled hands in hers; strokes it.

"How old is madam?" I ask.

"Eighty-seven on St. Anne's Day."

"Your home is in Liége?"

"No, monsieur, our château was in Fléron. It is burned."

The coach is filling rapidly. Across from the frail elderly aristocrat sits a peasant woman. Toil is written in every line of her gnarled, weather-worn features. I have seen these peasants laboring fourteen, yes, sixteen hours each day in the fields. She rocks from side to side, muttering to herself in the harsh Walloon patois. I listen, then noting the strange light in the peasant's eyes I ask my neighbor to translate.

"Eight sons. Five with the line regiments, two with the cannon, and one who rides a horse."

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"Where is she going?"

"To Brussels."

"Has she friends there who will look after her?"

"No, she has no friends. But there is the King. She says she will tell King Albert she has given eight sons for her country. He will take care of her."

Facing me on the front seat sit two sisters, their arms around one another's waists. One is about twenty-two and the other not more than nineteen. Shop girls, I judge. The younger pillows her head on her sister's shoulder and falls asleep. Afraid to disturb the sleeping sister's slumber, the older one holds herself rigid. From time to time she gently strokes her sister's hair.

A breviary-reading, unshaven priest maunders in the corner. Two chattering, buxom, middle class women fill the bench. Excitedly they recount their experiences during the night of the battle between the lines. Beside them a small boy demands dinner.

Other refugees crowd the railway coach. I have seen the faces of men and women of Martinique after the eruption of Mont Pelé. The faces of these refugees frame the same mirror of terror.

I walk forward to a coach where I observed a detachment of wounded loaded. Some are laid on stretchers across the seats, others with heads, arms, legs, bandaged sit quietly beside them. One garrulous soldier recounts each detail of his part in the battle of the night. I pause for a moment wondering how many more will soon join this pitiful band.

The next car ahead is the box-car with prisoners. Some score of Civil Guard soldiers watch them.

I recognize the prisoners as Uhlans, scouts who cleared the way for the advance of the main German armies. Boys, most of them, cheeks hollow with weariness, and covered with faint down. They wear the green gray field service

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uniform, "pickelhaubes" covered with the same colored canvas, buttons blackened. They seem to be on friendly terms with the *Guarde Civile,* chatting in German, and munching bread supplied by their captors.

I return to my coach. By the light of a dimly burning oil lamp I make notes for my story. As I write I hear a droning voice; the priest's. I listen half consciously to the Latin phrases. *"Absolvo te—"* and the mumbled orison—*"Oro pro nobis."*

I look up. The unshaved priest is administering the Last Sacrament to the woman I had carried into the car. The snow-white head rests on the Sister of Mercy's bosom, wan cheek against the Red Cross. The woman in yellow furs holds a handkerchief to her mouth, checking her sobs. The mumbling voice of the priest stops. He anoints the dying woman's forehead. No one stirs. The light in the oil lamp flickers, dies. We are in darkness. Through that darkness I sit silent, listening to some one sobbing....

In Brussels in my hotel I sit down to write my story. Hour after hour passes while I beat on the typewriter. I must rush this story not for its news value only, but because I want to write under the emotions I still feel.

The copy finished, my job was to get it to Maxwell. He would forward it to London. The "Daily Telegraph" kept couriers traveling daily on the steamers crossing from Ostende to Folkestone. Maxwell was not too enthusiastic when he read my stuff. On the other hand Patrick de Bath praised it and my enterprise in going to Liége, in high terms. They left me promising to get the story off immediately. I had made two carbons of the despatch. Just in case of accidents I put one of those carbons in an envelope and mailed it to catch the night boat. Then I went to bed.

The next morning I was awakened by a telegram sent over from the American Legation. It was from my wife saying she had arrived safely in London. I wrote a letter

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giving her an account of my adventures in Liége. As I was writing I suddenly remembered the New York "Tribune." I had cabled that paper asking if they could use me. I did not know at the time the "Daily Telegraph" had an agreement with the Hearst newspapers. So I immediately wrote a long despatch of the Liége fighting for the "Tribune." Still in the mood I turned my material into a magazine article, and sent that to Carl Hovey, editor of the "Metropolitan Magazine." Then I went around to the Legation and had a long talk with Hugh Gibson.

Gibson had been active in furthering my request for a *sauf conduit* and permission to follow the Belgian armies in the field. He handed me the papers to be filled out.

"And don't forget your photograph."

I went back to my hotel and got out my map. With it before me I sought out the points where skirmishing had been reported in the Brussels papers. Obviously these were encounters between Belgians and the German Cavalry screen.

Hugh Gibson had told me that no one in high places, even King Albert himself, believed the Germans would launch their main attack through Belgium. This belief was retailed in the daily press. I argued from what I had seen, and from my studies of the available press despatches, that the Germans meant to carry out the plan—in its general outlines—set forth in Von Bernhardi's book. In 1912, General Friedrich Von Bernhardi, member of the Great German General Staff, wrote and published a book entitled "Germany and the Next War." In that book the author told, with much detail, just how the German army would seize Belgium, willingly if possible, otherwise by force. And with that country as a base, move the German armies on Paris.

Members of the French General Staff read the book, and laughed. Even after I had sent out the news that the

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German Advance Guard had crossed into Visé, when they knew the German cavalry screen covered the frontier north of Liége, the French staff still doubted. They termed the attack on Liége a "bluff," and sent their main armies to meet an attack supposed to be coming through Mülhausen near the Swiss border. How marvelously the German maneuver worked, how it came within an ace of succeeding, I later observed following the French armies.

Sunday I received through Maxwell a long complimentary telegram from Mr. Harry Lawson. I promptly sat down and wrote an analysis of the military situation as I saw it on that date. I gave the Belgian army all the credit it deserved for its sturdy first defense of Liége. However I pointed out the obvious: that the Belgian army could not successfully oppose the German. Rumors of the arrival of the English Expeditionary Force, and of a French army in the south, circulated through Brussels. Buoyed up by the propaganda handed out each day from Press Headquarters, the men and women of Brussels convinced themselves the advance against Liége was only a demonstration of force. They milled about the streets discussing the news, retailing rumors, shaking collection boxes—*"Pour nos blesses! Pour nos blesses!"* In the cafés some one would start a patriotic song. All would join in. Soon they were dancing. Watching these scenes of war intoxication I wondered if those who sowed the false news knew the terrible reaction that must inevitably come, when the truth was no longer to be concealed.

From my maps and the news flashes I could make a mental picture of what was happening. Although the censor maintained that the Belgians still held Liége, I had information that the whole Belgian army, except the garrisons holding the forts, was falling back from the frontier. This was logical strategy. Granting that the onrush through Belgium was a "bluff"—which I never for one moment

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believed—nothing would be gained by throwing the Belgians to the Prussian lion.

The morning paper ran an account of a brush at Huy on the Meuse. I found the town on the map, about half way between Liége and Namur. I studied the communications entering the town; the railroads leading from it. The Germans already held the junction at Liége. Another junction joined two railroad lines at Namur. Press dispaches spoke of a German army occupying Luxemburg. From Marche, a city in that Duchy, a railroad ran northwest forking to Huy and Namur. So, the feint against Belgium was a "bluff"? The Great French General Staff proclaimed that "bluff" to the world. And from what I saw later covering the fighting on the Marne, the French absolutely convinced themselves they had analyzed the German strategy correctly.

Still in my rôle of "lone wolf," I prepared to put myself in the path of the oncoming army. If I arrived upon the scene before either combatant, as a correspondent I would be free of all the usual hampering restrictions imposed by the authorities.

Namur. Logically that was my next objective. Underground "grapevine" reports stated a French army marched out of Maubeuge on the Beaumont-Philippeville road. Philippeville is in Namur province.

I packed my bag and bought my ticket.

Railroad travel was no longer the simple routine as when I journeyed to Liége. My passports, *sauf conduit, laissez passer,* signed by M. de Broqueville, Minister of War, each were in turn scrutinized. Passengers entering and leaving all stations were herded into the waiting rooms to be searched and questioned at great length. However I had been at pains to have all my papers of identification in order. So I managed to arrive safely in Namur the afternoon of August 12th.

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On the train journey I noted the characteristic cultivated perfection of Belgium. The whole country was as carefully planted as a kitchen-garden. The land smiled in consciousness of plenty. The neat houses looked as if they had been that morning gone over with scrubbing brush and soap; they sparkled in the light of the afternoon sun.

Namur presented all the grim circumstance of siege except the actual falling of shells. Scouts patrolled the streets. Barricades commanded all the highways entering the city. Trucks blocked the roads, their sides pierced for rifles, sandbags inside piled breast high. Trenches dug in echelons defended the city bridges across the Meuse.

German observation planes flew constantly above the forts surrounding Namur. Their appearance created great excitement among the populace. Different troop detachments started a popping rifle fusillade. You must remember that at that time airplanes were a war novelty. What combat value this new weapon might develop was still a matter to be determined. In reconnaissance their value was readily established.

What struck me most forcibly in Namur was the fact that the citizens seemed indifferent to, or ignorant of, the danger that threatened their city. Outside of the military measures for defense, life went on quite as usual. The shops were open, business was carried on exactly as if no invading army were within a few days' march of the city. Of course soldiers filled the streets, cafés, restaurants. But they went about in a care-free, picnicking manner that astonished me. In my opinion the men of the Fourth Belgian Division were second-rate soldiers. My opinion was confirmed when later I heard the Germans took the city with little effort.

My luck still held out. Sipping a drink in an out-door café, I made the acquaintance of a militia officer attached to the staff. Captain Paul Gillian in civil life owned a

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profitable delicatessen business. Now, with his automobile, he was attached to headquarters, his duties rather vague. With him I discussed the military situation. I mildly suggested that Namur would be attacked shortly. He laughed.

"*Mais, non, monsieur.* The Germans are making the grand 'bluff.' They think to divert the French armies here, while their thrust will be through Mülhausen. Our staff knows this most certainly."

"From whom?"

"From the French General, already in Philippeville."

"But what is this French General doing in Philippeville; he has sufficient troops, undoubtedly?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur.* A division."

I sipped my drink carelessly.

"Still a French Division does not march through Belgium just for a promenade?"

Captain Gillian shrugged his shoulders.

"The great army of France can well spare a division to meet the German bluff. Reports place German soldiers approaching Dinant."

In my mind I had a mental picture of the map, the Meuse running from Liége to Namur.

"And Dinant, *monsieur le Capitain,* is how far?"

"About ten leagues."

Thirty miles! Dinant, with a French division and a German army converging upon the town! Carefully smothering my eagerness I suggested—

"It would be interesting to go to Dinant. If I could rent an automobile I should enjoy seeing the place."

Captain Gillian was all smiles.

"Today I am free. It will give me great pleasure to conduct monsieur to Dinant."

Immediately I ordered fresh drinks. I wonder now if my hand trembled when I paid for them.

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CHAPTER VI

THE FIGHTING AT DINANT

BEING on the staff, Captain Gillian knew the *mot d'ordre,* countersign, which passed us through all the lines. Every few hundred yards the road was blocked by fields of barbed wire entanglements. Every bridge was protected in the same manner. I saw enough to convince me preparations for battle somewhere along the Meuse were going forward.

From Namur down the Meuse valley to Dinant we had news of skirmishes between patrols of German and Belgian cavalry. Passing through Yvoir we saw the bodies of five Uhlans killed in a raid. The people of the little town gathered about the bodies, staring at the gruesome sight with dulled eyes. Flies buzzed above shrunken faces.

Nearing Dinant, the blue coats and red breeches of French soldiers spotted the roadside. I noted they were the 148th Regiment of the line. Not one of them more than thirty, certain non-commissioned officers excepted, and all bubbling with esprit. A devil-may-care joyousness characterized these soldiers. The French—at that time—

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met every trial of war with a smile. The strain of picket duty at night, trench digging under a broiling August sun in winter uniforms, toilsome marches bearing heavy packs, to say nothing of rifles and ammunition, were matters for the French soldier to joke about. While lacking the smartness of the English, or American soldier, the French conscript seldom "grouses," or "bellyaches," as is the habit of the Anglo-Saxon.

In St. Médard, a suburb of Dinant, Captain Gillian bade me *au revoir*. Never have we met since.

The Tête d'Or, a charming hotel, terraced up from the banks across the river, was my first objective in Dinant. Baedeker stars its *cuisine* and wines. In spite of this, the hotel's location made for serious thought.

"You are on the wrong side of the river," I said to Rose Bourgemont, the bright-eyed daughter of the proprietor, when she showed me my room. "When the Germans come—"

"We are safe, *monsieur*. French soldiers hold the *citadel*."

Dinant is one of a dozen similar small towns dotting the Meuse. Picturesquely situated, and historically interesting, it has been a tourist Mecca for decades. One arrives by train in St. Médard, on the east bank of the river, while Dinant proper, connected by a stone and iron bridge, lies across the river, under the shelter of a high, limestone cliff. Crowning the highest point of this cliff is the *citadel*, mentioned by Rose Bourgemont. A modernized, medieval castle, it rises some four hundred odd feet above the river level. Below, in the town square, stands an ancient Gothic church, *Notre Dame*. Along the river bank runs Rue Grande, where you find the attractive hotels, vine-covered homes, terraced up the cliff-slope. Spiraling up this slope is the Rue St. Jacques.

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In reading the battle story later, remember that the *citadel,* the Tête d'Or hotel, are on the east (German) side of the river. I decided to leave the bright-eyed Rose, and M. Bourgemont, and take up quarters in the Hotel du Nord across the river. I urged these good people to come with me. But they would not.

There is an old newspaper axiom that runs—A dead war correspondent is no value to his paper.

In the Hotel du Nord I met Captain J. A. A. F. Cuff, Royal Marine Light Infantry. He was scouting for the British Expeditionary Force. With him were four motorcycle scouts who had covered the east side of the river. They reported Germans advancing along every road. They estimated about eight thousand soldiers around Ciney.

Late that afternoon I watched a group of French Dragoons ride across the bridge. Thirteen of them I counted. Horses stumbled, heads hanging, flanks dripped foamy sweat, saddles were muddied; five of the troopers swayed in their seats. Returning scouting platoon evidently. I learned that a hundred of these colorful dragoons rode out that morning. They fell into an ambush of German infantry. Of the hundred only those thirteen troopers returned.

I reported myself and my mission to Major Bertrand, commanding the battalion of the 148th regiment defending the bridge across the Meuse. He received me courteously. His military problem was to hold the Dinant bridge. He had detailed a half company to occupy the citadel on the limestone cliffs. When attacked they were to fight as long as possible, delay the German advance, then fall back across the bridge. A passageway through the wire entanglements had been left open for them.

"*Monsieur le commandant* believes then the Germans will attack Dinant?"

"A few, perhaps, to carry out the grand bluff."

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"Is it not possible the Germans are not bluffing?"

"Impossible. Ah, monsieur, would that our regiment had been ordered to Lorraine, Mülhausen, there we should see real fighting!"

I suggested that perhaps he would see some real fighting here, and begged that I might be attached to his battalion to witness it. Smilingly he granted this favor.

Lieutenant Parent, who spoke English, was detailed to show me the bridge defense. The scene might have inspired Detaille to paint one of his masterpieces.

The copper sun dropped behind the ridge at our backs. Hardly a ripple disturbed the broad surface of the Meuse. Clustering houses on the bank reminded me of cattle crowding down to drink; from across the bridge in the twilight the church with its curious minaret tower nodded to us. Down the Grand' Rue I made out the white walls of the Tête d'Or hotel. I thought of M. Bourgemont and Rose. On the ramparts of the citadel stood a sentinel silhouetted against the sky.

The bridge with its field of barbed wire stretched before us. Where the abutments turned at sharp right angles French soldiers in their blue and red uniforms, lounged against earth brown sand bags. They had built the abutments into little forts. Their rifles stacked beside them, they smoked, chatted, cooked coffee over tiny fires. One sang in a mournful minor key.

I wondered at the singer and his song. Did he envisage the morrow? . . .

In the houses nearest the bridge Lieutenant Parent pointed out where the machine guns hid behind the windows.

"In that corner," he indicated a window, "is my special gun. She sweeps the road approaching the bridge."

Twilight darkened. I could hear the low voices of the soldiers as they lounged about their posts. I caught the

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sharp click of steel on steel. Eerie evening sounds set my nerves tingling. The dank smell of the Meuse filled my nostrils. The sentinel on the citadel signaled with a lantern, circling flashes. All was well for the night.

Returning to my hotel I met ghostly Belgian troops marching to their trenches along the river banks. In front of those trenches ghostly fishermen angled in the stream.

I sent a fifty word despatch to the "Daily Telegraph." Going to bed I wondered if M. Bourgemont and his daughter Rose still believed they were safe from the enemy.

Early the next morning as part of a dream I heard a sudden "Boom!" I sprang out of bed. Window panes still rattled. I snatched at my clothes. I heard a dog wailing in agony. A keening whine, a second sharp explosion! The brittle tinkle of breaking glass. I looked out the window. The railway station clock gaped at me from its tower, a jagged mouth punched in its face. The clock stopped at ten minutes past six. I was dressed and downstairs before the third shell arrived. Another high, sharp explosion! I heard the rattle of falling bricks, a man's voice swearing in French. The shell had struck the hotel chimney. Shrapnel clattered in the coffee boiler.

While the cook spouted loud oaths at the loss of his coffee, screams sounded throughout the hotel. Disheveled men and women, struggling into shirts, pulling on skirts, swoop down the stairs, scuttle to the cellar. I hear the snorting of startled motor cycles. Out the open door I see Captain Cuff roll off with his escort of motor cycle scouts. As I watch them dash up the slope to the rear of the town I am feeling decidedly low. I catch the aroma of the spilled coffee.

While the shells continued to drop in the streets I persuaded the chef to carry on. I have a constitutional objection to going into battle on an empty stomach. I pick a

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shrapnel bullet out of the coffee boiler. Later I had it set as a pendant on a bracelet for my wife.

I drank the coffee, watching the citizens scuttle to their cellars. Soldiers, Belgian and French, patrol the streets. I went out and found a good post of observation halfway up the slope behind the town.

I focus my glasses on the citadel across the river. No signs of activity among the little garrison. Evidently they cannot locate the battery dropping shells into town. They were not large shells; from a mountain battery I judged. Until this time, almost seven o'clock, I had heard no rifle fire. How soon, I ask myself, before the gray-clad infantrymen arrive within range?

I examine the fuse of a shell that dropped into the street. It was a Dopp one pounder, set at 4000 meters. The Germans must be about that distance from the town still, at least their mountain battery.

Now I notice French soldiers darting about on the citadel ramparts. Soon the echo of scattering rifle shots drifts across the Meuse. I swing down through the town to join Major Bertrand with his battalion entrenched around the bridge abutments.

I noted the deep, anxious lines around his eyes as he studied the position of his half company holding the citadel. He said nothing, never moving his glasses focused on the ramparts. Was this to be the end of that heroic little band? From the rifle fire it was evident the Germans were attacking from three sides, their infantry closing in on the fortress. I sight my binoculars. Green-gray helmeted figures running down the Rue Saint Jacques!

Now the circle of gray-green uniforms draws closer and closer to the citadel walls. Rifles flash! Volley echoes volley, pouring death along the defenders. Shells from the mountain battery burst in the heart of the fortress.

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My Baedeker stated there were four hundred and eight steps down the side of the cliff from the citadel.

First one blue coated, red trousered soldier, then another, clambers down those steps. Major Bertrand barks a short order. The men's rifles and Lieutenant Parent's machine guns jump to high speed firing, trying to stop the rush that was carrying their comrades to death. A dozen French soldiers slide down the steps now, more follow them. Many were wounded. Already the gray-green soldier mannikins crowd the citadel ramparts. The straggling rear-guard of the half company kneel and fire into those gray-green soldier mannikins. Rifles lowered, that gallant rear-guard stumbles down the cliff.

It is slaughter now. Beside me I hear Major Bertrand's voice urging his men to faster firing. The Germans, leaning their rifles over the crest, fire rapidly down on the descending French. At the foot of the limestone cliff, behind the church, there is a "dead angle"—a safety zone hidden from speeding bullets. The last of the little group of the half company huddles there a moment. Then they run straggling towards the white walls of the Tête d'Or.

All except one found that shelter. He fell. He lies motionless a moment, then struggles up on hands and knees, crawling forward.

A grotesque, fattish man in a baggy brown suit, runs out of the hotel. Monsieur Bourgemont! He trots awkwardly down the street amid a rain of bullets. Stooping over the crawling soldier he strives to drag him back to the safety zone. Together they stagger a dozen paces. Then, in that absurd way fat men do, Monsieur Bourgemont falls. The brown body lay limp on the cobbles....

Now the Germans held the citadel, and the east bank of the Meuse. They concentrated their attack on the bridge. But Lieutenant Parent's machine guns stop them. Those guns spat a steady stream of bullets over the wire

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entanglements. Still the German riflemen picked off man after man on our side. Dead soldiers, in blue and red uniforms stained with blood, lay stretched out behind the abutments, ghastly faces damp with the rain now falling. Wounded dodged back to the shelter of the town.

The mountain battery dropped shell after shell on the abutments. The French answered with unceasing rifle fire and the taka-taka-taka bursts of machine guns. At eleven o'clock the rain fell in torrents. The firing slackened.

I went back to the Hotel du Nord. The two lower rooms were filled with wounded. An army surgeon and a local doctor bandaged and cared for them. The floors were spotted with blood. Blood spattered kitchen pans stood near an improvised operating table. The stench of warm blood and acrid disinfectants mingled nauseously.

In spite of the shattered chimney, the chef had boiled more coffee and concocted omelettes. After the wounded had been fed, I had breakfast. Eating it I noticed a woman run across the street in the rain and drop a letter in the pillar post-box. I wondered what she had written in that letter.

Suddenly the firing from the French broke out again furiously. I dashed into the street. Reënforcements had arrived. The 33rd line regiment deployed along the ridge behind the town. I met a sergeant leading his Section. I hurried him back with me to Major Bertrand's post.

The German flag flew above the citadel. This provoked a new burst of firing from the French. Machine guns clattered incessantly, rifle fire exploded without ceasing. Suddenly a deep, bass sound boomed through this chorus. Eight sharp detonations, followed by eight hissing whistles. French Seventy-fives!

No music sounded more pleasant to my ears than those welcome notes. The artillerymen registered the range quickly. In five minutes they dropped shells in the citadel

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Belgian machine guns in action

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Rheims during bombardment

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so fast the Germans lay silent behind the parapets. One shell cut across the flag, whipping the red stripe from the black....

Fresh troops drift into our battalion defending the bridge. Soldiers of the 73rd regiment of the line. Then the 84th line regiment takes position in the trenches along the banks of the river. The French fire smothers the German. From time to time the gray-green line replies with spasmodic outbursts of rifle fire as if reluctant to waste ammunition. Does this indicate the enemy awaits reenforcements?

All day this crescendo of firing rises and falls. As dusk creeps down the river, shadowing the far bank, it dies. Thinking I may send out a short despatch of what I have seen, I report myself to Major Bertrand, tell him my intention. He suggests that I call first at French headquarters. Shaking hands I wish him and Lieutenant Parent luck, promising to return in the morning.

Keeping close to the buildings I dodge back. Soon I am trudging the Florennes highway. Dead French soldiers dot the roadside. The bodies are pushed into the gutters. Typical of war, that gesture. Lying in awkward, contorted positions, I note the red stains on the blue coats, red trousers stained a deeper crimson. Glazed eyes, I imagine, gaze sardonically as new regiments come marching down the highway.

I halt a sergeant, asking my way to headquarters. Noting a gleam of suspicion in his eye, I slip by quickly. After trudging hours I give up all hope of sending my despatch. About midnight I arrive at a tiny village. I push into a house where I saw lights and heard voices.

I burst into a room jammed with French soldiers. Some lounged against a rough bar drinking beer and brandy. Others sat at tables. I gasped at their uniforms. Long caped hussars, dragoons, silver helmets shining under sweeping

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plumes, trig officers in black and gold and red. In that low-ceilinged room lit by a single oil lamp, the sight of them lifted my heart right up into my throat.

And how they talked! Discussions dealing with all angles of the war were waged fiercely, and with much gesticulating. A major of artillery disputed vehemently with a brigadier general. Other officers, even the privates, mingled freely in the discussion, arguing back and forth on the question of the German advance. Here at least, doubt seemed to filter into the minds of the French. Perhaps the Germans meant to march through Belgium after all.

While the discussions raged, motor bus after motor bus drove into the village. Bedraggled infantrymen tumbled out and lurched into the Inn. On the rough cloth of their blue coats raindrops shone like crystals in the dim light. Clinging to their rifles, they stumbled about looking for a spot to sleep. The straw-strewn floor was already crowded. Finally they braced themselves against the walls, nodding in slumber.

Sitting in a corner half in the shadows, I scribbled my notes. Outside I heard the rumble of artillery, the clank of harness and wheel. I curled up to sleep.

Early next morning I read what I had written. Here is the last paragraph:

> "Solemnly I warn the people of England that this is the beginning of a time of great trial. For Englishmen must be the bone of the armies of the Allies. The enemy is advancing like a tidal wave toward the valley of the Meuse. Many lives must be sacrificed to dam this engulfing flood. A gigantic battle may open on the morrow."

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CHAPTER VII

BAITING A GENERAL OF FRANCE

I HAD slept fitfully and for a few hours only. I awoke with the stench of straw and stale beer in my nostrils and fatigue still numbing muscles and nerves. The first sun rays struggled through the dirty window-panes, revealing a jumble of sleeping soldiers. A Brigade General slumped in a rickety armchair. At his feet sprawled a huge hussar, snoring. In the dim light I could make out officers, privates sleeping in a huddled crowd on the straw-covered earth floor. Outside the jangle of artillery harness, the rumble of lorries, the tramp of marching feet told of a moving army.

Two feelings overwhelmed me—hunger and apprehension. For a steaming hot cup of coffee I would have traded half my money belt. Could I wake the inn-keeper? No, during the night I had caught questions directed at me. The Brigade General honored me with a careful inspection when I had stretched out to sleep. When he awoke he might decide I was a spy.

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I sat munching a bar of chocolate. I had the first eye-witness story of the fighting at Dinant. How was I to send that story to my newspaper? Where was the nearest telegraph? I crept over legs and bodies, noiselessly let myself out the door. If I could make my way back to Charleroi?

Outside that ribbon of regiments trudging along the road. Chains of motor trucks, batteries of horse-artillery, the guns nodding to the concrete. I must breast this war tide. If I was to get off my treasured despatch, I must slip through unsuspected. Granting my papers were in order for the Belgian armies, how would the French regard them? I decided it were better not to put this matter to an issue. Oppressed with the disquieting sense of being some type of fugitive, I slunk along the edge of the road. I had come safely unquestioned for a mile or more when I ran into a regiment of the line, resting. They lounged or squatted beside the road. Could I pass casually and inconspicuously through this group? Putting on a disarming smile I marched ahead as if on some urgent errand. Suddenly I heard a voice ask in French:

"Why does Monsieur promenade so early? For his health perhaps?"

I could feel the edge in that last phrase. I turned to meet the monocled eye of the most glittering colonel in the French army. Tall, beautifully uniformed, a dandy from the top of his jaunty cap to his resplendent boots and spurs, he stood eyeing me with just that correct hauteur a colonel should hold for an unwashed, unpressed civilian.

I saluted respectfully. Assuming the frankest of expressions and the politest of phrases, I answered I was walking to Charleroi.

"From whence does Monsieur arrive?"

A slate-colored eye gleamed through the monocle.

"From Dinant."

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"Very interesting, very."

Followed a pause. The lounging soldiers gave us casual attention. The colonel's adjutant stood alertly two paces behind him. I looked straight into the slate eye. It held a menacing glint that quickened my nerves. Suddenly the colonel exploded in a blast of gutturals. Ignorant of their meaning, I recognized the words as German.

Carefully refraining from showing that I saw the trap, I fumbled out my passport.

"Monsieur le colonel," I said, smiling, "my knowledge of German is meager. Perhaps Monsieur speaks English?"

The monocle was running over the passport.

"Ah, an American. A tourist. Good, good! For a little moment I suspected that Monsieur might be a German spy."

Shrugging, I laughed that off. I showed him other papers of identification. He was chuckling at some personal joke as he read them.

"Tiens, a spy! That would have been droll. I am disappointed, Monsieur," he continued with a half-friendly, half-sadistic smile, "a little execution by the roadside would have been very amusing."

You big cat-and-mouser, I was thinking, for whom would it be amusing? But I pretended to enter into the joke. Hastily I made a point of how friendly the United States felt towards France.

The jaunty cap nodded. He returned my papers. Still with a tinge of sadism in his smile, he said, *"Au revoir,* Monsieur. On your march report yourself without fail to headquarters. At Athenée. You are a subject for the staff." Straightening, he looked haughtily over my head. He bawled a command. The regiment sprang up.

I stood aside watching the marching regiment. While those chatting, laughing soldiers trudged past, I thought of the picture along the Dinant road when I left, the dead

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bodies in blue coats and red trousers. They, too, had marched but a few hours before, with the same laughter on their lips.

My maps gave me no choice of route. If I was to arrive at Charleroi to file my treasured despatch, I must pass through Athenée. Adjusting the strap of my musette bag more comfortably on my shoulder, I resumed my march.

Suddenly around a bend in the road I spied a scouting party of French dragoons. They galloped across the green pastures leaping hedge and stream. I thrilled in astonishment. Silver casques with horse-hair streamers! Sky-blue tunics trimmed with silver! Scarlet breeches! Lustrous high-topped black boots! Silver spurs! Listening to the jingling curb-chains, the clank of saber scabbards, I imagined myself watching a group of Ney's troopers. Hardly had I lost this colorful picture when I found myself nearing the village of Athenée.

Should I march on nonchalantly hoping to escape the attention of the staff? Success would mean arriving at Charleroi in time to file my Dinant story. Or should I report myself to headquarters and rely on my Belgian authorization to follow the armies? Acutely hungry, still numbly wearied, I decided to take the latter chance. Not without sharp misgivings I marched to the house where the French tricolor waved.

The front room was filled with officers and orderlies busy at small tables. A staff captain looked up.

"Monsieur desires?" he asked with military brusqueness.

From a quick appraisal I told myself he was not too intelligent. How would he react?

"My *sauf conduit* countersigned, *Monsieur le Capitaine,* if you please," I said in my most ingratiating manner.

One by one I produced my papers. American passport, *laissez passer* to follow the Belgian armies, identification from Mr. Whitlock, and a letter I had bethought myself

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to obtain from the French Minister in Brussels for just such an emergency. In turn I placed them on the table before the captain. I could see his eyes enlarge to the size of eggs. Finally I handed him my assignment from the "Daily Telegraph."

"Monsieur is a correspondent?" I could feel the sharp reproof as he snapped out these words.

"As *Monsieur* the captain sees," I answered with that disarming smile now part of my repertoire.

"*Mais, mais,* it is not permitted, absolutely. No correspondent can follow the armies of France." He hunched his shoulders.

"I have, *Monsieur le Capitaine,* been following the armies of Belgium. I hope that it can be arranged that I also follow the armies of France."

The staff captain crisped. He shook his head vigorously.

"No-no-no! Impossible. Only by permission from the Great General Staff in Paris." He knotted his rope-colored brows over his nose; with the papers under that nose he struggled with the difficulty of coming to a decision. My misgivings jangled a warning. Hastily I scrabbled up my official papers.

"I regret, Monsieur, that it is impossible that I report to the Great General Staff in Paris. With the captain's permission I shall return to the zone of the Belgian armies."

Perplexity left the not-so-intelligent face. This chance of evading the problem evidently satisfied him. He nodded, muttering an impatient phrase.

Controlling my nervousness I bowed politely. I turned and walked unhurriedly out the door. Something urged me to leave those headquarters as quickly as possible if I wanted to get to Charleroi to send off my precious despatch. Outside I marched some two hundred yards along a highway free from troops. I was congratulating

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myself. It was not so many kilometers to Charleroi. Once there—

I heard a voice hailing behind me. My heart started drumming. I debated running. Again the hail. Some one was pedaling a bicycle. Should I dart off the road, try to make it across country? As I have said, from the first I had the feeling I must outwit the military authorities if I was to make a success of my corresponding. They were bound to thwart me if they knew I was sending out news. This brought about a sort of fugitive complex that I never could quite shake off.

Nearer and nearer came the bicyclist orderly. His hail became more imperative. I halted. I turned, feigning innocent surprise. Curtly he told me to return to headquarters. As he trundled his wheel I walked solemnly beside him. At headquarters I was immediately escorted into the presence of the commanding general.

He was fat. His uniform bulged over his belt. His face under his gold-braided cap was ruddied with good Burgundy, and set in an expression that he no doubt thought sternly befitting the occasion. His hair white, his mustache an imperial, ebon black—dyed, I surmised. He fixed me with a beetling glance, stretched forth a pale, wrinkled hand.

"Your papers," he growled.

I handed him each document in turn. Those in English he tossed aside impatiently. As he read the others I was telling myself that I was face to face with a superb specimen of military stuffed shirt. I foresaw the worst. He returned my papers with an impatient gesture.

"Correspondents," he rumbled, "are forbidden to follow the French armies." He stabbed me with his slightly rheumy eyes.

Politely I explained that in my case the French armies had followed the correspondent. This brought a frown.

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Hastily I went on to tell how well I knew the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand, in Washington. I mentioned the military attaché, Count de Chambrun, his brother Charles, a close friend, other French friends of official standing. I was tossing feathers against ice. Seeing I was making no headway, I concluded by stating I would immediately return to the zone of the Belgian armies.

The watery eyes shifted. A pale hand twirled the dyed mustache. The general straightened back.

"No," he said imperiously. "You are cognizant of military matters of great importance. I shall not permit that you send accounts to your newspaper of what you have seen."

"But," I reassured him, "when my despatches appear they will contain nothing of military importance, that I promise *Monsieur le Général.*"

"How do I know you will keep that promise?"

He slapped both hands on his table.

"I give my word, Monsieur."

"Bah! The word of a newspaper correspondent!" He wore a nasty sneer that turned me inside out.

"My word," I said hotly, "I consider as honorable as that of even a French general."

And was that a tactical error! Still, as I look back on that interview, I feel it was worth it. Astonishment, indignation, anger, mottled the claret-colored face. I thought of a rooster surprised out of his accustomed dignity. He stood up suddenly, growled, rumbled, sputtered.

"Les gendarmes!"

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CHAPTER VIII

TO PARIS UNDER ARREST

CURSED with an unruly temper I set my jaws to control it. Again I displayed my authority to follow the Belgian armies. I called the general's attention to the fact that we were in Belgium, that I voluntarily presented myself at headquarters. While I talked, a gendarme—they serve as military police with the French armies—grabbed my arm roughly.

"*Allons,*" he growled. I shook myself free. For a moment we stood facing each other.

"*Attendez,*" interposed the general. He directed his chief of staff to issue an order confining me to the fortress of Givet "until further orders."

Hearing this I demanded the right to communicate with the American Ambassador. I called the general's attention to the indisputable fact that I had committed no offense against the military regulations, that I was well within my rights under authority from the Belgian Minister of War, and that I had agreed to send no news for such length of time as the general set.

General Percin grew polite. (Later I learned his name,

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and that he was relieved of command after the Battle of Mons.) He repeated his statement that no correspondents were permitted in the French army zone. He said my detention was a formality. In due time I should be released. When it appeared that I was to march to Givet, I refused. The staff captain immediately commandeered a farm wagon. Under escort of a burly gendarme, I started on my journey to the fortress dungeon. After about an hour's drive we were passing an inn. I insisted we halt. Leaving the gendarme outside cursing these incomprehensible Americans, I washed, shaved, and partook of a most comforting breakfast.

This restored my physical well-being. Spiritually, however, I was sunk. During the tiresome journey to Givet I had time to reflect on the sudden reversal in my fortunes as a correspondent. From being in the front line trenches with the fighting armies, actually living the war experiences about which I was employed to write, I was now ignominiously on my way to the rear. Worthless my eyewitness despatch of the Dinant battle. By the time I might be able to file that, the whole war scene would have shifted. Bitterly I reflected on my resolve to report my presence to French headquarters. Bitterly I reproached myself for not having inconspicuously sped through Athenée to Charleroi. With sour cynicism I told myself I would hereafter quench all impulses to do the right thing. I resolved in future to strive, by fair or unfair tactics, to outwit friend and foe in this game of war corresponding.

To the commandant of the Givet Fortress I was a problem. Loudly and vigorously I protested against being deported from Belgium. As an American citizen I claimed the right to travel where I wished. I had committed no crime. That I found myself in the vicinity of the French army was not my fault. And as for confining me in one of the fortress's dungeons, that would bring about inter-

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national complications of a most serious nature when I reported such indignity to my friend Mr. Herrick, the American Ambassador in Paris.

Evidently my harangue impressed the commandant. He ordered that my papers be left with him but decided that I could reside at the local Inn under guard. Unfortunately, the Inn—Le Cheval Blanc—was crowded with billeted officers. I had to content myself with an odoriferous chamber next the cow-stable.

Dinner from the Inn was served in my room. Onion soup, roast pigeon, rum omelette, with numerous asides. Vintage Burgundy, rare brandy! And Guinevere, a rosy-cheeked, black-eyed maiden to serve me! What a contrast to the half-starvation, the emotional jangles of the last almost sleepless fifty hours. For the moment I put aside my disappointment, attempting to interest Guinevere in my sad plight. Failing in this I turned in and slept the hours dreamlessly.

Each morning I demanded to be released. Always the same reply—the commandant regrets but orders from higher authority forbid. I sent a long telegram to Mr. Herrick. This, of course, would be read by my jailers. The days dragged by.

Constantly German Taube airplanes flew over the town. New misgivings assailed me. From my own estimate of the situation, two German armies would be sweeping over this zone. Suppose the French were routed? What would happen to an unwanted correspondent in the mêlée? Would my sentry turn me loose, or would he sink his long bayonet in me before beginning his retreat?

At the end of four days I was released. At least my papers were returned intact, and I was routed to Paris. But under the escort of a plain clothes member of the Secret Police. This was at Rheims, the first stage of my

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journey. Transferring to an empty compartment, my guardian introduced himself as M. Dupre.

"Of the police, undoubtedly," I said with icy sarcasm. "So, Monsieur, I, an American, a correspondent of a great English newspaper, with France and England allies, find myself treated as a felon, a common criminal?"

"Ah, no, Monsieur," M. Dupre protested, "I simply execute the orders of the military."

"The French military! I could not have been more discourteously treated had I fallen in with the Germans," I huffed.

I found this hurt and indignant attitude played on the sympathy of minor officials. Higher-ups ignored it.

"Discourtesy, Monsieur? Impossible!"

I began mentally to add up my companion. A loutish man. Rich food, richer sauces, wine, brandy had covered his heavy frame with fat. Fat bulged his cheeks until his eyes looked like shoe buttons stuck in magenta-colored lard. Still those eyes were restlessly intelligent, crafty.

"I have been held prisoner. I am sent out of Belgium under guard. Is not that discourtesy, if no worse?"

I threw up my head as if challenging him to answer.

"Unfortunately for Monsieur it is not permitted that gentlemen of the press inhabit the zone of the armies."

"But I inhabited that zone before the armies arrived. My papers were in order to follow the Belgian armies. Explain why I am forcibly sent as prisoner to Paris!"

Smilingly offering me a cigarette, he answered, *"C'est la guerre."*

French war philosophy explained everything with this phrase. It conveniently ended discussion, avoided thinking, and served the politicians admirably in escaping the consequences of their maladroit adjustments.

I took the offered cigarette. I was aware of dissimulated suspicion behind those crafty eyes. Better I appear friendly.

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In Rheims I had purchased a basket lunch including a bottle of red wine. This I now opened with a gesture.

"Monsieur Dupre will join his prisoner?"

Laughingly he nodded. He carefully selected the most tempting tid-bits and ate with the abandon of a glutton. Always have I despised the professional Secret Agent. He is, in my opinion, a type of stool pigeon. I felt a peculiar repugnance for M. Dupre.

"Monsieur has been a tourist no doubt, as all Americans?"

What was he leading up to? I asked myself.

"Correct, Monsieur."

"As you speak French, no doubt you have traveled much in France?"

"Yes, but more recently in Belgium."

He smiled at my casual implication. Disarmingly inspecting a well-browned drum-stick he continued.

"And before the War"—he bit into the meat,—"Monsieur has traveled in Germany?"

The lids were flickering over the shoe-button eyes. Inwardly I smiled. Did he hope to trap me into some admission that would stamp me as a spy?

"Yes . . . before the War."

The eyes were still flickering.

"Können sie Deutsch sprechen?" he asked casually.

"No," I replied innocently, "but I speak Spanish."

Now the eyes glinted. For a moment he seemed to consider my answer. I offered him some wine. I launched into a description of the charms of Spain, the beauties of the country, its cities, also the beauty of the Spanish women. This quickened my companion's interest. I hastened to add that the Spanish ladies were not so beautiful as the ladies of Paris. This brought enthusiastic response. We enlarged on the topic, M. Dupre showing a lively, not to say an excited interest in *femmes galantes*. The red wine

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had quickened his pulses. In a burst of confidence, he gave me the names—and the telephone numbers—of certain of his lady friends . . . *les plus chic cocottes de Paris.* Taking out a little note book he asked if I could add any interesting names to his list.

Of course I understood that the cocottes—so many of them spies and counter-spies—were under the strictest surveillance of the secret police. The trap was too obvious.

"Unfortunately," I laughed, "I cannot assist Monsieur."

M. Dupre shrugged. Conversation lagged. I could see that he was mentally assuring himself I was no spy after all. Also, some other preoccupation disturbed him.

"Voyons, Monsieur," he said at last, "some one waits for me in Rheims. It is greatly inconvenient that I go all the way to Paris at this time. If Monsieur—who I see is *gentil garçon*—will give me his word he will report to the Préfecture of Police at the Gare in Paris, I shall descend at the next stop." His black, beady eyes twinkled as if we shared a joke in common. "Monsieur is the type one can trust."

Little discernment was necessary to imagine who waited for my secret agent friend in Rheims. Delighted, I thanked him warmly and wished him *bonne chance.* I waved to him out the compartment window, then settled down to read, smiling to myself.

This incident is set down at length as it gives the cue to similar experiences. Spy-catchers over-ran the country. Not alone official spy-catchers such as my friend, M. Dupre, but every patriotic citizen throughout the land took it upon himself to question any foreigner whom he might meet, along similar lines. Again and again I was interrogated. Usually, however, my American citizenship satisfied all questioners.

Still this little experience confirmed me in the belief I must always have my wits at sharpest edge.

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I took count of my situation. General Percin had sent men to the rear to be held in confinement, then to be sent in arrest to Paris, a correspondent who had entered the war zone without authority. His order to that effect evidently still rested in Givet. M. Dupre trusted me to report myself verbally to the police. What could the Paris police know about my status? Well—

At the préfecture of police I put on an act. In polite silence I placed all my papers—American passport, letters from Ambassador Whitlock, the French Minister in Brussels, authorization to follow the Belgian army, and so forth—on the desk before the chief. He read them, an enquiring look on his face.

Briefly I described my plight. In a tone of quiet hurt I asked if I had deserved such scurvy treatment. Was this the way to welcome an American citizen, with the United States so well-disposed toward France? Was this the way to treat a correspondent of a great English newspaper, with England France's closest ally? Was this the way to treat one who always admired, nay, loved France?

I could feel the pathos in my own voice. I was the misunderstood, the persecuted, the mistreated friend. The chief was all sympathy. When I asked that I be at once taken to the American Embassy—it was nearly midnight—he said he feared the embassy would be closed. Better I go to a hotel for the night.

Suddenly it broke in on my brain that nothing had been said about my being under arrest. Carefully concealing my exultation I politely thanked the chief, bowed, hurried out. In a taxicab jolting me on to the Hotel Edward VII, I felt like a prisoner of war who has just escaped across the enemy lines.

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CHAPTER IX

ENGLAND AND GERMANY CONTRASTED

WHAT a change I found in Paris! Gone the bright café lights, the terrace tables, the ever-moving, chattering throng. Façade after façade showed shuttered faces to the streets. Shadowed street lamps shone fitfully through the murk of midnight. Instead of the never-ceasing surge of taxis, *fiacres* drawn by crow-bait horses jolted over the cobbles. I noted two white-faced men walking, gesticulating as they talked, pointing into the murky sky. I saw a woman, white face shrouded under a black shawl, half-running along the pavement as if she feared to be abroad in the night. Gone the cheerful clamor of Paris night life. Instead, this atmosphere of dread-filled expectancy, darkened windows, deserted *rues*. Deep into the slough of depression sank my spirits ere I arrived at my hotel.

Before turning in I arranged to catch the early train and boat for England. Next day, assuming the "bold approach"

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I bluffed my way into an over-crowded train and an equally over-crowded boat filled with fleeing tourists and refugees. Millionaires and travelers at the other end of the wealth scale escaping from the war scourge. The scornful Mrs. Potter Palmer crowded into a corner by a basket-carrying cockney mother with two squalling children. A Scotch distiller bulging bank-notes sharing a bench with seedy-looking individuals of nondescript appearance. All were touched with the fear of the death-speeding submarine. Many were too seasick to care much whether death came or not.

In London I found Mr. Harry Lawson, my editor, enthusiastic about my success. A romantic halo surrounds the war correspondent in England. The "Daily Telegraph" had employed some of the most famous in former wars. Never during all my later wanderings did Mr. Lawson fail to support me to the limit, spread my stories over the front pages of his paper, except when my despatches from the Dardanelles brought unwelcome news. These he slipped into the inner pages. But Lord Northcliffe seized upon them. He repeated them in the "Times" and commented editorially on all I reported.

Lawson was a man of medium height, courteous, and an untiring worker. Always he was the last to leave the office, reading every line of the edition in type and locking the press. In contrast, Lord Northcliffe was well over six feet, bulky of frame, working at terrific speed for days, then letting down into something like a period of torpid rest.

In London I met my old-time racing friend, Herbert Bayard Swope, formerly on the "Herald" staff, and Phil Patchen, the "Tribune" correspondent.

What astonished me on my return from the war zone was the average Englishman's complete ignorance of the seriousness of the situation. Few knew of Lord Grey's secret understanding with France promising to throw the

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strength of England into the scale against Germany in time of war. Few had any conception of what terrific consequences that secret understanding would bring about. These secret agreements ran through all European diplomacy, weaving sinister trails that completely baffled the innocent President Wilson when the United States was bludgeoned into taking sides with the Allies.

The English slogan was "business as usual." Of all the stupid, fact-obscuring, disaster-fraught propaganda the implication of that phrase was about the record. Short-sighted statesmen sought to keep the mass of the public in complete ignorance of the threat against the very existence of the Empire. For months the supposed statesmen deceived themselves with the fallacy that only the fleet and the inconsiderable British regulars would be drawn into the conflict. They scoffed at the menace of the submarine until that fiery old sea-relic, Lord Fisher, tore the veil from their false assurance. Only equal to this abysmal lack of understanding of the possibilities of the war was the ignorance of American leaders when our country finally became involved. In both instances that colossal ignorance cost tens of thousands of lives.

When I told Lord Balfour that the First Hundred Thousand would be little more than a handful against the German legions and that conscription in England was inevitable if Germany was to be quickly defeated, I met that irritating, superior smile characteristic of the English. When I insisted that at least two German armies were swarming through Belgium converging on Paris, that the French troops alone could not stem that flood, he scoffed.

German bluff. "We have confidential advices that the main German thrust will come through Mülhausen. The French General Staff is certain of this. And as for additional English troops, over and above our regular army,

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have you considered the millions Russia will throw into the war? How about the mighty steam-roller?"

Mr. Lawson had arranged that I talk with Lord Balfour. He and Ashmead-Bartlett were impressed with my picture of what was to come.

With the news of the Battle of Mons (where my friend, Lieutenant Yates-Smith of the Yorkshires, who had been attaché in Manchuria, died so gallantly) a change came over the attitude of the English. When a nation recruits "angels" to fight on their side you may be sure they are hard-pressed. In London, sundry and divers civilians busied themselves ferreting out "spies," German waiters, tavern-keepers, servants, long domiciled in England.

Out of experience and observation one is driven to a belief in luck. Yet this element of luck in human affairs is, or was, definitely antagonistic to the American philosophy of success. This, in spite of many examples showing luck overturning the most carefully prearranged plans of man. One does not have to be a mystic to hesitate to disbelieve that some inscrutable power deals lucky and unlucky cards in the game of world progress. Perhaps with some inscrutable end in view. In spite of all the meticulous attention to detail, the never-ceasing practice of military employments, the most constant study of strategy and tactics, it was destined that the German advance upon Paris should fail.

This, not because of French courage, preparation, nor super-strategy; no, just luck.

Warring ambitions disrupted the British cabinet. Lloyd George despised Lord Kitchener. Ranking French marshals schemed for the high command. French politicians strove to capitalize the situation for their petty ends. Surely the great German war machine should have prevailed against such dissension!

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Here is an estimate of the situation made during September, 1914:

"At this time the English were relying on the French service of security and information. When General French, the English commander-in-chief, disposed his forces in the vicinity of Mons, he relied upon information furnished by his ally. Advices from the Great French General Staff declared the English army was faced by less than six German divisions. In Belgium at that time there were twelve German divisions, with reënforcements entraining. Thousands of gallant English troops were needlessly sacrificed because of French Staff incompetence, or at least ignorance. (The French also suffered. General Percin, who had sent me to Givet in arrest, was driven headlong to the rear with heavy losses.)

"The whole fiasco of this northern campaign can be laid to the persistence of the French staff in the opinion that the main German attack would never be directed through Belgium. Having definitely made up their minds on this point, they failed ignominiously in meeting the actual situation."

Evidently the French airplane reconnaissance failed dismally. The vaunted superiority of General Joffre's army in this branch was mere boast. Air scouts of even mediocre ability must have discovered the approximate size of the German invading forces. Of this the French remained profoundly ignorant until too late. Yet French airplanes had been practiced in this observation service constantly during peace-time maneuvers. Why were they so conspicuously absent during the first weeks of actual warfare?

Here are further notes submitted to Mr. Lawson at that time:

"General Joffre's plan of campaign seems not to be based on sound strategy but sentiment. He, or the dominant political party, thought to arouse the nation to a

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white flame of enthusiasm by a move to recapture the 'Lost Provinces.'

"The main strength of his force was concentrated along the borders of Alsace and Lorraine. And while the enemy rushed like the tide through the bay of Fundy over Belgium, Joffre threw his battalions futilely against Mülhausen."

Some time passed before the French realized the mistake they were making. In attempting to remedy that mistake they started a gigantic troop movement from the south to the north war zone. Meanwhile, the German Uhlans shook their lances at the Eiffel Tower.

On the other hand, the German Great General Staff plan was almost flawless. It was almost flawlessly carried out. Whoever ordered (it is not believable that Von Moltke is to blame) the divisions from Von Kluck's army to the Russian front, that man lost the war for Germany.

This by way of illustration of the element of luck.

The Hearst Syndicate had a contract with the "Daily Telegraph" for the American rights to all news furnished by the English newspaper's correspondents. One of the Syndicate London managers came to Mr. Lawson with a proposal that it would be to their advantage to send me to Germany. He agreed to the plan, and later was roundly scolded by certain members of Parliament for doing so.

My feelings in the matter were two-sided. Having seen the French picture, and being committed to the Allies, it seemed unethical to go over to the enemy. On the other hand my treatment by the French had cooled my enthusiasm, and it would undoubtedly give me an insight into the relative merits of the contending armies if I went to Germany.

Already the English newspapers carried columns on the menace of the German submarines. Embarking at Harwich one hazy morning—the weather ideal for submarine

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practice—I studied the choppy sea with queasy misgivings. When I found, however, that the steamer was crowded with German school children returning to their homes, I dismissed these fears.

In the Hague, Marshall Langhorne, secretary of legation, and an old Washington friend, presented me to the American Minister, Henry Van Dyke, a gentleman typical of what is termed the "old school." Later Marshall introduced me to the German military attaché, Captain Von Ostertog. His office, he informed me, was a clearing house for all news dispatches published in the enemy press. He did not mention that he was a most important link in the elaborate German spy system.

"I have read your dispatches in the 'Daily Telegraph,' " Captain Ostertog told me with a bland smile. Disquieted as I was, I managed to return his smile.

"What did you think of them?" I asked.

"Excellent! Eminently fair."

That was a relief. I had visions of being refused permission to enter Germany. Instead Captain Ostertog not only viséed my passport, but gave me a letter of introduction to a brother officer in Berlin.

Taking a late train—with Arthur Jones and a Mr. Gibson—we made a frequently interrupted journey to the frontier. When we awoke next morning we found the second and third class carriages of the train crowded with German wounded, casualties classified as "sitting cases."

All the exultation that may have stirred them upon starting for the front was now gone. Instead, the sobering effect of actual combat with its terrors and horrors stamped indelibly those pinched, young Teuton faces. Wearing their green-gray uniforms, flat-topped, round fatigue cap with Prussian or Saxon corps button, one thing they held in common struck you with the impact of cold water—youth!

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All were in their early twenties. Delicate, blond mustaches, unshaved, downy cheeks, faces unlined except by the *sturm und drang* of recent battle, they might have been a group of fun-loving New England college boys. Evidently the officers changed from student corps uniform to army uniform but a few months previously. Huns! The epithet was sheer libel.

What thoughts ran through those blond heads? Contrasting pictures, no doubt. Visions depicting horrific battle scenes softened now by hopes of a happy home-coming.

At every stop shouting crowds gathered to hail those young heroes. Those who descended found themselves immediately surrounded by relations and friends, clapped on the back, hugged, kissed, plied with a thousand solicitous questions.

One such picture was typical. A boy over six feet tall, slight, not more than twenty-three, tight-belted into a Uhlan uniform. His left boot was missing, his foot bundled in clean, white bandaging. Manipulating two canes he stepped down from the compartment. Arms uplifted, eyes shining with love, a gray-haired gentleman rushed to meet him.

"Heinrich! Heinrich!" he called, as he clasped both arms about the boy, kissing him soundly. Trailing the father, trotted a roly-poly, apple-faced woman—the boy's mother. She, too, seized the boy, straining him to her heart, her voice breaking as she murmured a dozen endearing names. Crying unashamedly, she buried her face against the boy's breast.

Two bright-faced girls, blonde hair in pig-tails, two younger boys, sisters and brothers, crowded behind father and mother. The wounded Uhlan towered above them, wide smile splitting his bright face, while he protested the triviality of his wound.

As the train jolted out of the station, I watched him

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hobbling on his two canes, father, mother, sisters, brothers, shuffling slowly beside him. Some new, undefined feeling stirred me. In Belgium, France, England, Russia, Austria, such scenes were enacted with varying details, ten or a hundred thousand times. The flesh of youth ground in the inexorable meshes of the war machines.

In my lapel I wore a miniature United States flag. As I passed down the train aisle, a voice addressed me in English.

"Ho, Mr. American!"

A blue eye under a bandaged forehead smiled at me. Stepping into the compartment we began conversing. His left eye had been smashed by a shell-splinter, his right was still perfect; soon he would rejoin his regiment. But I must tell him about the United States—a truly wonderful country! Ah, he had so hoped to visit the States. He had heard so much of the country from imported American athletic instructors under whom he trained for the coming Olympic games. It was *der teufel, nicht wahr?* this war postponed holding the games?

"Perhaps it will be over in time," he added fervently and without rancor. "In 1870 our armies in a few weeks marched into Paris. I hope now it may be the same. You think so?"

What could I say? I hedged. It was to be hoped the war would soon end. For his sake, and for the sake of those myriad of other youths shooting and bayoneting each other, I sincerely wished it might so happen.

While we talked the train halted at a junction. Another train of box cars stood on a siding.

"Look," said the boy with the bandaged eye, his voice soft, "Belgian prisoners!" After a moment he added, "Poor devils!"

The box-car doors stood open. Two German sentries sat with slender, vicious bayonets menacing the prisoners.

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From the shadows I caught the flash of hungry eyes, wan, bearded faces. Were they the soldiers who had fought so desperately at Liége? At Dinant?

As the train jolted on, a girl with aura of a bride about her, smothered her wounded husband with kisses, striving the while to keep her tear-dimmed eyes from the shattered arm he carried in a sling. At other stops women hurry from window to window, searching eyes scanning the wounded. Some shout with delight; others turn, staring vacantly. When the engine whistles, the train jolts on, despair fills those eyes. They turn, these women, that one may not see their tears.

What struck me forcibly on that journey through Germany was the strong racial likeness between these Teutons and their cousins across the North Sea. Put this boy I talked to in an English uniform, give him an Oxford accent, and he might pass for a youth from the hunting shires.

In London I had read the propaganda handed out daily by the Foreign Office. The German people were starving; they plotted the overthrow of the Kaiser and his court; the war was highly unpopular. In Germany it was immediately apparent such propaganda was but the stupid hopes of some minor official carried away by his imagination.

Food was everywhere abundant at that period. Prices were high, but not prohibitively so. The Kaiser retained his universal popularity. Discounting the ravings of a few rabid socialists, all political parties enthusiastically supported the monarchy. Finally, in spite of that uninterrupted pilgrimage of returning wounded, the red-lettered lists of *gefallen für der Vaterland,* the war was immensely popular. Confidence was everywhere.

No one who knows anything about the German organization can deny their genius for preparation. The

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mobilization of the first German armies remains an example and an epic among military students. Not only were these vast armies assembled, but every soldier appeared on parade completely equipped in new uniform. From helmet to marching boots every item came straight from supply depots. New harness, new shoes for the horses, extra wheels for the limbers and caissons were supplied. And this attention to detail marked every other branch of the service.

The contrast between Berlin and Paris would discourage the most optimistic supporter of the Allies. The streets of the French capital shrouded in fear of Zeppelin raids, *cafés* closed, gay crowds reduced to fugitive groups hurrying through the murk. Paris was about as cheerful as a morgue after a train wreck.

In Berlin cafés buzzed with crowds, cheerful men, women and children, drinking beer and exchanging gossip of the war fronts. Berlin's famous night life ran riot. Nowhere signs of a food shortage. I lived more comfortably at the Hotel Adlon, in Berlin, than at the Edward VII, in Paris, and my restaurant and bar bills were less. The Hotel Bristol charged three marks for an excellent lunch.

In Berlin, as in Paris and Brussels, mobs devoured each edition of the newspapers as it came, ink-wet, from the press. "Extras" appeared every hour. All news was good news. From dawn to far into the night crowds stood outside the newspaper offices reading the latest bulletins from the front. Cheers greeted the posting of each new bit of information concerning the triumphantly battling armies.

"Vorwärts," a newspaper formerly unsparing in criticism of the War Ministry, now displayed above its wide doors an enormous map in colors, depicting the terrain between Berlin and Paris. Flags by day, flaming electric lights by night, indicated the latest position of the German armies as set forth in the War Ministry reports.

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The crowds watching this map matched an American mob on the night of a National election. As the little flags pushed into French and Belgian territory, the crowd cheered lustily. Fatherland songs rang out in chorus. The hymn-like notes of "Deutschland über alles" sounded under the shadowed linden trees.

One night, mingling with that crowd, I heard the sporadic cheering mount to an ear-splitting shout. The first reports from the Tannenburg battle were being posted. Great Victory Against Russia! Thirty thousand prisoners taken! Sixty thousand! NINETY THOUSAND! *KOLOSSAL!*

After watching the unbelievable celebration that followed, I returned to my room in the Hotel Adlon. So, the war moved swiftly to its end. And I had seen so little of it! A bellboy entered with a note in official envelope. A message from Joe Grew, then 1st Secretary of Embassy, saying Ambassador Gerard would receive me in the morning. I was to bring my credentials and request to follow the German armies.

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CHAPTER X

BERLIN: BEHIND THE GERMAN ARMIES

"How long do you gentlemen think the war will last?"

We were a group of correspondents—Patterson, of the "Chicago Tribune"; Conger, "Associated Press"; von Weigand—dining at the Vaterland Café. A young second secretary of our Embassy, Harvey, had brought as guest a German hussar officer, Lieutenant Baron von Lersner, member of the Great General Staff. He it was who asked the startling question. As I recall it, Patterson suggested:

"Three months."

The staff officer smiled.

"And your guess?"

This was addressed to Conger. He refused to comment. Von Lersner turned to von Weigand—"And yours?"

"Six months," answered the Syndicate correspondent.

Our guest shook his head impatiently. Adjusting his monocle, he turned to me.

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"And you, sir, as a former army officer, you have an opinion?"

Here was an officer of the German Great General Staff, a man in close touch with day-by-day news from the front, asking a question that held enormous interest for millions of our readers. I could sense the tension gripping the correspondents as they sat around the table, eyes unswerving from the German's face. Deciding upon what I thought to be an upper bracket limit, I answered, "Three years."

Von Lersner dropped the monocle from his eye. He shook his head. With his smile growing thinner he spoke.

"Wrong, all wrong." He paused, fixing his monocle again in place. Gathering our eyes and straightening his slim, uniformed body in his chair, he announced dramatically, "The war will end within two weeks!"

Not one of the correspondents moved. Not an eye fixed on this confidence-exuding Teuton face flickered. Inwardly we weighed the vast importance of this statement as "news," if it was not some calculated German trick. Von Lersner lifted his champagne glass, watched the bubbles floating to its rim, continued casually as we silently stared, "Not that all fighting will cease in that time. Naturally sporadic fighting may break out here and there. But, gentlemen, I solemnly assure you that within two weeks the German armies will once more march triumphantly through the streets of Paris." He tossed off his champagne.

We would not have been correspondents if we did not labor the statement. If we sent in this "news" handed out gratuitously, we must know some details upon which to build our story. We all suspected he might be a chosen vessel pouring out propaganda. We plied him with interrogations. No provocative question was answered specifically. In a few moments, still wearing that superior smile, Lieutenant Baron von Lersner rose, bowed stiffly, and left.

Through friends of Captain Ostertog, one of the first

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German air aces was introduced to me. Far in advance of both France and England at that time was the German war use of airplanes. Hitherto, airplanes had been an undetermined element in tactics. Many theories existed concerning their most effective use, but few flyers had put these theories into practice. Germany labored night and day to discover the possibilities and limitations of this new factor in war.

Lieutenant Werner was a pioneer. He had taken up flying as an amateur in Hanover. With the war's outbreak he was drafted into the Imperial Flying Corps.

Werner had been a fair second-string tennis player. Placid, somewhat fat now, stolidly looking at me through his monocle, he possessed none of the eagle aura that is supposed to surround flyers.

Attached to one of the German armies invading Belgium, he claimed to be the first aviator to make pictures of troops in actual combat. He showed some stirring airscapes of the Battle of Mons. His fat cheeks glowed, his monocled eye brightened as he talked of his other adventures.

"Also, I am first German aviator to fly above Paris in wartime. I am attached to the army of His Excellency General von Kluck. We are perhaps one or two hundred kilometers from Paris when I am ordered to reconnoiter that city.

"It is very early in the morning, very early. In my 'plane at some five thousand feet elevation I fly over the church steeples, the Eiffel Tower. It is not difficult to distinguish the great buildings although a smoke haze veils the city. I can see crowds in the streets. It is as if the pavements were all faces.

"Upon those faces I drop many leaflets. The French newspapers have published lies that the Russian armies knock at the gates of Berlin. You know this is a lie. We

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Germans wish that the French people shall know it is a lie. It is so stated in my leaflets."

It had been hinted to me that Werner did more than drop harmless leaflets.

"And after dropping the leaflets?" was my encouraging question.

"I circle around the Eiffel Tower. It is a wireless transmission station. I drop two bombs aimed at the tower. Those were the first bombs dropped on Paris. What you call in America a record, yes?"

Nodding, I asked this placid perpetrator of what was then considered a violation of international law—the murder of civilians—"Did your bombs hit the tower?"

"No, I think not. I could not stay to see. Two other flying machines were approaching, one a Bleriot, the other a double-decker Bristol. At once I climb for altitude. I know I can out-fly the Bristol. The Bleriot . . . ?" Werner shrugged his shoulders. "He comes at me at an angle aiming to cross my lines of retreat. It is soon a blood-hot race. We come so close we fire at one another with pistols. Neither hits. It is most exciting. We race side by side until we are over German troops. The Bleriot swerves, turns. I wave *Auf wiedersehen*. The next morning I return to Paris and drop more bombs."

Here is the story of the prelude to all those stirring air combats of the Great War. But what interested me at the moment was the German viewpoint that bomb-dropping, endangering the lives of non-combatants, was justified in war. Diplomatically I suggested, "Of course, dropping bombs on the Eiffel Tower, an enemy wireless station, is according to the usages, but is it not possible that those bombs might strike non-military civilians, women, children?"

My mild-mannered, fattish, monocled Teuton smiled. "Suppose so. Is it not war, sir?"

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We have no further illusions about bombing civilians. All nations train flying squadrons especially assigned to this duty. With the coming of future wars, civilian populations will be vulnerable and accepted objects of attack. Let our civilian populations take to heart the indisputable fact that their only hope for defense against such attack lies in the creation of an efficient air force. Some day the American nation will erect an heroic statue to the memory of my friend General "Billy" Mitchell, for having anticipated this situation.

A tour of a nearby prison camp was now arranged for the correspondents. It turned out to be a startling and disquieting experience for me.

The prison was situated at Alten Grabow, vacant barracks of a German corps now at the front. Over five thousand prisoners, French and Belgians, crowded the stables. Clean straw carpeted the stalls. A barbed wire fence eight feet high surrounded the camp. Sentries, glittering bayonets fixed, patrolled this fence.

Spiritless, dejected, vacant-eyed, the prisoners huddled in their stables. Guided by Lieutenant von Lersner—he who had predicted that the war would end in two weeks with German victory—we crossed to where the French troops were quartered and entered their hospital. Stretched on their straw-filled sacks the prisoners, gaunt, hopeless, eyes glittering with fever, stared into vacancy. Were they thinking of their farms in France, their homes, their loved ones? Did they believe the German assurance that Paris would surrender within so short a time? Did they hope this might be true—that then they might be returned to their homes—or did they pray their comrades would resist the end? Surely none of that dejected group could foresee four long years of prison privations.

Why, with our more humane war standards, should the lot of the war prisoner remain abominable? In Russia the

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horrors of the prison camps were unbelievable. In Serbia I saw camps ravaged by typhus, long trenches being dug by the living ready for the dead. In such a camp eighty-seven Austrians died in one day. Even in England the lot of the war prisoner left much to be desired.

Crossing the parade I found myself among French troops with the number 148 on their collars. With the men of this regiment I stood behind the bridge at Dinant while their machine guns repelled the charging German host. Suddenly I heard one whisper to his companion, *"C'est le journaliste qui etait avec nous a Dinant. N'est ce pas?"*

The second soldier stared at me a moment. A queer, ill-defined feeling of having somehow failed these soldiers filled me. For an instant I feared what they might say, the embarrassment it might cause me. Heart-thumping I waited. At length the second soldier spoke. *"Non, pas possible."*

I gave a sigh of relief and hurried after my guide.

During the ride back to Berlin, remorse smothered me. The 148th Regiment of the Line, men I had stood with in their trenches, was that the act of a comrade? To ignore them? Was there not something for me to do? Mrs. Gerard, the Ambassador's wife, worked daily in the Red Cross hospital. Perhaps she would help.

Ambassador James W. Gerard held one of the most difficult diplomatic posts during the war. That he performed his many delicate missions so efficiently stamps him as a man of judgment, energy and tact. He was helped greatly by a hard-working staff headed by First Secretary Joseph Grew, since promoted ambassador to Japan. Mrs. Gerard proved no mean helpmate during those difficult days.

Baron von Mumm, the official cicerone of the war correspondents, sent us word we were to be taken to see the ruins of the Liége forts. To me this was welcome news,

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both from a personal interest born of having seen the battle and from a military interest because of the peculiar type of forts surrounding Liége. The expedition promised me good copy.

On the run to Liége our private car stopped at Aix-le-Chapelle. Here I dined with Irvin Cobb, Lewis, the A. P. correspondent, and John McCutcheon, of the Chicago "Tribune."

Cobb was covering the war for the *Saturday Evening Post*. This was our first meeting. Ponderous, slow-moving, dew-lapped and double-chinned, his great body exuded charm. Never have I responded to a more infectious smile. While he smiled his eyes twinkled, as if some inward nerves telephoned them the joke Cobb was about to relate minutes before his wagging tongue put it into words. His story of his adventures following the first German army sent us into hysterical laughter.

Our party motored from Aix to Liége. No sooner had we crossed the Belgian frontier than we saw on all sides the pity and the horror conquering armies left behind them . . . farms were laid waste, houses and barns gutted, homes of a peace-loving people turned to blackened walls and rubble. It was such a trail as Sherman left behind him from Atlanta to the sea.

War changes men's souls. Surely those Saxons, tens of thousands of them farmers themselves, must have felt their spirits revolt when they were commanded to fire snug homesteads, destroy whole villages, ravish ripening fields. The first paragraph in German Field Regulations states in effect: "It is the duty of the invading commander to inspire the greatest fear among the enemy civilian population." Here that regulation had been carried out with unbelievable ruthlessness.

I suggested to von Lersner, granting this terror-spreading policy, it was not necessary to put the whole country-

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side to flames. With grim, cruel face he answered, "You cannot conceive the madness of these Belgians! From every house they fired upon our troops. Not soldiers but civilians. We captured them, hot rifles in their hands, wearing no uniforms. It is strictly forbidden by the laws of war for persons not in uniform to fire against uniformed troops. We were compelled to teach this mad people that lesson. The *franctireur* is an abomination to the regular soldier. He is like a snake. He must be obliterated at whatever cost."

Needless to say my sympathy turned to those embattled farmers. When I pictured the countless, unrecorded tragedies—wives, children seeing their men murdered before their eyes, deep nausea disturbed me.

Our sight-seeing of the battlefield I had witnessed from the Belgain side was limited to Forts Pontisse and Loncin.

The irony of the Liége battle was the fact that German engineers and ordnance officers contributed to the building of these supposedly impregnable defenses. Undoubtedly they knew the range from previously selected gun positions, to the last centimeter. At Fort Loncin one realized the devastating effect of the German siege howitzers. Here one well-aimed shell struck fair on the fire-control chamber of the turret. It penetrated to the magazine, exploded. No earthquake could have wrecked that fort more thoroughly. Nothing remained save shattered concrete, steel and rubble. The enormous steel turrets were tossed aside like stove-lids. It seemed as if a landslide had swept the face of the hill.

Walking across this débris a fetid odor assailed me. Unconsciously one recognized it; the stench of corruption. Entrapped under the mass of earth, steel and concrete, lay the men who had defended that fort so gallantly. Filled with sharp pity, I picked up a soldier's cap, a buckle, regimental insignia. Buried in the bowels of Fort

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Gun-turret of a fort at Liège

A fort at Liège after a German shell exploded in the powder magazine

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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Loncin were the bodies of six hundred Belgian soldiers. Here was a monument more fitting than any shaft rising above the dead in Arlington.

Deep despondency held me when we left the fort for luncheon in Liége. What a change there from my last visit! No longer was the Place du Marche filled with its excited, gesticulating crowd. No longer did the Belgian flag fly proudly over the Palace. No longer the Belgian artillery rumbling over the cobbled streets. Silent, sad-eyed men and women shuffled along the streets. The Imperial German standard waved on high from a dozen flag-poles. Squads of goose-stepping German infantrymen patrolled the avenues. The pall of defeat lay heavy on the city.

Before leaving Liége I was tempted to call upon my friend the Chief of Police. But undoubtedly he had been replaced by some German officer. In any event, if we met under these circumstances he might regret not having had me shot at the time of my first visit.

I came to find out later that our expedition to Liége was supposed to be but a trial trip for the correspondents. We were to be held a few days in Aix-la-Chapelle, then to follow at a discreet distance the fighting forces, finally arriving in Paris as favored witnesses of the great German triumph.

But the best laid plans, even the plans of such a super-efficient machine as the German army, sometimes flatten out. In Aix I immediately sensed some hitch in our expedition. The German officers, especially von Lersner, who was always voluble, became silent, almost morose. We were informed we were returning immediately to Berlin.

In that city I noticed a startling contrast. The singing, shouting, enthusiastic mob that had thronged the streets heretofore now dissolved into hundreds of small groups talking in low, concerned voices. The human river that

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nightly flowed up and down Unter den Linden showed a changed surface. No longer was it stirred by waves of boisterous exultation.

Seeking the cause for this change, I learned that two high-ranking Austrian staff officers had arrived for a conference with the Great General Staff.

General von Uexhel and General Paar, the latter an aide-de-camp to Emperor Franz Josef, carried the cry for help against the Russians. Through those underground communications which only war correspondents know, the news spread that the Russians had soundly beaten the Austrians before Lemberg. Eventually a bulletin was issued stating "For strategic and humane reasons the Austrian forces had been withdrawn to a stronger position in the rear."

Any one with the slightest military knowledge must realize that was the formula for defeat. No army gains victories by crawling back, even to a stronger position. But that word "humane" amused me immensely. Imagine a prizefighter pulling his punches after a knock-down for "humane" reasons. Still, the Austrians are ever lacking in a sense of humor. Perhaps a lively concern for the safety of their own soldiers explained that humanity so rare in war.

I had a long talk with Joe Patterson about the changed aspect of things in Berlin. What concerned us both was its probable effect upon our chances of seeing any of the actual fighting. Living in Berlin was pleasant enough but it was not the game I had set out to play. I wanted action. Patterson was completely dissatisfied with the rôle assigned him. That night I spent hours deciding what I should better do.

The next day a new rumor circulated among the correspondents. It passed from lip to lip in confidence. Von Kluck had been defeated. French divisions had found an

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opening on his left flank. The great on-sweeping German attack was checked. Only two days previously the War Office issued a bulletin announcing von Kluck's patrols in sight of the Eiffel Tower.

That day, September 9th, official bulletins repeated news already published. The Germans held Rheims and the line of the Marne, from Chatillon to Chantilly. The English battleship "Pathfinder" had been blown up by a German submarine. Maubeuge, the great French fortress, had been taken. The advance on the Russian front was progressing "favorably to our armies." The bulletin concluded with a summary of prisoners taken on the various fronts, 220,000.

Some time later in the day another bulletin appeared stating that the positions of the German armies on the western front remained unchanged.

This news proved a shock to the crowds outside the newspaper offices. Accustomed to reports detailing the course of the unchecked tide of German invasion through France, the stopping of that tide became significant. In some psychic way the people felt that the German plans bogged down. They said, "Yesterday our patrols were in sight of Paris; why has not that city fallen?" Concern, anxiety, took the place of confident expectation, of delirious certainty, in the faces of the mobs standing in the streets watching the news flashes. Cheering ceased. All night the crowds waited almost silently for some optimistic bulletin to appear. They waited in vain.

Then it was that more specific news came through those underground channels known to the correspondents. Two corps had been withdrawn from the western front and sent to bolster the defeated Austrian army. Other rumors said they had gone to East Prussia where a new Russian army ravaged the countryside. The Kaiser had become uneasy for the safety of his favorite province. The with-

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drawal of those two corps from von Kluck's army explained his check.

When I returned to the Adlon Hotel, Conger, of the A. P., handed me a telegram recalling me to London. Later I found out that some member of Parliament had raised the point of my being in Berlin. Lawson had been running my stories sent to the "American," in the "Daily Telegraph."

Sunday, September 13th, I left Berlin. I bought all the morning papers. I bought other papers in every city my train paused in on the way to Flushing. (I had no premonition of the circumstances under which I was next to see that city.) I turned to the "mourning" advertisements.

It was the custom in Germany for relatives of men killed in battle to print black-rimmed cards in the advertising pages of the local papers. Just a simple statement headed "FOR KING AND FATHERLAND"—then the name of son, husband or brother so gloriously "gefallen." The news of the soldier's death usually came in a poignant manner; mother, father, wife or sister would receive a letter sent to the loved one on the firing line. Across the face of the returned envelope would be the word "gefallen" written in red ink.

In the papers I noted a heavy increase in those black-rimmed mourning notices for soldiers who had died for "King and Fatherland."

Before embarking in Flushing I bought every available English newspaper. Did I find "news"! Von Kluck's flank had been rolled up! The Germans had been driven back in the Champaign sector. The whole German line had been driven back from the Marne to the Aisne river!

So much for the western front. From the Russian front the papers carried news of a smashing defeat for the Austrians.

Evidently my luck was still good. I had left Berlin at just the right moment.

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CHAPTER XI

SEARCHING FOR THE CROWN PRINCE

On my return to London the temper of the city had completely changed. Newspapers featured the French victory on the Marne. Stolid Englishmen became as enthusiastic as schoolboys discussing the victory. Recruiting offices were as crowded as railway stations on a holiday. Tens of thousands volunteered to join "Kitchener's Army." Before these recruits were even uniformed they drilled daily in Green Park, Kensington Park, in the tiny park hidden behind the Temple.

Watching those awkward squads drilling, scrutinizing their smiling faces, listening to their crass jokes, like a wet cloth the realization struck me; these men have not the remotest idea of the horrors that await them on the battlefields.

I found Lawson reacting to this changed English attitude. Laughingly he recalled my pessimistic predictions during the first weeks of the war. He listened patiently to my report on conditions in Germany. The fact that

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the German "man in the street" concentrated his hate on England amused him. He gave me the gist of the order the Kaiser was supposed to have issued describing Sir John French's army as "contemptible" and the English acceptance of the term as an accolade. I have never been able to discover the original of such an order and doubt its existence. But when I heard Lawson glowingly refer to the British Expeditionary force as the "Old Contemptibles" I realized that hard-headed businessman though he was, even Lawson was romanticizing the war. Again I felt that chill that smote me when I watched the recruits.

Already he had sent Ashmead-Bartlett and my friend Gerald Morgan to cover the French front. I smiled somewhat cynically, thinking how much of the fighting they would see. Richard Harding Davis, I also learned, had proceeded to Paris.

When I told Lawson that I had excellent authority for believing that already the German General Staff had drawn up the Order of March for the entry into Paris which was to be headed by the Crown Prince's Army, his eyes gleamed.

"Do you know what sector of the line the Crown Prince commands?"

I confessed I did not. From such bits of information I had been able to pick up, I concluded he moved somewhere in the center of the German advance. Operating against Verdun, possibly.

"Well, he's been licked. The whole German advance has been checked." He walked up and down the high-ceilinged, dingy, mid-Victorian front office of the "Daily Telegraph." Outside along Fleet Street I could hear the newsboys (not "boys" in London; usually scrawny, middle-aged men) shouting their "Extra Specials! More details about the great victory on the Marne!" I could hear the rumble of

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Fleet Street busses, the hum of traffic. Suddenly Lawson turned.

"Fortescue, do you think you can find out what happened to the Crown Prince's army?"

This was "some" assignment.

"I—I can try," I stammered.

"Good. Get over to Paris as soon as possible. See our people there. They'll help you every way they can. Get me a story about the Crown Prince. Good-by and good luck."

This is, in substance, my talk with Harry Lawson. In the United States we are accustomed to pride ourselves on the initiative and enterprise of newspaper editors as a class. As a "go-getter" I think Lawson was the equal to any American newspaper executive.

I walked down the dim stairs of the "Telegraph" office in a daze. I was conscious of being highly excited with my mission and at the same time somewhat appalled at the prospects of accomplishing that mission. I turned into the little room where I would get the "sinews of war"—money. The kindly gentleman who alone presided over the cash in the office asked me how much I needed.

"Two hundred pounds," I ventured.

On a nearby desk was a grocer's scale. The cashier dropped two weights on one end of the balance. He proceeded to open the ancient safe. He pulled out one of the lower drawers, took a grocer's scoop, scooped up a pile of glittering sovereigns and dropped them gingerly onto the scales. When the gold coins balanced the weights he poured them out on the table.

"There you are, sir."

I watched, fascinated. Evidently, to the cashier, this performance was just hum-drum routine, but to me it was a bit of business out of Dickens.

That night I took the boat for France.

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Submarine warfare was everyday becoming more and more of a menace to travelers crossing the English Channel. I landed in Dieppe after the roughest sort of a passage on a boat loaded to the scuppers with war freight, a cargo that threatened to sink us without the touch of a torpedo. Our passengers, closely packed as pins on a roll, seemed indifferent to any fate in store for them beyond the agony of seasickness. The train trip was a series of tedious starts and stops that dragged through the night.

Paris might have been a city gripped by terrible pestilence. Men and women hurried along the boulevards, faces hardened in thought. Looking at those faces closely you saw the shadow of despair marking many of them. The Marne victory had checked the panic pervading Paris during late August. The joy born of that victory was hysterical but short-lived. When the long lists of dead and wounded began to appear, the French awesomely visualized the terrible cost in life and blood of that victory. And still the German armies circled their own soldiers, a ring of blasting death. Realization of the appalling sacrifices Frenchmen must yet make to save their nation hung over Paris like a smothering cloud.

While in Germany I had read of the Crown Prince being hailed as the "Hero of Longwy." Longwy is about a two days' march from Verdun. In the advance against Paris, the German line I knew had looped around Verdun, leaving a containing force facing the fortress. The invaders pushed forward to Châlons and beyond. This I gathered from German dispatches. I judged that the same army that took Longwy—the Crown Prince's—would naturally follow this line of advance. Somewhere near Châlons it had met the French defense army. How was I to get to Châlons?

I called at the New York "American" office for information. Bertelli, in charge, told me no correspondents, not

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even pet French ones, were allowed anywhere near the front. He himself was in high disfavor as the "American" was supposed to be pro-German. I informed him I intended taking a train to Châlons the next morning. He laughed.

"Why, you're crazy. In the first place, you can't move anywhere outside Paris without a pass, and in the second place all the railways are cluttered up with troops and munitions."

"Nevertheless I'm taking a train tomorrow morning."

Although Bertelli still insisted I would not be able to get anywhere near the front, he decided to come with me.

At the *Gare de l'Est* I found I could buy a ticket no further than Sézanne. I took that. At least I was moving in the right general direction.

The town was crowded with French soldiers. At the Hotel du Boule d'Or, the landlady said I was lucky to get her last available room. The French wounded officer who had occupied it had died the day before. All the other rooms were given over to *officiers blessés.*

In Sézanne I made myself as inconspicuous as an ant. Fortunately the troops moving through the town seemed entirely occupied with their own affairs. Long lines of ammunition trains rattled over the cobbles, infantry battalions tramped through the drizzling rain, groups of half-starved German prisoners were marched to the rear, casting longing glances at the *éstaminet* where I was eating lunch. Through discreet questioning I learned that a terrific battle had been fought some ten miles distant, centering around the Château de Mondemont.

"There we have beaten the dirty Crown Prince."

That is a free translation of the words the dame cashier of the *éstaminet* uttered. I realized I was too late for the real performance, but I decided to look over the field and get as near as possible to the scene of action.

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I rented a motor from a reserve soldier (151 Line Regiment) who drove me the ten miles out to the still-smoking battlefield.

The Château de Mondemont had been a charming, rambling manor surrounded by a high iron fence. Graceful shade trees made a small park around the manor. It stood on top of a small hill overlooking meadowlands to the east.

During what is now known inclusively as the Battle of the Marne, Mondemont had been a tornado center of fighting. Four times in three days first the Germans, then the French troops captured the château. Its shell-rent roof, bullet-spattered walls, craters of freshly upturned earth spotting the lawns, trees, split and shivered, gaping holes in the garden walls all told the story of the battle.

Over the lawn blood-stained uniforms lay scattered. The red trousers of the French, the green-gray of the German in littered piles. Thousands of empty cartridge cases, rifles broken at the stocks, scraps of leather belts, unexploded projectiles, all the débris of battle heaped about those walls. It needed only the bodies of the dead to complete the picture.

Inside the hall of the château under a powder of shattered plaster, I noted a dozen empty champagne bottles.

"Evidently he who lived here dined well," I said to the concierge who was showing me through the château.

"Yes, sir, every night there is a fête. The Crown Prince makes it."

"How did you know it was the Crown Prince?"

"He is very young and very proud; he has the nose of the Crown Prince; I have seen his portrait in the comic papers from Paris."

I tried to elicit from the concierge further identifying marks that would leave no doubt that Château de Mondemont sheltered our hero, but he became vague.

From the testimony of eyewitnesses I put together the

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story of this phase of the Battle of the Marne. Soldiers who took actual part in the fighting, peasants who watched it from nearby hills, the old concierge of the château and an intelligent curate contributed interesting details that went to make a stirring canvas of battle.

On the plaster-strewn, blood-spotted floor of the dining-room I picked up a copy of the French Order of Battle. It is a stirring appeal addressed particularly to the "Division du Maroc," otherwise known as the "Turcos." The order was signed "Foch, General, Commanding the 4th Army."

The curate who saw the fighting from his belfry described the assaults on Mondemont.

"Like a pack of hungry wolves, those 'Turcos' rush upon the château. They are beaten down, crushed by the bullet-spray, yet always they rush onwards. Near and nearer they plunge with their bayonets upon the Germans. The enemy are driven from the walls. Yet when they have gone their cannon drop hundreds of shells on those brave 'Turcos' in the château. Again come the German soldiers like gray rats crawling behind the smoke of bursting shells. Their rifles blaze. See, Monsieur, the scars of the bullet-rain."

Literally every square yard of the château wall was peppered with the rifle bullets as thick as a shotgun pattern. Window-shutters were pierced like a sieve.

"The 'Turcos' are driven out by bursting shells, the bullets. I can see their red fezes drop on the green grass. The gray rats have captured the château. Now drop the shells of our '75' cannon like snowdrops on the château roof. Yelling like fiends those 'Turcos' again rush upon the walls. I can see across the grain fields little flashes where their bayonets reflect the sun. But soon blood dyes that steel. The gray rats scuttle down the hillside."

My priest, with a gesture, made this retreat vivid.

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"Now they wait, panting like dogs in the hot summer. A little rest. It is night. See, Monsieur"—the priest points to the Order de Battaile I hold in my hand—'Resister a l'outrance!' That is the order our French general sends the 'Turcos,' the brave 'Turcos.'

"But now the whole countryside swarms. A veritable cloudburst of blazing iron falls upon the gardens of the Château. Behind that cloudburst of fire crawl many, many of those gray rats. They cover the meadows. Again I see the 'Turcos' driven out, their red fezes falling on the green grass."

My curate went on to describe the furious fighting that raged throughout this second day. Once more the French recaptured the Château de Mondemont, raising the tricolor. Evidently, from the priest's recounting of what happened, the German artillery shot away all their ammunition.

"The horses dragging cannon gallop across the stubble fields. Between the roads, Monsieur, are many miles of swamp, veritable quicksands. Now I see the horses and cannon swerve into those quicksands. Up to their bellies they sink. The foot soldiers rush to help, to pull them out. But it is too late. More and more poor horses gallop into the quagmires. Soon all is confusion unbelievable. My heart sings, 'Ils sont battu!'— They are beaten!"

In the motor I followed the retreat of those guns along the edge of the swamp-lands. Cannon, limbers, caissons stuck up from the high reed grass like the bones of long-dead animals. I could picture the fury of those cannoneers and drivers caught in this morass under a never-ceasing shell fire. In an area of about two acres, I counted seventeen abandoned "77" guns.

All day I wandered over this damp battlefield. Piles of brass cartridge cases marked the artillery positions, thousands of empty small-arms shells showed where the infantry

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lines wavered forward and back across the meadows. *Képis, pickelhaubes,* gun-barrels, water-bottles, belts, packages of ammunition, various articles of uniform, lay scattered in the mud-soaked fields. From their hiding places, hollow-cheeked, half-starved German soldiers were brought in prisoners. Anew I caught that stench of the stale battle-field. Long trenches covered with freshly turned clay told their stories. Standing silently a moment beside one of these my soldier chauffeur spoke.

"Sixty of our French lie there, Monsieur."

And this was but one of hundreds of these trenches scarring the hillside.

I spent that night in Sézanne. I tried to hire my reserve soldier's car in order to move closer to the front but he could no longer procure gas. Besides, he politely explained, it was not permitted for civilians to approach the armies. I foregathered with the soldiers filling the *éstaminet* that night.

It was an ancient room, its low rafters sooted. Smoke-filled by a wide fireplace and the pipes and cigarettes of the soldiers drinking beer and eating at the long, wooden tables polished black with age. Outside it drizzled. Soldiers lumbering into the warm room wore rain-crystals caught in the fuzz of their thick blue coats. They smoked, talked, ate, drank, young faces full of animation. Bright youth sparkled in their eyes. I studied those eyes, wondering how many of them would still be sparkling when this war was over.

Reluctantly I determined to return to Paris the next morning.

The fighting around the Château de Mondemont marked the high water mark of the extraordinary German invasion. Here their strongest armies were within sixty miles of Paris. Luckily the French were operating on in-

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terior lines, a factor that contributed largely to success in checking the German military flood.

The spectacular throwing back of von Kluck's divisions across the Marne by Marshal Joffre has been played up as the deciding maneuver in the operations up to this point. This, in my opinion, is incorrect. To General Foch and the Fourth French army belongs the honor of driving back the German line. While it cannot accurately be said that he defeated two German armies (one commanded by the Duke of Württemberg, and not the Crown Prince, as I later discovered) along the Sézanne, Meaux, Montmirail sectors, he so effectively checked their advance as to throw this part of the German plan into chaos.

After the battling for Mondemont the Duke of Württemberg retreated some forty kilometers during the night. General Foch's exhausted army also retreated. It seems that both the German and French batteries had expended their entire supply of shells in the two days' cannonading. Further supplies of artillery ammunition were not forthcoming. Here was the first important lesson learned from actual warfare in contradistinction to peace-time maneuvers. Modern, quick-firing artillery requires an almost incalculable amount of ammunition to be effective in great battles. This was later made plain to me while following the Czar's armies in Poland. On that front I saw hundreds of cannon about as useful as guns grouped around a war memorial because of the lack of ammunition.

In the end, however, it is the infantry which decides victory or defeat. And to General Foch's infantry, the supreme courage of the XI Division and the savage Turcos belongs the honor of having smashed the German Schiefflin plan.

In Paris I reconstructed the various stages of the fighting as carried on around Sézanne. It turned out to be a remarkably accurate estimate of the situation. I erred in

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giving command of the 5th German army to the Crown Prince instead of the Duke of Württemberg. This error enormously enhanced the value of my story. It was lifted from the "Daily Telegraph" and spread over the front pages of almost every newspaper in France.

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CHAPTER XII

THE TRAGEDY OF RHEIMS

VITUPERATION of the most sulphurous quality was poured upon the German military for its bombardment of Rheims cathedral. Huns, vandals, barbarians, desecrators of the most sacred in art and religion, were the terms employed in long, exclamatory denunciations by the press of France, England, America. Richard Harding Davis—perhaps the most brilliant non-military war correspondent of his era—contributed a classic story in damnation tempo describing the German outrage. Yet, when the facts become more clear, an unbiased critic may well ask himself was all this vituperation deserved?

As one of a group of correspondents present during the bombardment let me throw a little light on the matter.

One night during the early months of the war, Ashmead-Bartlett, Gerald Morgan and myself, all employed by the "Daily Telegraph," dined at Maxim's. Richard Harding Davis joined us. We had campaigned together during the Russo-Japanese war and our dinner developed into a sort of veterans' reunion. From past reminiscences our talk

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soon changed to present difficulties in gathering war news.

In spite of the stringent French regulations dealing with correspondents—regulations which carried confinement in a fortress during the continuation of the war for their infringement—Morgan had succeeded in getting a first-hand story.

Exhibiting his pass to visit G.H.Q. in Paris to the military he met on the road, he motored out to Soissons. His pass actually entitled him to visit headquarters and receive the daily official hand-out only. Nevertheless, he managed to slip by the sentries, push out to the battle lines close enough to come under shell fire and bring home an account of the fighting.

Davis, after his harrowing experience with the German staff when he narrowly escaped being shot as a spy, had met continued denial in his requests for a pass to follow the French armies. As he considered himself the war correspondent *sans peur et sans reproche,* this irked him to the verge of mutiny. My experiences were threshed over but discarded as throwing little light in solving our difficulties. The French press censorship tightened about correspondents like an iron hand. Ashmead-Bartlett, the most resourceful of us, had achieved no practical results.

How were we to serve our newspapers? We must get to the zone of fighting. How? Risk confinement in some French fortress during the continuance of the war? The prospect was somewhat daunting.

Nevertheless, I suggested that we select points along the expanding line of battle and visit those points as tourists. This in my case had proved feasible. Casually I mentioned that my next objective would be Rheims. Here was a city always the Mecca of tourists and at that date the scene of Franco-German conflict.

Immediately every one wanted to go to Rheims. I protested. It was fair enough for Davis to come along but

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I could see no point in three "Daily Telegraph" correspondents covering the same ground. The discussion continued during several rounds of cordials. Arriving at no solution I offered to toss a coin for the right to attempt to cover Rheims.

Morgan and Ashmead-Bartlett spurned my suggestion. How could we hope to penetrate the cordon of French troops blocking the way to the front?

"Morgan penetrated to Soissons with nothing more than his press pass to receive the daily *communique,* didn't he?"

Ashmead-Bartlett hailed the idea joyfully. He, too, had a pass to visit G.H.Q. Davis demurred. Finally we decided to make the attempt to reach Rheims as Morgan had reached Soissons.

In a beautiful limousine furnished by the Syndicate Davis represented, we started on our adventure at nine the next morning. I possessed no authority whatsoever to visit the front. In case of any contretemps I must rely solely on my American passport to save me from prison.

Our first test came at the gates of Paris. Two sentries crossed their bayonets before the radiator of our car.

"Halt!"

The word held the brittle snap of authority.

The corporal of the guard stepped in on Ashmead-Bartlett sitting beside the chauffeur. I could see the chauffeur's hands gripping the wheel. Davis was breathing deeply. He coughed. Morgan sat back in his seat. I smoked and smiled. For seconds, while the corporal frowned at the slip of blue paper, the air within that limousine was electrified. We were all tense with the same thought. Would he pass us?

The corporal glanced at the car. He was impressed by its size and sparkle. He returned the pass, saluted, shouted "Passez!"

Instantly the chauffeur meshed the gears. The car

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lurched through the gates. We waited until we had left the sentries far enough behind, then we congratulated ourselves. I was exultant. So was Ashmead-Bartlett. Morgan warned us not to be too optimistic. We must pass other sentries. Davis nervously speculated upon our punishment should our "crime" be discovered. After having escaped shooting at the hands of the Germans he did not contemplate an indefinite number of years' incarceration in a French fortress. I maliciously suggested we might all be sent to Devil's Island.

Without further incident we arrived at Meaux. Already war had laid a ruthless hand on this once complacent town. Tiled and thatched roofs torn by shells. Whole walls shattered, leaving the piteous interiors of ravaged bedrooms, dismantled parlors, ruined kitchens naked to our view. Barricades erected in the streets marked the scenes of hand-to-hand fighting. Caps, torn bits of uniforms, empty cartridge boxes, piles of shells lay about, mute witnesses of the struggle. As we skirted the town, rubble blocked our way. House after house was gutted.

We drove along a road that flanked the Marne. It flowed on between its green banks, a peaceful symbol of the futility of human struggles fought out so savagely across its waters.

It was late afternoon before we topped a rise and got our first view of Rheims.

Smoke haze masked the cathedral towers. Here and there above the roofs, thin smoke wisps wavered against the blue sky. At regular intervals came the rumble and boom of shell fire. The city was under timed bombardment.

Men, women, children, poorly dressed, richly dressed, clambered up the road, blocking our progress. Fear, the marks of the strain of vigils in cellars while shells burst in the streets above, stamped the faces of old and young. In

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thin, brittle voices they called and sometimes screamed from one group to another. Nervous hands fluttered, heads nodded, faces contorted into impossible expressions while each told to each the experiences of the night.

In wheelbarrows, push-carts, peasants' wagons, they had piled their *lares* and *penates*. Mattresses, comforters, bedding, made foundation of those loads. On top of this, chairs, cooking pots and pans, small scruffed trunks, bird cages—all the heterogeneous collection of household possessions these war-driven souls could collect.

Davis became as excited as the refugees. He questioned them in short, jerky sentences, mixture of English and phrase-book French. Overwhelmed by voluble replies he called on Morgan to interpret. He scribbled notes on his "wad." To the chauffeur he shouted, *"Vite! Vite! À Rheims, à Rheims!"*

An old man, bent, gray-haired, raised a protesting hand. He spoke in solemn French.

"Monsieur, do not enter Rheims. All night the Germans have bombarded the city. Many of our homes are piles of brick and plaster. Great shells burst in the streets against the walls of our beautiful cathedral. Rheims is a corner of hell."

When all was translated, Davis' eyes clouded with indignation. He demanded the man's full name and his address in Rheims. After he scribbled his notes his expression changed. Indignation gave way to excitement.

"Boys," he shouted, pointing to the cathedral, a pitch of exaltation in his tone, "there is the biggest story of the war. Let's make it good."

"Just the old war-horse," I joked, "scenting the battle from afar. You scribes can picture this story in enduring prose. As for me, I'm just a lowly camera-man." I unstrapped my Kodak.

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We piled back into the limousine and started down the road, across the canal bridge into Rheims.

Blue-bloused, red-pantalooned soldiers hurried singly and in squads through the streets. I noted the insignia of Infantry and Engineer regiments. Speeding cyclists, dispatch pouches strapped on their backs, raced our car. Horse soldiers, in gorgeous dragoon or hussar uniforms, galloped across the cobbles. Sections of artillery, guns and caissons rattling over the stones, cut across our path. The city was feverish with behind-the-battle activity.

Suddenly our brakes jammed down. The chauffeur turned gesticulating excitedly. We stared at him.

"Mais non. C'est assez. Je n'est marchez plus dans cette ville condamné."

To a man we berated him. Davis sputtered, almost accomplishing the description "frothing at the mouth." Morgan and Ashmead-Bartlett threatened, cajoled, pleaded. All to no avail. No money would bribe him to proceed.

"Was he, a Frenchman, afraid?" we demanded sneeringly.

"No," he replied indignantly. "It was not himself but his beautiful limousine. What if one of those *sacré* German shells struck his car? He was ruined."

"Tell him he will not be further interested in his car in that case. Anyway, tell him we'll pay for all damage," said Davis.

The chauffeur slipped the key into his pocket.

We pointed out a parking place, clambered out and started trudging into the city.

House after house stood, walls demolished, gaping at the street. Cracked plaster walls, broken stairs and woodwork, burnt flooring, hanging ceilings marked the havoc of the shell-fire. We hurried on down the street leading

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to the cathedral. Soon we gathered in a group before its impressive façade.

It was much like Notre Dame of Paris in general outline. Gothic bell-towers, Gothic windows, overhanging gargoyles all in a similar style. The most striking feature was a huge window centering the façade. The Rose window, once gorgeous with stained glass, was now a ruin. The irreplaceable thirteenth century glass shattered, the leaded frames for that glass, twisted and torn; the whole glory of the window destroyed.

As I stood looking up above the equestrienne statue of Jeanne d'Arc, the view of that window filled me with a feeling of indignation and sorrow. Why destroy such beauty? With dull heart I focused my camera.

As I clicked the lever I heard the distant whistle of an oncoming shell. Another! They sailed overhead to burst with twin roars in a nearby street.

In studying the cathedral I found that it was not the actual shell-bursts that accounted for the most damage. Those shells set fire to the roof of the edifice, that fire spread to choir, altar, pews, all the woodwork burned, was even now smoldering.

Within the towering walls of Rheims cathedral lay the ghastly evidences of one of the most terrible tragedies of the war.

It seems, when the German army drove the French out of Rheims, they improvised a hospital for their wounded in the cathedral. Shortly a sudden counter-attack drove the German troops out of the city. So precipitate their retreat they left their wounded behind them. When the attack slackened, and the Germans again started shelling, their revengeful gesture recoiled terribly against their own soldiers.

At the time of the bombardment the northwest tower was being repaired. Heavy wooden scaffolding encased

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the upper section of the tower. This caught fire under the burst of shells. The sparks rained down. Soon the somber interior was alight with flame. Sparks fell on the straw bedding of the German wounded prisoners. Smoke filled their nostrils. Terror-stricken shrieks echoed under the groined arches. The spark shower burning their flesh, those wounded, staggered, hobbled, crawled to the doors. French sentries, long bayonets fixed, drove them back into that corner of hell.

Picture the agony of those wounded. More shells exploded against the roof. Imagine the shudders those shells sent through those wounded Germans, shells fired by their own countrymen. Flaming timbers crashed down among the prisoners crushing them to the stone floor. Choking with smoke, seared with flame, these agonized souls again surged against the doors. The first fell impaled on the long bayonets. The others burst into the open only to meet a mob of Rheims citizens armed with such weapons as they could muster. That mob raged before the blazing cathedral, shouting, "Death to the Barbarians! Drive them back. Let the fire they have kindled destroy them!"

Fear-frantic, those broken, gray-clad men had to choose —death in the crackling flames—death at the hands of that raging mob?

New flames licked out the cathedral doors. The wounded screamed their fear, rushed on the mob. Shooting with fowling pieces, hacking with scythe and sickle, the fury-filled citizens tore at those gray soldiers.

Suddenly two black-clad figures appeared amid this shambles. The Archbishop Landreux, who reigned over the cathedral, and the Abbé Chinot, who cared for it. Flailing long arms they called on the mob to cease its orgy of blood. They huddled the wounded Germans into a corner before the doors. Sheltering that cowering group they faced their enraged countrymen.

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"You must kill us first," they shouted.

Already many of the crazed wounded had rushed back into the flame-swept interior of the cathedral. While the mob muttered its wrath despairing cries mingled with the crackling of the raging fire. . . .

The shelling of Rheims Cathedral, the French will tell you, was a typical expression of German barbarism. And those charred bodies wrapped mummy-like in singed, gray uniforms—was there ever more terrible barbarism? Standing before those charred bodies I experienced strange emotions. What agony, what overwhelming agony had those helpless wounded suffered. And to what end? Hell could furnish no more shocking picture than the tragedy of Rheims.

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CHAPTER XIII

RETREAT FROM RHEIMS

WHILE the Germans continued their timed bombardment of the city we examined the damage done the cathedral.

The roof and the woodwork inside had been burned out. A huge candelabrum which hung from the vaulted ceiling had crashed to the stone flooring. Images that had stood around the walls lay shattered. The elaborate carving of the Descent from the Cross decorating the façade (architects considered this façade the finest of its type extant) had been smashed beyond repair. Nearly all of the stained glass windows were wrecked. Gaping circles meshed with the lead that had held the glass in place were all that remained. The process by which the gorgeous colors were fused in the glass is lost. The glass lay in shivered pieces over the stones. With Ashmead-Bartlett I gathered as much of this rare glass as my musette bag would hold. Years later I gave it to John Barrymore to make up into a fire screen.

While I gathered the glass I heard the nearing whistle

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of a shell. It burst against the outer wall. Immediately a rain of masonry showered me.

The Abbé Chinot was conducting us about the cathedral. Davis proposed that we climb the tower, to discover, if possible, the position of the battery firing on the cathedral.

Two French aviators had joined our group. Following the Abbé we climbed the tower stairs. From a window we viewed an extraordinary panorama. The French and German artillery were carrying on a shell duel across the plain below us. On the horizon we could spot the German battery positions, see the smoke and blast of flame as the cannon fired. After moments the wind brought us the dull echo of the muzzle detonation. Then the eerie whistle and later the loud burst of the explosion.

This firing from both sides extended along an irregular line as far north and south as we could see. Thrilled, we stood watching this panorama of battle. Suddenly a blasting whistle shrilled in our ears. I could almost feel the air vibrations that whistle set up. Two terrific explosions! The tower rocked. The shells had fallen in the street below us.

We gave up our front-row battle seats immediately.

Although the incident made good "copy" we knew the German gunners had not fired with that purpose at that precise moment. Why, then, had they shelled the tower while we were standing in the high window?

I remembered that of our party Ashmead-Bartlett wore his English uniform. Also two French aviators in uniform stood with us in the window while the Abbé Chinot pointed out the German positions. Three uniformed men in the tower. I could picture a distant German artillery officer with his powerful range-finder trained on the tower. It might have been only a coincidence, but was it not possible that those uniforms were the targets sought by those shells?

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Attic in Rheims Cathedral. Left to right, French soldier, Richard Harding Davis, Ashmead-Bartlett, Gerald Morgan, Abbe Chinot, aviation officers

In Liège

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

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The German reply to the French protest against the shelling of Rheims cathedral was that French officers used the towers as observation posts. An artillery officer myself, I can readily believe this to be a fact. Rheims lies in a depression and the high towers give the best view from which to spot "shorts" and "overs." Obviously, that distant German artillery officer, seeing uniforms in the tower and knowing the range, ordered two of his guns to fire.

After our visit to the cathedral Ashmead-Bartlett, Morgan and Davis proposed we push out to the firing lines. We could hear guns thundering all about the city and the bursts of small-arms and machine gun fire that told the story of infantry conflict.

"If we meet any staff officers or gendarmes we'll all be arrested," I protested. "We'll be held incommunicado—thrown into a dungeon—and then what will happen to all those marvelous stories of the shelling of Rheims cathedral you are going to write? And my pictures, how much will they be worth when the bombardment of the cathedral is last year's news? No, we'll be in luck to get safely to Paris."

At the time I did not know how prophetic my protest would turn out.

Submitting to some good-natured chaffing I went along.

I told my companions how I had been in Berlin when the Germans first entered Rheims. Baron Mumm, whose family owned many acres of the vinelands, gave me the "good news" at that time.

"We shall have plenty of champagne in which to drink to our victory," he had smilingly said.

Davis seemed keenly interested. Champagne was his favorite wine.

"Suppose we stop and try a bottle or two before we go out to the front," he suggested.

Morgan and Ashmead-Bartlett both objected. So we

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trudged through shell-riven streets out to the firing line. We did not get far. A colonel of French infantry stopped us and explained it was impossible for us to go further. Fearing that if we insisted he might take the matter up with the staff we turned back. We went to the Hotel du Nord for dinner.

After dinner my three companions retired to write their "stories." I sat watching the rain coming down in torrents and listening to the occasional burst of a shell. Chatting with the landlady until nearly midnight, finally I went to my room to write notes for my diary, then bed.

As I lay in bed I mused upon the strange circumstances of war. Those burnt and blackened cadavers I had photographed. From the French viewpoint, they were but the terrible evidence of a just retribution. Firing on Rheims Cathedral was sacrilege. And indeed all civilized peoples agree that the wanton destruction of irreplaceable examples of architecture should be outlawed by all the rules of warfare. Still, if the French artillerists had used the towers from which to direct fire, had not those artillerists put the magnificent structure in jeopardy?

My musing went back to the romantic story of Joan of Arc, and the pious fathers who raised this monument in which is enshrined her glory. Sad beyond measure to contemplate this desecration of that shrine. Yet, one circumstance stood out in the story of this savagery, the heroism of the two priests who, seeing their beloved cathedral in flames, still braved the fury of that murder-mad mob to save the helpless, wounded soldiers of the army which had ruined their sanctuary.

The next morning Davis, scrubbed and bathed and looking very handsome, started off to find the American Consul. This seemed an odd idea but I discovered later that his reasons for the visit were sound. He returned with three bottles of vintage champagne.

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We found our limousine and chauffeur. He was delighted when he heard we proposed to return at once to Paris. He had not slept all night wondering if one of the German shells would wreck his car. We had picked up the information that an attack was going on near Fîsmes. I suggested that by taking the Fîsmes road we might manage to see some of the fighting. The adventure appealed to all save Gerald Morgan. He was for turning south to Épernay, avoiding the French troops and speeding on to Paris so as to file dispatches as soon as possible.

Unfortunately we overruled him.

We were but a few miles outside Rheims when we ran into a marching army. Regiments of infantry with that grim, before-battle glint in their eyes, tramped along the roads. Clanking artillery followed in their rear. We were stopped a dozen times but our passes to visit G.H.Q. in Paris satisfied the sentries. Our automobile was like a swimmer breasting the tide. Everywhere we were compelled to turn off for marching soldiers or lumbering wagon trains.

We picked up a man in peasant dress—what today we would call a hitch-hiker—who asked for a ride to his farm. He assured us it would be an ideal spot from which to view the fighting.

I estimated that we were motoring directly through a moving army corps. I began to have sickening doubts about our getting through these throngs of soldiers. I knew what an intelligent commanding general would do when he discovered an automobile load of civilians interfering with the march of his troops.

We were compelled to turn off the road directly in front of a house from which hung staff flags. A black-eyed, black-mustached paunchy man in smart chauffeur's uniform stood before the door. When he sighted our limousine I saw his eyes widen. He called to some one

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inside the house. Immediately a dapper, mincing young staff-lieutenant popped out. His eyebrows lifted. He tripped across the road, took a long look at us and demanded in English, "What do you do here?"

My heart lost three beats. Aware that I had nothing to show for my presence except my American passport I mentally tried to concoct a story claiming I was a tourist returning from a visit to that most interesting cathedral, the Mecca of all American tourists, in Rheims.

"We are English correspondents," answered Ashmead fumbling out his pass.

The trig little officer glanced at it, sneered.

"This is no permission to be with the armies at the front. It is a simple pass to visit Headquarters of the General Staff in Paris,"—he paused to fix us with what he imagined was a piercing look—"and between the hours of two and four o'clock each day."

Obviously there was no point in contradicting him. I knew all too well what was coming. I decided my rôle was to keep discreetly silent. Visions of months, maybe years spent in some grim French fortress haunted me. Perhaps an indefinite incarceration on Devil's Island. The prospect, from whatever angle, looked grim.

Davis, Morgan and Ashmead-Bartlett started talking fast. They had written great, world-startling stories of the sack of Rheims. It was to the inestimable advantage to France that these stories be published immediately. Davis insisted that his syndicate furnished news to thirty million Americans. When his story appeared, those thirty millions would be filled with sympathy for outraged France. Feeling an icy hand gripping my diaphragm, I watched Lieutenant Trig. The sneer on his boyish face deepened.

"You must come at once to the general."

The "hitch-hiker" tried to escape but he was turned over to a sentry. The four of us, grumbling to ourselves,

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climbed out of the limousine. The black-eyed, black-mustached chauffeur whom I had spotted on the doorstep, yanked our chauffeur out of his seat and turned him over to a gendarme. We followed the staff-lieutenant to headquarters.

Before the door a crowd of troopers gathered. They talked together excitedly and I heard the words *"des espions"* muttered a dozen times. Grimly I thought of reminding Davis that now he was about to have the honor of being classed as a German spy. Surely this arrest would be a record.

But at that moment the Chief of Staff appeared, with other officers. They were all business-like, solemn, ominous. Still haunted by dire visions, I listened while the others went into long explanations. Morgan made the whole story of our adventure clear and plausible. Again we all showed our passports, our letters of identity furnished by our newspapers.

"These may be stolen, forged," growled the Chief of Staff.

Morgan went on patiently to explain that it was not logical that German spies would be riding together in broad daylight in an impressive limousine, right through a whole French Corps d'Armée!

The Chief of Staff shrugged his shoulders.

"Pourquoi pas?— Why not?"

Morgan then gave up.

At this critical moment when we visioned ourselves being stood up against the house and shot—a general marching into battle wastes no time on suspected spies—a French line officer recognized Ashmead-Bartlett.

"Are you not the correspondent who was with the French army in Morocco? I think I remember your face."

Hope blossomed in my heart. No one could forget the

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charming personality of Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. Had we found a friend?

They shook hands with the warmth of old comrades. A brief moment of reminiscences and the captain assured the Chief of Staff we could by no possibility be spies.

Ashmead introduced us in turn to his friend. His face lit up when he shook hands with Dick Davis. Our ace correspondent, handsome, with his scrubbed outdoor athlete appearance and his smart clothes never failed to impress new acquaintances. Dick called in Morgan as interpreter. Excitedly he conjured him to explain to the captain how millions of Americans read his, Dick's, stories; how his columns on the destruction of Rheims Cathedral would stir those millions to unbounded sympathy for France, a hatred of the Hun for his barbarism, and so on. All this if he, Davis, were speeded on to Paris to file his epic dispatch.

Morgan did his best but his translation lacked much of Dick's fire. The Captain supported the plea. The Chief of Staff shook his head, unconvinced.

"They have witnessed important movements of troops. Also it is most positively forbidden that any correspondent visit the theater of war. I must consult my general."

The Captain shrugged. One could not question the decision of the Chief of Staff.

We were turned over to four gendarmes. At that time I confess to having a rotten temper. Standing silent while all this discussion took place did not improve it; and when those four gendarmes pushed us about, herding us down to a nearby farmyard, I seethed. Davis also protested indignantly.

"What! Huddle me into that filthy pig-sty! Send me into that vile yard to eat lunch sitting on a dung-heap! Never! What do these ——, —— fools take me for?" And much more in the same key.

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Gerald Morgan suggested we consider the situation calmly. He managed to placate the gendarmes who permitted us to spread a picnic lunch on the road beside the farmyard fence.

Out came Davis's lunch-basket—he always did himself well in the field—his Burgundy and champagne. The three of us proceeded to stultify our disappointment with food and drink. Suddenly we heard voices in English hailing us. We looked up.

"Ha! Ha! You got pinched, too, eh? That's just too bad."

Standing in the cowyard were four Americans. I recognized the speaker as a Paris correspondent of a New York newspaper. I had taken a keen dislike to him for no reason. I pretended not to know who he was and told the others to ignore him.

"I don't know what that crowd has done, but if we want to reach Paris, we better pretend we know nothing about them."

Davis, who could be haughty as a Grand Duke on occasion, did not even turn his head. One of the group, Wythe Williams, made scathing remarks about "stuck-up war-correspondents" but we continued to eat Davis' potted tidbits and drink champagne, smacking our lips. Williams wrote a book about his experiences and took his hate out on me for our supercilious attitude. He mentioned me as an "alleged militia officer posing as a war-correspondent."

And Mr. Hearst blazing my name in electric lights on Broadway!

Of course, after spending two days in a pig-sty, surrounded by cow-dung and horse manure, sleeping in a lice-infested hay loft, to watch your compatriots eating and drinking and at the same time ignoring your existence, is a bit infuriating. So I forgive Williams.

We were eating happily (although I still entertained forebodings as to our fate) when the Chief of Staff re-

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turned. With him came two more gendarmes. This made six. The sight of them set my blood boiling. Writing of this incident Ashmead-Bartlett said of me:

"Fortescue's language and oaths—he is extremely hot-tempered—would not bear repetition and fortunately I do not think they were understood."

The Chief of Staff, now very stern indeed and not to be interrupted, was speaking:

"It is forbidden for correspondents to inhabit the theater of operations. You are without passes. You have seen important movements of troops. It is ordered by General Joffre that any civilian witnessing important troop movements shall be detained in confinement eight days."

Eight days! Instantly the icy hand lifted from my diaphragm. But Davis knew enough French to get the gist of the indictment. His sun-burned face turned the color of the Burgundy he had been drinking. He choked over his potted ham. He raged.

Imperturbably the French officer continued:

"Your place of confinement is this farmyard. You will find there companions also detained. At the end of eight days—"

"I shall not suffer such humiliation," exploded Davis. "I am Richard Harding Davis. I am an American citizen. I shall not be confined eight days in this stinking hole. I demand to see the American Ambassador, Mr. Herrick. This is outrageous! I have come all the way to France to write of the courage your soldiers are showing—"

I reënforced all that Davis said and Ashmead-Bartlett gesticulating in the best French manner vehemently set forth the whole matter again. Morgan tried in a more quiet voice to induce the Chief of Staff to reconsider. Surrounded by the four of us his stern, unbending pose broke. He shrugged his shoulders, saying something about "mad Americans."

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"Mad is correct," I injected, "and we'll be much madder if we are kept in this filthy farmyard eight days."

We never paused for breath. On all sides we poured forth our statements—how important it was for France that we spread our news to the world. The sacrilege of Rheims! Think of the sympathy this would arouse! And so on and so on. Finally the Chief of Staff retired to consult *"mon général."*

But he ordered the gendarmes to herd us into the farmyard. One took me by the arm. I put my elbow in his ribs and shoved him aside. I felt my eyes burning. I made a disparaging remark about policemen. I added another remark, a question in Natural History. Was it true the gendarme's mother was a camel?

Morgan stepped between us.

"Steady, Fortie, don't start anything. You can't lick the whole French Army, you know."

"But I can lick one gendarme. And I don't mind another eight-day sentence if I can just smash that policeman who stoved me around." I made another lunge.

"My God, Fortie!" Ashmead-Bartlett closed in from the other side. "Don't. You'll be sent to Devil's Island."

"Attention!" A voice behind me called; I turned.

I saw a short, fat, heavy-jowled officer wearing a General's gilded cap on his head, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor, brought into high relief, on his paunch.

"Le général!" called the same voice.

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CHAPTER XIV

THE FOUR PRISONERS OF THE CHERCHE MIDI

THE general, his name was Asebert, was walking with the Chief of Staff. I saw Ashmead-Bartlett start as if he would speak to him.

"Don't notice him," I warned. "I know French generals, how their minds work. Ignore him."

I turned to Davis. "A little more champagne, please."

I began talking rapidly and animatedly. I wanted to hold their attention until the general had passed. I felt that if Davis and Ashmead-Bartlett started pleading, the general, just to show his authority, would hold us prisoners in that stable yard for a week. While we drank our champagne I could see General Asebert covertly watching us. What his impressions were I can only imagine. However, after he had walked on, the Chief of Staff returned.

"Messieurs," he said, placatingly, "the general sends you back to Staff Headquarters in Paris. Your case will be in their hands."

We were delighted. Finishing our luncheon we made

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ready to start. Wythe Williams and his party were included in this amnesty and in a short time we were all in motors, guarded by gendarmes, on the road to Paris.

We had about a hundred and fifty kilometers to run. It became dark and we lost Williams and his fellow correspondents. Our gendarmes had no idea of the road and if we had been spies we could have carried them into the German lines without their knowing where they were going.

Ashmead-Bartlett insisted on stopping several times at *estaminets* and standing drinks for our guards. It was midnight before we arrived at Headquarters in the Boulevard des Invalides.

Davis, Morgan and Ashmead-Bartlett were all excited about filing their "stories." I thought only of a bath, dinner and bed. I could do nothing about my photographs that night.

General Asebert had consigned us as "military prisoners" to General Gallieni. This was strictly in keeping with the old army custom of "passing the buck." Unfortunately, General Gallieni could not be found. Several staff officers met us and listened to our story as repeated by Morgan. He ended with a plea to be allowed to telegraph the news of Rheims to the world.

His plea fell on deaf ears. One of the staff officers—Major Henri Bordeaux, the novelist—announced that we would immediately be taken to the Cherche Midi prison to remain there in arrest as "military prisoners."

When Davis heard this he became furious. My fury matched his. We both demanded to see Ambassador Herrick. I insisted that as a former Army officer, it would be an outrage to confine me to prison. I demanded to see the military attaché, Colonel Spencer Cosby.

Bordeaux made some sneering remark. I was tired, hungry and I had completely lost my temper. To see the

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sneer on the face of that dapper little "*embusqué*" proved too much. I lunged at him, my fist clenched.

The sneer disappeared. Bordeaux backed up three steps. His face paled.

"*Le force repressive!*" he shouted.

Two sentinels clicked their bayonets between us. For a moment I glared at the nervous novelist. Then I laughed. Into that laugh I tried to put all the pent-up feelings, all the scorn, all the unexpressed opinions I held of Major Henri Bordeaux.

Writing of the incident afterwards Ashmead-Bartlett said:

"Fortescue was quite prepared to fight the entire General Staff on the steps of their own building, and it was only with the utmost difficulty that Morgan and myself prevented him from committing so mad an act which might have landed him in serious trouble."

In the end we had to submit. Again we climbed into our impressive limousine, the gendarmes were replaced by soldiers with bayoneted rifles and we were driven through the dark, deserted streets to the Cherche Midi prison.

To me the Cherche Midi prison might have been the Bastille. We drove through wide doors in a twelve feet high brick wall to the courtyard. Before us in the murk rose a beetling stone building, windows barred. At the prison door stood the jailer jingling a bunch of eight-inch long keys in one hand. In the other he held an oil lantern.

"What are they here for?" he asked when we climbed out of the limousine.

"They're spies," answered one of the sentries.

"*Tu blagues.* You're joking; spies in such a motor?"

That jailer treated us with every consideration. He was most apologetic filling out our descriptive blanks. The barred doors of the prison cells gave off the center guard

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room. He opened one of the cells and apologetically bowed Davis into it. Davis held his nose.

"I'll never enter such a dirty spot. Never."

The jailer opened the iron door to another cell.

"Perhaps *Monsieur* likes this better?"

No, that cell would not do either. Davis spoke a mixture of phrase book French and English and spoke it vehemently. This and his distinguished appearance evidently created an impression.

"Will *Monsieur* and his friends be pleased to remain in this room?" The jailer indicated the prison office.

Muttering that he would demand an apology from the French Chamber of Deputies, Davis quieted down. Ashmead-Bartlett and I then demanded food and drink. The jailer apologized. At the moment there was nothing to eat in the prison. Ashmead drew from his pocket a sheaf of French bank notes, some three thousand francs.

"Here, send for the best dinner in Paris."

He thrust a thousand franc note in the jailer's hand. The man stared, smiled, spoke: "I shall send to the Ritz, *Monsieur.*"

"Bring plenty of champagne and Chablis," I amended.

Hardly had the messenger departed in search of dinner than two staff officers, smiling and friendly, entered the prison. It had been impossible to find General Gallieni; nothing could be done about us without his authority; in the meantime was there anything they could do to make us more comfortable? Davis complained bitterly about the cells, it was unthinkable to ask even a criminal to sleep in such cold, damp, uncomfortable cells. He was off on another tirade.

Meanwhile I appealed to the second officer. Would he not accompany me to the Embassy? The Military Attaché would vouch for me. Even if we were prisoners, could we

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not give our paroles? Was it not possible to let us to go to our hotels?

After consulting together the staff officers agreed to take me to the Embassy. It was long past one o'clock but I hoped I might find Mr. Herrick or at least Colonel Cosby. Together we went out into the damp night.

Meanwhile the messenger returned with a five-course supper and numerous bottles of wine. I will quote Ashmead-Bartlett's story of what transpired while I was searching for the Ambassador.

"Our jailers eyed our repast with marked interest. We invited them to join us; they accepted with gratifying alacrity. One of them remarked, 'I will get you two prisoners to lay the table and wait on you.' Two convicts, half lunatics, who were employed on light domestic tasks, appeared. When they entered, I shook one of them by the hand, remarking, *'Sans doute, vous êtes aussi un correspondent de guerre.'*

"The joke was quite lost on him, but not on our jailers.

"The table was laid and we all sat round the groaning wooden board on wooden benches. Our prison had a stone floor, a stone roof and stone walls, and was lit by two dim oil lanterns. The scene was impressive and reminded me still further of those pictures of aristocrats awaiting execution in the Temple. The supper put us on excellent terms with one another and ourselves. After all the prison was not such a bad place under such conditions. The wine loosened the tongues of our captors and conversation became general."

I can readily believe this. When I returned, of the six bottles of champagne and six bottles of Chablis, only two half-bottles of champagne remained. Meanwhile Ashmead-Bartlett decided to have his joke at Davis' expense. Ashmead describes his joke.

"Davis was once again quite his old self and began to

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appreciate the situation in which he found himself. I thought I would play a joke on him. I knew him to be extraordinarily ignorant of some things, especially French history. I said to him, 'Davis, you have the chance of your life. Do you know this is the very prison in which Marie Antoinette was interned, and it was from here that she was taken to the guillotine?'

" 'No! Is that true?' Davis demanded.

" 'Yes, absolutely.... Now, with your imagination and your powers of description, think of the story you could write if you spent the night in her cell!'

"Never had any idea appealed to him more. He became like a joyous schoolboy who has been promised an extra half-holiday and instead of regarding a night in the cells with horror and dismay, it became the one obsession of his mind. Morgan, to whom I had tipped the wink, promised to lay the matter before the officers on their return. Davis became almost feverish with expectation.

"An hour and a half elapsed when once more the great bell tolled, the huge key turned in the lock and Fortescue, with the two staff officers, entered.

" 'Well, Fortie,' we asked, 'what has happened?'

" 'Nothing,' he replied. 'I could not find Mr. Herrick anywhere. I suppose he's out with Gallieni. No one knows where he is. So I went to the Military Attaché. He would not help me, and says we must stay in custody until tomorrow when Herrick can deal with the matter personally.' "

Ashmead goes on to say he discovered I had had a violent row with Cosby in Washington some years before and that he, Cosby, took great joy in leaving me in jail for the night. This is not quite accurate. The only altercation Cosby and I might have had would have been over the bridge table. Maybe I trumped his ace, but if so, I had forgotten this *faux pas*.

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All during my fruitless trip I had been working on the two staff officers. Could we be put under guard in some other place than the completely uncomfortable prison? After all they must be convinced we were not spies. Back in prison I invited them to join us at the supper table, where, according to Ashmead-Bartlett I seated myself and "commenced to swallow food and imbibe huge draughts of wine like a famished hound."

The staff officers decided to take us to a nearby girls' lycée taken over by the staff, where the beds were numerous and comfortable. We would remain under guard and in the morning see Mr. Herrick.

We were all delighted, and highly amused at sleeping in the school-girls' beds as the climax of the day's adventures. Except Davis.

He started another row in vehement English and terrible French. No, he had been brought to this particular prison and he was going to stop there. In vain did Morgan, Ashmead-Bartlett and myself try to convince him we all would be more comfortable, that his attitude was unreasonable. When the French officers tried politely to assure him about the matter he shouted, "No. *Je refuse* absolutely *de parti ici. Je desire dormir avec Marie Antoinette. Je desire dormir avec Marie Antoinette.*"

The staff officers stared, began talking together in low tones. "Is he crazy?" they asked. I thought Davis had taken too much to drink—although I never saw him do so in my life—so I explained that Marie Antoinette was dead a long time and sleeping with her meant lying in some slimy tomb much colder than the Cherche Midi cells.

"Listen, Fortie, I'm going to sleep in that cell where Marie Antoinette slept before she went to the guillotine. Think of that as a climax to this story!"

I saw Morgan and Ashmead-Bartlett laughing violently. Ashmead explained his joke. The jailer, the staff officers,

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the half-crazy prisoners, everybody started laughing at Dick. He was extremely cross for a moment, then joined heartily in the laugh at his expense.

Joyously we journeyed in our limousine to the lycée. We slept in clean cots in a long dormitory, sentries patrolling outside the door. Next morning Mr. Herrick arrived and vouched for our standing, that is for Davis, Morgan and myself. Ashmead-Bartlett was an English subject so officially he could not vouch for him. But I persuaded the Ambassador, who was one of the kindliest of men, to speak for Ashmead, also.

Still there remained that military order that all civilians found in the theater of operations must be held eight days in arrest. Finally it was arranged that we must remain in arrest for those eight days, confined to the environs of Paris. Was that a hardship!

Davis, Ashmead-Bartlett and Morgan sent off their stories, the first authentic stories of the Bombardment of Rheims. I sent my pictures on to the "Daily Telegraph" and Mr. Lawson spread them over two pages, something extraordinary for a staid English newspaper in those pre-tabloid days. Ashmead knew the Editor of "L'Illustration," the French illustrated weekly. Together we wrote up an article for him, using my photographs. Then I sold the American rights to the pictures to the International News Service. Thus I did rather well for myself.

Nightly we gathered at the Café de Paris or Maxim's. We amused ourselves as best we could during those eight days' arrest. On the last night Davis invited us to a farewell dinner at his hotel. Until early morning we sat about talking over past adventures in Cuba, Japan, Manchuria, Morocco—where Ashmead-Bartlett and I covered the Riff war. It was pleasant talk; I can recall none more pleasant in a life of many interesting memories.

"Dick" Davis died within a year or two. Ashmead-

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Bartlett continued his brilliant career for a decade or more, reporting all the great events in World history in his vivid despatches. Then he died. Two of the most colorful, intelligent, intrepid gentlemen I have ever known.

Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's life was replete with adventure. His father, Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett, was a minor English official at the time of the Greek-Turkish war. Young Ellis saw his first fighting at that time. He did not attend either Oxford or Cambridge on his return to England. What his early education was I do not know. However, I do know that he was a Shakespearean scholar of sincerity and insight. He could recite long passages from King Lear —his favorite among the tragedies—Hamlet, Richard the Third, and many of the historical dramas, and interpret them vividly. He was an avid student of history and his admiration for Napoleon was little short of worship. In an unused bedroom of his father's house which he shared with innumerable brothers and sisters, he had laid out an effigy of the dead Napoleon, death-mask, cocked hat, uniform, all supposed to represent the Emperor as he lay on his couch in St. Helena.

Ellis's favorite "stunt" was to bring his friends up to this dim-lit room, confront them suddenly with the startling effigy, then start reciting a long poem dealing with the transitoriness of mundane glory. The effect was eerie.

Not that Ellis was morbid. Far from it, his whole philosophy of life was to meet every situation with a laugh. If it had not been for his lack of respect for British institutions, he might have gone far in politics. After one term in parliament he quarreled with his party. In the Boer war he served as an officer in the Guards Brigade.

I met Ellis first in Japan, in 1904, when he was a war correspondent, and I a military observer with the Japanese army before Port Arthur. Davis and Morgan were there at the same time and we became fast friends.

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In Morocco, Ellis claimed I played Cassius to his Cæsar. Disdaining the local hotels, he had erected his tent on the shore of the Mediterranean outside Melilla. The tent was well stocked with Spanish and French wines, but no whiskey. One day when we were bathing, Ellis sighted an English steamer about a mile from shore. He decided we should swim out to it and buy a bottle of Scotch, declaring no English ship would be without such a necessity.

But ere we could arrive at the point proposed, Ellis cried out, "I've a cramp, Fortie. You have to help me."

So I swam over to him and while he doubled up in pain, managed to float him out to the steamer. Once on board, a drink cured his cramp.

Ellis had two weaknesses that militated against his being an outstanding figure in England during his life. He had absolutely no sense of money, and where women were concerned, he was as gullible as a child. He earned more than any war correspondent—even the highest-paid American correspondents, such as Davis and Frederick Palmer or Hare—of his era. Yet he never saved a cent.

He spent with an unchecked hand. In funds he always lived at the Ritz or the Carlton or the best hotel in Paris, according to his notion. He was easy prey for the lighter ladies. He loved giving great dinners for his friends, and his passion for gambling proved fatal.

Ellis had been brought up to believe he was to be his uncle's heir, Baron Burdett-Coutts, widower of the richest woman in England. But he fought continually with his uncle. Time and again have I tried to heal the rifts that occurred constantly between them. In the end the Baron cut Ellis out of his will and left his estates to a younger brother. As Ellis at this time—like a Dickens' character—was in the toils of the money-lenders, the result was disastrous.

Lord Burnham (Mr. Harry Lawson) was a staunch

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friend to Ellis. He helped him through this difficult period and smoothed over troubles in which Ellis became involved at the time of the overthrow of the Royal House of Hapsburg in Austria. So, after the World War, Ellis continued his writing career, dying in harness on his way to meet the Prince of Wales on that distinguished traveler's return from South America to Lisbon.

I have not wanted to return to England since Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett died. Too much would I miss his intelligent banter, his ever-bubbling laugh at life, his vital personality. London must be a dull place now.

"As those we love decay, we die in part,
String after string is severed from the heart."

These lines always recur to me when I think of "Dick" Davis. His death severed my heart's most vibrant string. I met Dick first in Cuba when I was a corporal in Roosevelt's Rough-Riders, and he a war correspondent. Little did I then realize how closely would the threads of our lives be woven. Our friendship matured slowly, like a growing oak. At first it seemed as if we had little in common except a love of adventure. To me his meticulous attention to "dressing the part" proclaimed him a "dude." Later I learned the psychology of clothes and the halo that surrounds the better-dressed.

In the earlier stages of our acquaintance I looked somewhat cynically upon his Sir Galahad code. To me it did not seem reasonable that a man who had seen life from the angle of a newspaper man could retain his ideals. Still Richard Harding Davis, to his great honor, did retain his ideals. He tried to live up to the high standards he set for his heroes, Van Bibber and Reggie King, of Soldiers of Fortune. (Strangely enough, Dick selected me as hero for "The White Mice," a most flattering tribute.) Even when Life bore down on him with the cruel burden of

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misunderstanding, Dick strove always to conform to what he considered the code of a gentleman. If I were asked to name his saint, I should pick a name from the Knights of the Round Table—Sir Launcelot.

It was not until Davis came to Japan to follow the Japanese armies in 1904 that our friendship ripened. His house in Tokyo was the rendezvous of all the correspondents, English and American. John Fox, Wilmont Lewis, Franklin Clarkin, Frederick Palmer, Frederic Villiers, "Bobby" Dunn, Ashmead-Bartlett, Gerald Morgan, Martin Egan, and others waiting for permission to move out to the "front" in Manchuria—all enjoyed the warm hospitality of "Dick" and Cecil Davis.

Some of the most happy visits I can look back on were to Marion, Massachusetts, where Davis spent many summers with his handsome and charming mother-in-law. And later, at Crossroads Farm, Mt. Kisco. I cannot number the delightful week-ends where one met so many distinguished personalities—Ethel Barrymore, Gouverneur Morris, Finley Peter Dunne, E. H. Sothern, and dozens of others.

One of Dick's most touching and revealing characteristics was his adoration of his daughter, Hope. One would have expected that a man who lived the man's life as Dick Davis did, would hunger for a boy. Not so! He wanted a girl—I have this on the authority of my wife—and his joy was unbounded when little Hope came into the world.

Richard Harding Davis' good looks need no mention. And as it is said that a writer's works reveal his character, so the stories and articles of Richard Harding Davis remain as his imperishable monument.

My wife joined me in Paris.

At the *France et Choiseul* we found Colonel James Logan, afterwards unofficial observer for the United States at various meetings of the League of Nations. "Jimmie"

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proved to be a *gourmet*. He knew the *Maîtres d'Hôtel* of all the better restaurants, and when Paris was beginning to go on short rations, could procure dinners that would satisfy any epicure.

In my diary, dated Sunday, September 27, 1914, I find the following:

"Five bombs dropped on Paris today from a 'Taube' airplane. I wonder if Werner is guilty. Gerald Morgan, who was in the American Church, ran out and saw where one killed an old man and wounded a little girl. Grace and I and Logan taxied out to see the spot in the Avenue de Trocadero. The blood still showed on the pavement."

Ashmead-Bartlett, Davis and Morgan all left Paris for London, Ashmead to try to be sent with the British Expeditionary Force, if possible; Davis and Morgan seemed to think the situation hopeless for correspondents. I stopped on in Paris and met Paul Rainey, the American Big Game hunter, who was organizing a Red Cross ambulance unit to operate with the French. I dined with Rainey and Santos Dumont, the balloonist at Maxim's.

Santos Dumont, a diminutive, dark rat of a man, with bright, piercing eyes, talked enlighteningly about the development of aërial warfare. This era would see the beginning of such warfare. Air raids would become more and more frequent. Combats would grow from the individual encounters then the rule, to encounters between fleets of airships. Every day would find the airplane becoming more and more a military factor.

"What part will the Zeppelin play in air warfare?" I asked.

"I am first a balloonist. I may say I understand completely the dirigible. So I understand the Zeppelin. It will never be the power in war the Germans claim."

"Will we see Zeppelin raids over Paris?"

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"Of course. And over London. But in the end the airplane will overcome these German monsters."

This turned out to be an accurate prophecy.

I was still scheming to get out to the front when I received a wire from Lawson directing me to return to London in order to proceed to Russia.

Another wearisome journey from Paris to Calais. Our passenger train was shunted aside at every station to clear the tracks for troop trains. I judged an army corps at least was being moved to reënforce the French left flank. I counted fifty "empties" on the siding near Amiens. At St. Just we passed a long Red Cross ambulance railroad train.

I studied the faces of the soldiers moving up to the front. There was no enthusiasm for war in those faces. Now it was borne in upon all Frenchmen that this war must be fought to an unpredictable finish. What the cost in French lives would be, no one could foresee. Yet it must in the end drain the nation of all its young blood. Already the tens of thousands wounded on the battlefields watered by the Marne and Aisne were drifting back to their homes or to the hospitals from whence they wrote their families. Fear, a shrouded ghost, hovered over every French home. Panic, a skeleton, rattled bony fingers against the window panes at night. In spite of the victory on the Marne terror still stalked across the fields and vineyards of France. The reflection of this state of mind showed in the set faces of those soldiers journeying to the firing line.

In Calais, in "Le Petit Calaisien" I read my "Crown Prince" story spread over the front page, signed Sir Granville Fortescue. I was immensely tickled at seeing the article quoted and also on discovering myself knighted. In London I found that the "Daily Telegraph" had kept track of the quotes which list included, "Le Figaro,

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Liberté, Le Gaulois, Le Guerre Social, L'Illustration," and other French publications as well as the Paris "Herald." All this pleased Mr. Lawson greatly.

The lesson in the success of this "story" is obvious. Pick out a prominent target and fire away with your heaviest guns. I have always been piqued to know if the story ever broke in Germany and how it was handled. I do know that later in the Great War my despatches were often quoted in Germany, especially when I predicted the failure of the Dardanelles expedition. But I never discovered any German comment on the Crown Prince story.

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CHAPTER XV

LONDON INTERLUDE

THE contrast between Paris and London was marked at this period of the war. Paris lay under a cloud of nervous apprehension lit by alarming news flashes from the front trenches. London sparkled in vivid emotional sunshine. English men and women looked on the war in the light of a stupendous sporting contest in which the traditional bulldog qualities of the British would quickly overcome the arrogant German threat.

Paris lived in nervous terror of the engulfing gray flood of German soldiers that might any day break through the thin dyke erected by the French "poilus" and sweep the streets and boulevards of the world's most beautiful city. London lived confident that the English channel and the Great Fleet formed an impregnable bulwark defending the nation from invasion. In Paris one saw everywhere the glint of desperation in the eyes of French men and women; in London eyes shone with romantic patriotism, a sort of semi-religious exaltation shared by all in the awareness of "doing their bit," even if that "bit" resolved itself into

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"comforting" a Tommy during the night in Green Park. Paris streets were black with wives and daughters shrouded in deep mourning. London dressed gayly, danced and drank and sang.

My pessimistic predictions on the war made me about as popular as a man with the evil eye at an Italian wedding. Any estimate I made of the situation based upon previous knowledge, personal observation and careful analysis was greeted with, "You forget the Russians. Wait till the Russian 'steam-roller' gets moving on the German rear."

I had a high opinion of the Russian soldier, individually, as a fighting man. I had seen him in action at Port Arthur. But I also was conversant with the colossal tactical mistakes committed by the Russian generals during the Russo-Japanese War. And I had information—German-flavored though it was—detailing the tactical errors committed by the Russians at Tannenburg. This left me with grave doubts as to the effectiveness of press-heralded "steam-roller." Nevertheless, I was delighted that Lawson assigned me to cover the Russian front for the "Daily Telegraph."

In the meantime a new situation abruptly developed. Winston Churchill, British First Lord of the Admiralty, proposed sending an English army to Belgium to defend Antwerp.

I confess to a strong prejudice against Churchill. I have never met the gentleman so I have never come under the influence of his undoubted personal charm. Ashmead-Bartlett who knew him in South Africa hated Churchill. Perhaps this initiated my prejudice. But my own derogatory opinion is based on first, the Antwerp fiasco and second the Dardanelles disaster, both of which expeditions were hatched in Winston Churchill's brain. I personally witnessed the failure of these military adventures. Churchill, in my opinion, is indirectly responsible for the

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unnecessary sacrifice of the lives of tens of thousands of gallant British soldiers. Those lives were wantonly wasted because of the abysmal military ignorance and the Napoleonic egoism of one man.

Let me describe an incident that finally confirmed my prejudice against Winston Churchill.

In June 1915 I returned to London after witnessing the attacks on the Dardanelles. I had watched thousands of superlatively courageous fighting men thrown against the Turkish trenches, trenches laid out on terrain admirably adapted for defense, trenches where the almost impenetrable scrub growing thick in front of the position was labyrinthed with miles of wire entanglements. Day after day I saw the men of the Anzacs sent against those impenetrable entanglements, against a withering machine gun and rifle fire, leaving dead or wounded forever lost in the scrub or impaled on the entanglements. I saw the *Majestic* sunk by a German submarine, saw the vaunted British fleet supposed to be supporting those indomitable fighting men sail away and abandon them, realized their terrible plight; with an ever-diminishing supply of ammunition, food, water, the number of wounded augmented daily. Later, from Ashmead-Bartlett who covered the Dardanelles expedition from the English side, I learned of the terrible hardships and privations suffered by that heroic army. All this was fresh in my mind when I arrived in London.

With some friends I went to Ciro's, a famous night-club, for supper. At a nearby table sat four gentlemen in impeccable evening dress. One I recognized as Winston Churchill, the other as F. E. Smith, afterwards Lord Birkenhead, and two other gentlemen unknown to me. They were talking loudly, drinking great goblets of Napoleon brandy. Champagne bottles in nickeled buckets spotted the floor around the table. Churchill, face red,

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eyes shining, talked and gesticulated. One of the negro band approached to ask if the diners had any favorite bit of music they wished played.

Churchill flew in a temper. He damned the darky loudly. He accused him of listening to the conversation of the group, called the head waiter imperiously, demanding that screens be placed around his table and generally made an ass of himself.

As I watched Winston Churchill I thought of those poor devils abandoned on that bleak promontory in Turkey—half-starved, half-crazed with thirst, living in mud and filth under an unending rain of shell, rifle and machine gun fire, death beside them like a shadow. And here, amid lights, glitter, replete with delicious food, surfeited with champagne and brandy, sat the author of their misery, the Napoleonic Winston Churchill. Is my prejudice ill-founded?

To return to the Antwerp expedition. The story in London was that Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, made a flying trip to the war zone and arrived in Antwerp at the moment the Belgian General Staff had concluded to evacuate that city. Preparations with this end in view were at the moment in progress. Believing the abandonment of one of the most important cities of Belgium would lower the morale of the Allied armies, Churchill pleaded vehemently with the Belgian staff, the King, to continue with the defense of Antwerp until the last shell was fired.

After much discussion during which he was opposed by such French liaison officers as were with the Belgians and the Belgian officers who composed this council of war—so it is stated—Churchill offered to send British reënforcements to fill the gaps in the Belgian army. On this condition the King and the staff agreed to hold Antwerp. He had no visible authority to pledge such reënforcements.

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Returning to London bursting with self-importance and self-assurance he reported what he had done to Lord Kitchener.

Authorities disagree as to what happened at this interview. One group holds that Kitchener fell in at once with the plan; another group states most positively that he refused to consider the project. Wherein lies the truth?

Kitchener well knew the military error of dividing strength. Is it possible that the great Secretary for War, then concentrating all efforts to support the British Expeditionary Force helping the French, could easily be turned to this futile scheme? I think not. Still Churchill was not the type to take no for an answer. Unquestionably he supported his plan with all the force of his extraordinary personality. (As he did later during the Dardanelles discussion.) In the end Kitchener agreed to help. Still he could spare but few regiments. He is reported to have said:

"If you are so eager to reënforce the Belgians in Antwerp, why don't you send some of your own contingent, sailors you can spare and the Royal Marines?" Under this authority the First Lord of the Admiralty dispatched the Naval Brigade upon its fruitless adventure.

I feel I must, in fairness to Winston Churchill, justify my adverse criticisms of the Antwerp expedition. They are based on my previous military studies and my observations during the first month of the Great War.

When the Belgian army retired to Antwerp it was supposed to be falling back on a position from which it could threaten the enemy's lines of communication. The forts defending the city were supposed, quite wrongly, to be able to keep any enemy at bay. The Antwerp army was no actual threat to the German communications and the forts fell before the enemy howitzers.

The initial strategical mistake was the division of the Belgian armies. The Antwerp army was isolated during

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the earlier stages of the German thrust through Belgium and could not help either the French corps attempting to defend the passage of the Meuse or the English gathering around Mons.

Again, a fortified city instead of being a position of strength in modern warfare, is a military weakness. During the first weeks of the war this was clearly proved at Liége, Namur and Maubeuge. What with the increased range, caliber and mobility of heavy ordnance, the advantage of position and airplane-spotting and bomb-dropping, the rôle of the fortified city in war has changed. Add to these disadvantages the handicap of the civilian population, men, women and children, living under siege conditions, and, without expanding further technical points of inferiority, the last thing any commanding general should do is to coop up any considerable body of troops within a city.

Undoubtedly these considerations decided the Belgian staff to abandon Antwerp. This would have been sound strategy.

But Churchill, through his forceful personality, turned the Belgian officers from their considered course. So he must shoulder the responsibility for the fiasco.

From "underground" sources I knew that the Germans had completely invested Antwerp. Their heavy howitzers were hammering away at the supposed impregnable forts, using the same tactics that had been so successful at Liége. The infantry had already forced the passage of the Néthe river. King Albert, his court, the Russian, English and French ministers and the other diplomats were prepared to leave. By sea the road was open. Certainly it would have been the most sensible and reasonable course for all to carry out this plan of abandoning Antwerp.

With the stage set suddenly appears the hero, The Right Honorable Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Ad-

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miralty. Impetuous as Theodore Roosevelt, whom Churchill admired, he rushes upon the scene. Accompanying this intrepid hero come 10,000 British soldiers, sailors and marines, the famous Naval Brigade. The deluded population of Antwerp look upon Churchill and his soldiers as saviors of the city. This self-invested Napoleon makes a rapid survey of the forts. He scans the German positions. He disposes his ten thousand crusaders—many of them recruits—at those points where he decides they will best aid the besieged Belgians. With those 10,000, the siege of Antwerp will be raised. The name of fame of this reincarnated Napoleon will startle the world from the front pages of a thousand, thousand newspapers. He will have won the war.

Meanwhile those German batteries keep up their incessant shell-shower on the forts of Antwerp.

That was the situation when Harry Lawson asked me if I thought I could get into Antwerp?

"I hope so," I replied. "Anyway I'll try darn hard."

No English correspondents were to be permitted with Churchill's crusaders. Although he had once been a sort of amateur war correspondent himself, he hated all newspapermen.

How was I to get to Antwerp?

"You can go to Flushing," suggested Lawson.

To follow the Naval Brigade to Ostend and go overland did not seem feasible for several reasons. On the other hand, the submarines made crossing the North Sea a distinctly hazardous undertaking. Two weeks had not elapsed since three British cruisers, the *Aboukir, Hogue* and *Cressy,* had been torpedoed by submarines. Lawson looked at me reflectively, wondering, no doubt, if I would take the risk.

"Flushing, certainly. I can take a boat up the Schelde for Antwerp."

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"Fine," said Lawson. "When will you leave?"

"By the first ship that sails."

After going through the always to me fascinating ceremony of having a pile of glittering sovereigns scooped out and handed me by the Treasurer, Ashmead-Bartlett invited me out to a bodega in the Strand.

Over several glasses of sherry he amused himself composing my obituary. He needed only a few details, he said —date of birth, early life, army career, and so forth, to fill out a brilliant column he would insist Mr. Lawson print on the first page of the "Daily Telegraph" when the news was flashed to London that my ship had been torpedoed.

I went to my hotel and told my wife of the new assignment. She was delighted. I did not mention the submarine threat. She must have known about the submarines for the captain of the *Hogue* had been a hunting friend of hers when he was British Naval attaché in Washington.

I dug out my maps of Belgium to study them while my wife put together my traveling kit. Early the next morning I left Charing Cross for the Harwich boat.

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CHAPTER XVI

THE ANTWERP FIASCO

The sun tinged the sea to iridescent turquoise. The spray-drenched breeze skewered the black smoke up from the bowels of the ship and smutted it over the horizon. No submarine could push its periscope above those sparkling waters without being instantly seen. Nevertheless our ship was helpless against any undersea attack and had the policy of ruthless sinking of neutral as well as enemy war vessels been then in effect, we would have made an easy target. But we sailed serenely through that sea, docking late at Flushing.

I went first to the railroad station. My plan was to take the train to Roosendaal junction for Antwerp. When I demanded my ticket, the station agent stared, then grunted in Dutch. I repeated my request for a ticket in French.

"Listen, Monsieur," he answered in that language, putting his wrinkled hand to his ear.

Over the confused murmur and the rattle of plates from the station restaurant I heard a distant rumble, exactly like mumbling thunder.

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"Well?"

"The bombardment. All day the Germans rain great shells on Antwerp."

"Nevertheless I wish to go to Antwerp."

"You are English?" I let the question stand. "Have you not heard that the Lord Churchill and the English soldiers have abandoned Antwerp?"

So soon? This was news. However, I persisted.

"Still I wish a ticket to Antwerp."

"Impossible. There are no trains. Only trains coming out of Antwerp. Full, like a fishing boat with herrings, with poor frightened people."

I considered the situation.

"How about a boat? Any boats—"

"Plenty, but all coming to Flushing."

The station agent looked at me as if he thought he must explain the situation to a particularly dumb Englishman. "Does not Monsieur understand? The bombardment is killing many, many people in Antwerp. It is a conflagration."

Baffled I turned into the restaurant, buying two Antwerp newspapers. The restaurant buzzed like a hive in bee-swarming season. Every table was smothered by groups of women and children. They talked in jerky, metallic tones. Fugitive lights glinted in their pupils. Under the amber lamps furrows creased waxen faces. I could hear fear in the staccato pitch of their voices, see fear in those waxen faces, sense fear in twitching gesture of knife and fork.

I sat down at a table with a woman and two girls about three and four years old. As I ate a sandwich and drank coffee, I questioned her. She had come from Antwerp?

"Yes, yes," she nodded jerkily. "My husband drove me on a great ship. On that ship were hundreds and hundreds of women with their children. Ah, Monsieur, it was pitiful.

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All were crying. Our husbands were not permitted to come with us; only women and children. It was the general's order. As the great ship moved into the river I could see my husband—" She stopped. Her breast and throat contracted with rasping sobs. The two girls gulped, hiding childish tears under their sailor hats. "How shall I ever find him, my Josef? How, Monsieur?"

I avoided the tear-filled, appealing eyes. I muttered something about advertising in the local papers. This quieted her for a moment. I asked questions concerning the bombardment.

"Ah, the great noise of the cannon! All the glass in our little house broke, tinkling to the floor. And the shriek of the approaching cannon-shot, like the cries of souls in hell."

Instantly the two girls burst out sobbing.

"Pas plus de cannon, maman, pas plus de cannon," they wailed in unison.

I could get only vague descriptions of what was happening in Antwerp from the woman so I turned to my newspapers. They had been published that morning, October 7th. In "Le Matin" I read the communiqué issued by General DeGuise, the commandant.

"I have the honor to bring to the knowledge of the population that the bombardment of Antwerp and its environs is imminent. It is well understood that the menace or execution of the bombardment shall in no way affect the duration of the resistance which shall be continued until the last extremity."

Imagine General DeGuise so politely bringing this news to the terror-glutted men, women and children of Antwerp! Sixteen-inch howitzer shells crashing through the fronts of brick buildings! "I have the honor to bring to the knowledge of the population." It is my observation that all generals are completely lacking in a sense of humor.

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"Le Metropole," the other Antwerp newspaper, carried highly optimistic news. During the night the artillery battle continued. Our troops supported by numerous machine guns held the Germans in check. The enemy trenches are piled high with *"cadavres."*

Both papers carried long dispatches from the Russian and French fronts. But on the front page of "Le Metropole," under the heading "DECLARATION" I found a hint of the actual situation.

"Soldiers of the pen, we consider it our sacred duty to continue to publish our journal until the last minute, and we shall not fail to do so. If, as we hope, the bombardment shall have no effect—" These brave soldiers of the pen had taken measures to continue publication. If, however, Antwerp should fall, the soldiers of the pen considered it superfluous to state that "—we shall NEVER appear under the domination of the Barbarians."

Bombastic, of course, but I felt a glow of pride in my fellow journalists "carrying on" with the great shells dropping in the streets about them.

I turned to the inner pages. Here I found those human items that told each its own poignant story. Under the title "Missing Persons," I read:

"The Volunteer Klecker Louis, 5th Corps, 1/3, wishes to receive news of his mother."

"G. Beguin, veterinary, baggage train, 4th Div., wishes news of his brother Prince Beguin, and of his sister, the widow Pirlot-Beguin."

"Jules Lecocq, 33rd Battalion, 27th Regiment, in Hospitale Ste. Marie, desires news of his wife and children."

Here were the heartaches of war in the raw.

"Le Matin" carried three columns, surely an index of the plight of the Belgian populace, under the heading, "NOTICE TO REFUGEES!"

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"Hick de Mousnet, of his son, Brigadier, 5th Squadron, 2nd Reg. Guides."

"De Breuck, Sergt. 1st Reg. Chass., Pied, of his wife."

"Melotte, Leon, of his family in Namur."

So they ran—wife, son, family, where were they? Belgium had been war-hurricane swept, and all its human leaves scattered far and wide. When would those fathers and mothers find their sons? Husbands their wives, sons their families?

I handed the paper to the woman opposite, pointing to this column. She thanked me. Yet, if those soldiers of the pen ceased to publish their paper, how would those lost human leaves find their mates?

Convinced it was impossible to reach Antwerp by train I strode down to the river. Speaking no Dutch, I had difficulty in making the various boatmen understand my intentions. When they did understand, they stolidly refused. One went into a long, patient explanation—as if he were talking to a ten-year-old child—constantly repeating, "Boom! Boom! Boom!" and "Allemands!" no doubt trying to convince me of the impossibility of my quest. I counted out a handful of golden British sovereigns from my money belt. I pushed them under his reddish nose.

"Antwerp." I repeated the single word.

He threw up both hands and shook his head hopelessly.

"Antwerp," I repeated, jingling the gold coins.

Again he started a flow of guttural Dutch. I stopped him. I spread the sovereigns on my palm under the tug's riding light.

"Antwerp," I reiterated.

Shrugging his shoulders he shouted down the hatch. In a few moments the tug *John Bull* chugged its nose through the inky black waters of the Schelde.

Not a star shone. Lighting my pipe I stretched out on

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the deck. So black was the night I could hardly distinguish the ebon surface of the broad river below the gunwale of the tug. Out of this abysmal darkness, far to the south, a yellow glow spread over the sky. From the heart of that glow came a rumbling sound, as if myriad bass drummers beat their drums.

For hours I watched that distant glow brighten. I listened to the rumble of the great guns roll over the river while the bow of the tug cut through the waters like a knife. With the first streaks of dawn in the leaden sky to the east I caught sight of a thousand craft, like a ghostly armada, bearing down on the tug. Liner, trawler, tender, lighter, tank-ship, fishing-boat, coaster, collier, every type of vessel that floats followed in a straggling procession that wound out along the black river waters. As background to this armada, a blazing yellow patch overspread the distant sky.

Smoke clouds bulged up from the blaze. I could smell the acrid stench of oil. More and more distinct grew the approaching ships. With my glass I could make out spars, smokestacks, rigging. Soon we were among them, one tiny vessel running counter to that fleeing flotilla. Above the grimy gunwales a festoon of faces, the faces of haggard women, stared at our tug. I heard cries and sobs from frightened children. As we neared a huge liner with its human freight massed thick against its sides, all eyes filled with wonder, I heard the captain on the bridge hail my Dutch tug-master.

"Antwerpen," answered Captain Hermans.

The liner's captain shouted, gesticulated, pointed astern at the surging smoke-clouds. Captain Hermans turned to me. He growled in guttural Dutch. I had a clear idea of what he meant even if I understood no word.

"Antwerpen," I smiled.

He growled in his beard. But he kept the tug on her

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course. Soon I made out a slender white yacht, its bow cutting sharply through the black river surface. From its masthead flew the royal standard of Belgium.

King Albert's yacht!

I knew then that indeed Antwerp had fallen.

But we kept on treading our way through that panic fleet. I could see the outlines of Antwerp bulking up from the river bank, looking like a sprawling, medieval fortress. In the south a huge fire licked the sky. Oil tanks set ablaze by shells. In the saffron smoke that rolled above the irregular roofs of houses, I made out the isolated cathedral spire. All around it silver splashes would shine suddenly, like shooting stars, then disappear. Exploding shells. Shortly the reverberations of those shells boomed over the roofs and seemed to smack against the funnel of our tug.

We chugged through the rear guard of the armada. Row boats followed the steamers and sailing vessels, like camp-followers in the wake of an army. Under the slanting, cloud-hidden sun the doomed city loomed on the distant shore.

Nearing Antwerp, Captain Hermans, smoking a huge pipe, his beard bristling, addressed me patiently, in Dutch. He pointed to the deserted wharves, the smoke clouds where the oil fire raged, the shells bursting around the cathedral spire, indicating no doubt to this dumb Englander, the dangers confronting him. I pointed to a convenient quay.

"Put me ashore there."

The Dutch captain lumbered off to the wheelhouse, mumbling in his pipe.

Hardly had he turned the bow to shore when from the opposite side of the river a cutter steamed across our course. I noted a brass swivel gun mounted forward. The captain of the cutter hailed us. The Belgian flag flew from the stern. Our tug slowed; the throbbing engines stopped.

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When the cutter drew alongside, the two captains carried on a jerky dialogue, like two barking dogs. Evidently I was the subject of the conversation. Finally the cutter captain addressed me in French.

"Lord Churchill and his English have left Antwerp. They march to Ostend. You will not find them."

I explained that I was sorry the English had left, nevertheless, I wished to land.

"You have perhaps a family in Antwerp?"

No, I had no family in Antwerp.

"Why, then, does Monsieur wish to land in a city that is being bombarded? Where the Germans enter at any moment?"

I was a newspaper correspondent. I wished to see the Germans enter Antwerp.

"Monsieur may be killed."

Even so, I wanted to land.

The captain of the cutter entered into conversation with another officer on the bridge. I waited, my silent impatience disturbed by four shells exploding above the nearby quay. At last the cutter captain shouted through his megaphone, "Impossible! You must return to Flushing."

I turned on a full stream of protesting objections. I had come all the way from London to view the attack on Antwerp. If I were killed I could blame myself. I would sign a paper relieving the cutter captain from all responsibility. I must land in Antwerp.

The cutter captain shrugged his shoulders.

"Impossible."

I added more pleas to those already spoken. I almost broke into tears of chagrin as I pointed out how simply the matter could be settled. There was the quay, so near—

"Impossible," repeated the cutter captain. He shouted an order in Dutch to Captain Hermans. The tug engine

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chugged, the bow turned in a long, graceful curve. Antwerp with its shell-studded sky rose over our stern.

I raged up and down the deck. Alternately I appealed to Captain Hermans and the cutter captain. I was talking to the brackish Schelde for all the notice they took of me. Finally I focused my camera and snapped the doomed city.

I was in a vile temper. I cursed Hermans and the cutter captain, their fathers and grandfathers back to the roots of their genealogical trees. I called them a couple of yellow oafs. All in English, of course. I took off my money belt and jingled another handful of golden sovereigns before Captain Hermans's eyes. Stolidly he puffed his pipe. Back the tug, escorted by the cutter, chugged out the river. We turned to shore at the town of Lille.

Here a Belgian channel steamer lay at anchor. Row boats in a constant stream carried refugees from shore to ship. The cutter drew alongside the tug. The captain explained that if I wished to join the English army I could tranship to the steamer which was bound for Ostend. Still grumbling I paid Captain Hermans, denouncing him bitterly for not fulfilling his contract. Suitcase in hand, I betook myself to the channel steamer.

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CHAPTER XVII

CAUGHT BETWEEN FOUR ARMIES

FAILING to get into Antwerp proved to be a blessing. Because of it I was enabled to get a personal interview with King Albert, the first and only exclusive interview he granted a newspaperman during the war. This greatly pleased Mr. Lawson.

I pass over that twenty-four-hour refugee ship trip quickly. The cabins were crowded with wounded soldiers, while distracted civilians, men, women and children overran the decks. From snatches of conversation I learned that all had lost one or more relatives in the stampede. But as I had had no sleep for thirty hours, and nothing to eat except two apples and a bite of chocolate, I dozed off. When I awoke the ship was docked at Ostend.

I debarked immediately and went at once to the Hotel du Phare. After writing a hurried dispatch picturing the flight from Antwerp and its fall, I ordered myself an excellent dinner with excellent wines.

As I ate it I wondered again how Winston Churchill had been able to persuade Lord Kitchener to undertake the

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Antwerp relief expedition. Kitchener, out of his years of study and experience, was wise enough not to want to send troops directly into a besieged city. Still he let Churchill send in his two-weeks' trained recruits to take their chances in Antwerp. Why? Did Kitchener expect Sir John French to start a flank movement against the Germans?

Had neither Churchill nor Kitchener learned anything from the fall of Liége and Namur? Were not the forts defending those cities reduced to rubble by the 16-inch German howitzers? Why expect better results before Antwerp? And why hope to defeat a superior, better-trained German force with inferior troops? I could quote a dozen sound, military reasons for not attempting to hold Antwerp, and only two for trying to save the city: immobilizing an enemy army, and prestige. But you can not immobilize a force superior in men and material, as it was attempted at Antwerp. So the whole expedition boils down to the question of prestige. My English friends staked a high price for this doubtful prize and failed to win it....

Troops were running about Ostend like migrating ants. Royal Marines, just whipped out of Antwerp, Colonials in campaign hats resembling the American soldiers' headgear, Belgian, French and English, each in distinctive uniform, green tunic, red pantaloon, khaki and kilt, hurrying up and down the narrow streets, troop-filled motor trucks flashing along the *Digue*. Belgian dog artillery parked in the Place d'Armes, red tongues hanging out the dark mouths of fawn-colored hounds. Tents were pitched on the tennis courts in the Parc Leopold. The race course was a camp. Surely enough military activity to gladden the heart of any war correspondent.

When I finished my turbot and my bottle of Graves, my spirits revived. I recalled vaguely Ostend suffered a three-years' siege during the middle ages, when, if I remember rightly, the then Queen of the Netherlands swore to wear

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the same chemise until the siege was raised. Looking over to the *Chalet du Roi,* the King's villa, on the dunes west of the fashionable city, I wondered if King Albert's consort would wear her chemise three years if Ostend were besieged.

I went to call on the American consul. As I walked along the *Digue* I noted the odd, horse-drawn bathing machines all empty, the bathing beach once alive with bathers in green, gold and purple, all the beauty and fashion of Belgium, now deserted. I wondered where all those gay bathers, those light-hearted men and women whom I had seen lying on the white sands, had gone. What a change in three short months! Ostend called its bathing beach *Paradis.* What mockery in that name now!

The *Kursaal,* the great gambling casino, was now a hospital. The roulette table was an operating table, and instead of the monotonous roll of the white ivory ball, the mumbling voice of the croupier calling *"Faites vos jeux,"* I heard the low moans of suffering wounded.

I found Mr. H. A. Johnson cordial but much agitated about the situation. The rumor ran that in spite of the great show of military force, Ostend would be evacuated. Having studied my maps I could well understand that decision. The defense lines were distinctly bad. Consul Johnson wanted to get in touch with his colleague at Ghent. He had no transportation. But a new Ford, consigned to a now-departed American businessman, stood boxed in the consulate garage. I promptly offered to get the Ford moving. Mr. Johnson as promptly accepted my offer.

Shortly we were on our way to Ghent. I managed to persuade a Belgian ambulance driver to sell me two five-gallon cans of "petrol" paying two gold sovereigns for the gasoline.

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King George and King Albert at Furnes

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It had been raining all day. On the muddy road we ran into the rear of the Belgian Antwerp army trudging dispiritedly toward Ostend. We turned out for the plodding artillery horses but pushed through the tired route marching infantry like a salmon swimming upstream. With an American flag fastened to the radiator cap we drove unmolested into Ghent to find it a deserted city.

Try to imagine a city of 160,000 people suddenly static, devoid of all motion. Not a trolley car moved. Not a shop was opened. The few people who hurried through the streets wore the stamp of fear smeared on their waxen faces. I looked up at the ancient granite Belfry, that watch-tower that witnessed so many bloody strifes for possession of Ghent. In other days that tower had seen the streets run blood when the Ghentians defended their city against spade-helmeted Spaniards. Then the bells rang out paeans of victory. Now they were silent. No sturdy burghers rallied to defend their city against coal-scuttle helmeted Germans.

While Mr. Johnson went about his official business I motored to the Gambrinus for a stein of its famous beer. Alas! I found the beer hall closed. I met some officers of a Belgian motor detachment on rear guard detail. They informed me the German army was a day's march distant at Termonde, with the advance as near as Melle—about 20 kilometers from Ghent—where there had been a skirmish that morning. These Belgians had captured a beautiful, nickeled motor car, property of the German Aviation corps. Laughingly I offered to trade in my Ford for their Opel.

Mr. Johnson having gathered all the Ghent consulate documents, we started back, following the marching army into Ostend. This little service to our consul netted me a most valuable reward when later I made a dash through the lines.

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In Ostend I found a message from my wife saying she was coming over. I had cabled her a day before asking her to bring me changes of linen and clothes.

When she arrived the captain endeavored to hold her on the steamer.

"Return to London, Madame, I pray. Soon Ostend will no longer be safe for an Englishwoman."

Only after much argument and explanation was she permitted to debark.

My wife is always keen for adventure. She once experienced the thrill of being lost in the Indian jungle. Once she rode with me across Mexico. Within the week her thirst for adventure was satisfied.

The news ran through Ostend that the Germans now held Ghent. I watched the baggage and ammunition train of the 7th Division, B.E.F., entrain and rattle out over the Middlekirke road. Another English column rode in from Eecloo in the east, and without halt pushed through following the wagon train. The tents of the Belgian regiments were struck, their artillery limbered, the horses harnessed. With the English troops were colonial regiments—Australians—New Zealanders. As I noted their splendid physical appearance—tall, broad-shouldered, big-chested, long-legged men all—I little thought to see those magnificent bodies fruitlessly thrown against Turkish barbed wire and bayonets.

Ostend resounded with rolling cannon wheels and the shuffle of marching feet. Mingled with these sounds was another unclassified hub-hub, a fusing of staccato, strident voices pitched in all the notes of fear. Voices, calls, replies, urgent shouts to hurry, frantic screams for a lost one, sounded treble to the bass notes made by the moving armies.

The civilian population was fleeing the city. Streams of men, women and children hurried north, east, west. They

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carried bags of all sizes and shapes, bundles of all sorts and description, trundled carts or wheelbarrows laden with trunks, furniture, sometimes little children. On they trudged with all that the war had left them. The roads to Holland and France were dense with this fleeing multitude. Every face was lined with fear, as if they fled plague, or death-licking flames.

That flight continued three days and nights. Some half-dozen ships and smaller boats lay alongside the wharfs. Thousands of shouting, swaying, stamping men and women hurried to climb aboard the moored ships. On the quay they waited from daylight to dark, from dark to dawn again, without food or water, women praying, men cursing, children sobbing. Infants died during that wait. Ship after ship was loaded far beyond the water-line with human freight, then sailed for England. Those left, watched with tear-flooded eyes, waved tear-wet handkerchiefs, broke into tear-choked sobs. Still others joined that surging crowd on the wharf. But one ship remained. Curses, prayers, screams rose in redoubled agony. Sailors fought back those who would board the ship. The hawser was cut. The ship drifted away from the dock. Seeing their last chance of escape slipping out to sea the crowd pressed forward frantically. In the struggle some half-dozen men and women flung themselves into the black waters of the canal. Their agonized drowning shrieks, mingled with the sobs of the mob left stranded on the dock.

To this day the terror pictured in the faces of those fleeing women, the pathetic weeping of those helpless children remain to me haunting memories.

One picture stands out clear among a hundred confused impressions. For a short distance I followed the throng fleeing to Holland. Along the roadside I stumbled over the body of an old man. His dead fingers clutched tightly the little bundle of his few belongings. His glazed eyes

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stared. The crowd rushed on, leaving that lonely dead figure by the roadside.

The military were too much concerned with their own difficulties to bother about war correspondents. Percival Phillips of the "Daily Express" and other English correspondents had already left. Only the "Times" man remained—I have no record of his name—and I proposed that he join my wife and myself when we motored out to meet the German army. The suggestion seemed to stagger him, but he was game. So I borrowed Consul Johnson's Ford with the American flag decorating the radiator cap, and off we chugged. As our wheels rolled out of Ostend a German "Taube" dropped three bombs on the *Digue.*

We ran through the Belgian rear-guard. Depressed, discouragement in every step, the soldiers shuffled along the damp macadam road, hardly noting our car. Shoes, uniforms were mud-splattered, rifles rusty, faces grimed, they exuded an utter weariness of war.

Nearing Bruges we ran full against a stream of panic-stricken refugees.

"The Germans! The Germans!" they shouted. "Turn back, they'll shoot you."

The "Times" correspondent tapped me on the shoulder.

"Think I'll stop off here." Already he had the door open. I stopped the car.

"All right. Sorry." I said.

He got down and saluted as we drove on.

"Good luck," he shouted after us.

My wife laughed happily.

"Don't blame him." Then as an after-thought she added, "Rather nice though—we get the only story."

Meeting an ever-growing throng of refugees we crossed the Ostend canal and ran down the Grand Place. Seeing the statue and belfry, my wife started reciting Longfellow

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—she has a gift for remembering verse—then suddenly interrupted herself.

"There they are!" she exclaimed, pointing to a group of German cyclist soldiers. I turned the Ford, drew up before the restaurant *Panier d'Or*. I could see the proprietress peering between closed shutters.

The Germans, long rifles slung over their shoulders, dismounted before the Government Palace. Despite their gray uniforms and Prussian caps, they seemed absurdly peaceful for conquerors. All were smoking. Long cigars or long-stemmed pipes with china blue bowls. I judged from their appearance and age these were Landsturm troops. I counted about forty.

Some chatted to the few civilians in the square, evidently trying to assure them of their peaceful intentions. They were far from being the arrogant, brutal baby-butchers, described in the French and Belgian press.

One squad tore down the English and French flags they found flying from the Government Palace. The Belgian flag they left waving. On the Palace doors and walls they posted proclamations printed in four languages—German, French, Flemish and Walloon. These posters stated Bruges was now a German city and called on all citizens to obey strictly the orders of the military commander and in no wise interfere with or molest the German troops under pain of severest penalties. At the bottom stood the name General von Beseler.

My wife and I motored around the town without let or hindrance. Some of the gray-uniformed, helmeted cyclists waved to us; others saluted the American flag on the radiator. My wife went among these stolid soldiers, chatting with them in makeshift German, posing them for their photographs, asking indiscreet questions, and thoroughly enjoying herself.

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"Monsters!" she said afterwards. "Nonsense! Why, they are all fathers of families."

The business-like method of that advance party impressed me. I could appreciate the difficulties to be expected when troops enter an enemy city. But these Germans went about their work systematically, pacifying the citizens, placing guards outside all public buildings, sending out scouts and searching parties in best military manner. Expecting difficulties if a German staff officer rode in and found an English correspondent in Bruges, I cranked the Ford and started back for Ostend. My wife was reluctant to go. She had been having an amusing time among the Germans. Already a German stood in the ancient sentry tower on the bridge across the Ostend canal. He halted us but when I told him we were American tourists he let us pass. We covered a little more than two miles before we again chugged into the rearmost soldiers of the retreating Belgian army.

As far as I know, this was the first time a war correspondent passed between the lines of the fighting armies.

I spent much of that night writing my dispatches.

Eating breakfast the next morning in the Hotel Royal du Phare, I watched motor truck after motor truck loaded with impedimenta chug along the *Digue* and out westward. General Pau, French adviser to King Albert and the Belgian staff, sat with his aide drinking morning coffee near me in the cheerful breakfast room. His lined face was a picture of gloom. Not a dozen words did the general exchange with his aide. Outside I saw two French army motors piled with luggage, soldier chauffeurs standing beside them. The evacuation was nearly complete.

I went out and walked to the *Kursaal.* The last stretcher cases were being bundled into waiting ambulances. Two English nurses were busy helping. Later I learned from Mrs. Coster, an American woman who was indefatigable

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in her efforts to help the wounded and as well provide for the Belgian refugees who overran Ostend, that one of those nurses was Edith Cavell. In after years, from a Belgian friend who defended Miss Cavell before the German military court, I heard the tragic story of her trial and execution. On his authority—a Belgian—I believe that Kaiser Wilhelm regretted sincerely her execution, and would have prevented it if he had known in time.

Behind the ambulance train I came to King Albert's villa. The Belgian royal standard still flew above, colorful in the morning sunshine. Outside the villa lounged a company of Belgian cyclist soldiers, no doubt ready to escort the King's armored motor which stood purring near the gate.

Down the road to Middlekirke I could see a winding column of marching troops. Following them a straggling horde of refugees.

I hurried back to the hotel. Joining my wife we walked through the deserted streets. Ostend might have been a city of the dead where the blighting hand of plague stilled every human activity. Each house showed a blank face of close-drawn shutters. Iron shutters masked the front of every shop. Our footsteps echoed loud in the silent street. House after house stood empty. Some wide open, mute testimony to the panic gripping their owners. I thought of the people of Pompeii, fleeing the lava-flood.

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CHAPTER XVIII

DASH THROUGH THE LINES

A PALL of death-silence hung over Ostend. In the Fish Market I stood examining the damage done by bombs dropped during the night. Suddenly the clatter of iron-shod hoofs on cement pavement. A man's voice shouting. As the hoof-clatter sounded nearer and nearer, I understood the words he shouted:

"The Germans are here! . . . The Germans are here!"

Flailing his horse's flank with his rifle barrel a single green-coated cavalryman galloped along the sea wall. I watched him receding down the Middlekirke road. Fainter and fainter the rhythmic beat of his horse's hoofs. Again silence.

Now I heard a vague hum through the city, a heavy door slammed, the rumble of iron shutters being closed. Again the clatter of iron-shod hoofs. Six gray-coated Uhlans, pennants floating from tall lances, trotted into the square facing the Hotel de Ville. The lieutenant leading the Uhlans dismounted. With gauntleted fist he knocked on the wide door. Another silent moment. The lieutenant

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knocked again, shouted. Slowly the door opened, a pale face peered out. The lieutenant saluted stiffly. As stiffly he spoke....

Ostend was in the hands of the German army.

New voices sounded in the silent streets—German voices. A platoon of gray-coated cyclist soldiers, rifles slung across their shoulders, pedaled to the sea-wall. All smoked long, black cigars. As they shouted one to another, the voices were high with excitement, exaltation.

A few of the less timid citizens emerged to stare. I hurried along the *Digue* to watch the arrival of the invaders.

The scene remains vivid in my memory.... Waves break against the long pier jutting out into the sea. Suddenly out of the fog looms the grim outlines of a war vessel. From her stern floats the French flag. A destroyer, steaming into unknown danger! Rolling to the waves the destroyer edges nearer and nearer the pier.

Behind me I hear the high German voices of the oncoming cyclist soldiers. A group of citizens stand tensely watching the destroyer. They turn to spy on the pedaling soldiers. They chatter excitedly like alarmed starlings. Already the bow of the destroyer nods a dozen yards from the end of the long pier. I thrill to the drama of that moment.

Suddenly a figure breaks from the group of watching citizens. Swiftly the man runs along the pier, shouting, waving his arms. An excited hail from the first of the cyclist soldiers. Swiftly he pedals out on the pier.

Now I see the captain of the destroyer on the bridge. The Belgian reaches the pier-end. He stands shouting to the captain. Slowly the war-ship comes to a stop. She rolls a moment on the waves. The sound of engines suddenly alive again. White foam churns under the vessel's keel. She is steaming full-speed astern!

As if racing, the German soldiers pedal along the pier.

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They wave their arms, shout. Before they reach the pier-end, the destroyer puts a hundred yards of green water between its bow and the shore. The soldiers dismount. Two of them unsling their rifles, kneel, fire! . . .

As their futile shots echoed the destroyer disappeared into the mist from which she had so mysteriously come.

I could make out the lone figure of the Belgian rigid against the background of the sea, waiting.

Now, I said to myself, I shall be eye-witness to a German "atrocity." A citizen, so wantonly aiding the enemy, could expect short shrift. Would the cyclists form a firing squad on the pier-end? Would I hear the short command "Fire!" —see that brave Belgian fall? . . . I watched him. Calmly he walked back along the pier. . . . The cyclist soldiers ignored him as he made his way past them to the safety of the shore. Soon he was among his friends who hailed him with happy words and gestures, embraced him.

I hurried forward to discover the hero's name. Suspicion met my questions. In spite of pleas, entreaties, assurances of my friendliness, the little group of Belgians remained silent, tight-lipped. So, this man who showed consummate courage in the face of certain death remains unknown.

Already regiments of Uhlans and infantry had sifted into Ostend. I made my way back to the Hotel de Ville. A shiny, high-powered automobile stood before the door, filled with German officers. I recognized one of general's rank. Erect, soldierly, about sixty years of age, he descended from the motor, spoke politely to the awaiting Belgian officials, disappeared within the portals of the Hotel de Ville. In a few moments soldiers tacked a proclamation on the door. It contained assurances and warnings to the citizens, signed, Von der Goltz, General Commanding.

All morning the gray-clad German troops—cavalry, infantry, guns—tramped into the city. This Third Reserve

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Corps impressed me as I was always impressed when reviewing German troops. Discipline, the easy efficiency with which each part of the machine functioned, the lack of confusion, the all-pervading military atmosphere marked these men as soldiers of the first class, in spite of their designation Reserve. These were not the boys with whom I traveled in Germany. Older men all, matured, good-natured, pipe-smoking peasants who acted with the greatest friendliness towards the Belgians. In their efforts to assert this friendliness they reminded me of great, strange dogs. Still, while they now wagged their tails, one could hardly hope to trust them if aroused.

My wife, ever busy with her camera, went from group to group of officers along the sea-wall. These officers were courtesy itself and always posed gallantly, asking only a copy of the picture when printed. My wife carefully noted their names in a little book, promising each a copy. Perhaps she kept her promises—

A good deal of false propaganda had been circulated about the German invading armies. They were pictured as Huns, monsters, baby-killers. Malicious lies, most of that. The officers wore the stamp of gentlemen. These reserve troops, many of them fathers, I judged, were often surrounded by Belgian children with whom they shared their rations. At this time the English newspapers were filled with stories of Belgian children mutilated, their hands sabered at the wrists. England was crowded with refugees. Among these I circulated an offer of a hundred pounds for the evidence of such mutilation. I hunted among the refugees for such a maltreated child. None was ever produced.

Ostend again took on all the bustle of war activity. The scene was much the same as it had been two days ago only the actors were different; instead of Belgian, French and English officers in their variegated uniforms, German offi-

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cers—nearly all wearing the Iron Cross ribbon—filled the hotels. Instead of the picturesque soldiers of the allied armies, drab, gray-clad Germans filled the streets, camped in the parks; instead of the raucous call of French and English cars, the musical note of the German automobile horn sang out in the sea-scented air.

Popular though Americans were with the Germans, I well knew, as a correspondent of an English newspaper, the chance was infinitely small of my following this army. I did not wish to do so. My problem was to rejoin the Belgian army. How accomplish this? Certainly the last favor to be expected was a pass through the German front lines to join the enemy forces. Besides there was my wife to think of.

Together we discussed the problem. I had purchased an Opel car from an American diplomatic messenger. Should we, under cover of night, attempt to slip through the lines? This seemed to me extremely hazardous. A patrol spotting us would surely open fire. With my wife beside me I dare not run such risk—although she was game to try it.

Finally I worked out a plan that might succeed. My relations with Consul Johnson had become most friendly. I went to him and suggested that he must have reports it was imperative to deliver to the Embassy in London. He had been cut off from England. The situation had changed. Surely this must all be explained to his chief.

Naturally, Mr. Johnson demurred. I was not a qualified diplomatic messenger. The American Ambassador in London would be acquainted with the changed situation through the newspapers. Actually there was nothing of vital importance for him to report.

I brought all my persuasive powers into play. The affairs of many American businessmen who had fled Ostend must be in chaos. Many Belgians had entrusted their

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affairs to his keeping. Could he not concoct a letter covering these points?

With considerable reluctance Consul Johnson agreed to my request. He dictated a long, official despatch to the American Ambassador in London. He gave me another accrediting me as official despatch bearer. Both missives he enclosed in official envelopes. Expressing my gratitude, I went to beard the Germans in their den to ask permission to traverse the lines. Would this be granted?

When I returned to the hotel I found some forty officers of the staff sitting down to breakfast. The best that Ostend could furnish in fish and fowl was being served. Magnums of Irroy champagne and quarts of white wine and Burgundy stood as sentries, spaced with military precision down the long table. The new commandant—General von Beseler—sat in the center with his aide. I waited patiently until the food and wine would have put these conquerors in happy mood. From the lobby I sent in a polite note requesting a few words with the general's aide.

I introduced myself. I mentioned Ambassador Bernstorff and Count von Herwarths, the German military attaché in Washington, as personal friends. Von Herwarths turned out to be a student corps comrade of the aide's. Poor fellow, he was ill, unable to be at the front. I sympathized with this misfortune. Then I displayed my diplomatic despatches, my letter designating me a diplomatic messenger. I explained I had my wife with me. We were eager to escape from the war zone. Could it be arranged that we be given a pass to Dunkirk?

The aide had been examining my letters. When he heard my simple request he looked up in astonishment. His monocle dropped from his eye.

"Dunkirk! My dear fellow, Dunkirk is not yet within our lines."

I smiled ingratiatingly. Perhaps not at the moment, but

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surely within a few days—the German forces were irresistible—within a week they would take Calais.

"Well, why not wait a week?"

"Impossible," I replied. "My despatches were important. From Dunkirk I could take a steamer for England—"

For some moments the aide stood perplexed. At last he smiled. "This is most irregular, but I shall consult my general."

With nerves jangling I watched him reënter the dining salon. I saw him bend over the general's shoulder, as that gentleman drank deeply from his champagne glass. The general paused, listening. He wagged his head, wiped his lips. I stood on tiptoe peering through the glass doors. I saw the general's lips formulating a short sentence. He was smiling. I interpreted the sentence as: "Ach, let them go."

I could hardly keep the excitement out of my face when the aide came through the glass door. He, too, was smiling.

"Our general is most kind. He has granted your request. It is funny. Perhaps we race you to Dunkirk."

I countered the joke. Would he make me a bet? Who would arrive first? Laughing, he took out his official pad, wrote the coveted pass. I gave him a message for von Herwarths and thanked him effusively, shook hands good-by, sending my compliments to his general.

With difficulty I walked—I wanted to run—up the stairs to my room. With a triumphant shout I showed the pass to my wife. She had been skeptical of my success. Not so skeptical but that she had packed our baggage, made everything ready to depart.

In feverish hurry we piled our bags into the Opel. With a farewell toot-toot on the horn, we started on our dash through the lines....

As we ran down the Middlekirke road to the west my one worry was the small supply of gasoline in my tank.

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Only what remained of my purchase from the Belgian ambulance-driver kept us moving. Would it last the trip?

The day was damp, hazy. Clouds rolled above the foaming waves. Twice before we reached the limits of the city ghostly detachments in gray blocked the road, halted me. The first a patrol of foot soldiers. Anxious, hearts thumping, I tried to discover the lieutenant's reactions when he read my pass. His eyebrows, shoulders went up in unison.

"Pass," he growled.

On we raced over the dunes. We talked in short, excited sentences, speculating on the adventures before us. The tang of the sea wind was in our nostrils. It had brought high color to my wife's cheeks, that or the excitement of our ride.

"I smell England," she laughed.

"Let's hope your olfactory nerves are in order," I retorted pessimistically. "I smell trouble in the offing."

I looked ahead. Down the road a hundred yards a patrol of Uhlans stood watching our approach. As we came within hailing distance one shouted, "Halt!"

Crossed lances dropped across the road. A surly corporal leaned from his saddle.

"Wo gehen sie?" "Where are you going?" he demanded.

Slipping out my pass I handed it up to him. He read it twice. Frowning he rode off. I saw him consult with an officer. The officer looked back at us. I could see him examining the pass minutely. At last he handed it back. The Uhlan came slowly along the road.

"Pass," he growled, evidently highly displeased.

I gave the pass to my wife telling her to keep it handy in case we were again stopped. Once more we were speeding along the now empty road. While happy at our escapes so far I still studied our gasoline gauge anxiously. How far did the German patrols extend? Would we pass them? Or would we stall from want of gas?

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I gave the Opel all the juice it would stand. With a clear road ahead I watched the speedometer jiggle up beyond 60, 70! It was a swell car. On we raced, so swiftly I could with difficulty see what was ahead because of the haze.

Abruptly I made out a single figure at the roadside. Stolidly he stood watching us. Inside I was thrilling in tune to the racing motor. The soldier stepped to the center of the road. He raised his rifle. I cut down speed, chugged slowly up to meet him, the rifle lowered. Seeing he was a soldier, my wife fished out the pass signed by General von Beseler.

"My God, not that one," I whispered hoarsely. "He's Belgian."

With deft fingering she slipped the paper back in her purse. My own fingers were trembling while I searched through my pocket for my now soiled and tattered authorization to follow the Belgian armies signed by M. de Broqueville, the Belgian Minister for War. The sentry stood silent, grim. Our nervousness passed unnoticed. Still silent—as if the minor incidents of war service no longer interested him—he read through my pass. He motioned with his rifle to pass on. As with a sigh of relief I let in the gears, I said, "The Germans are advancing."

"Ça m'est égal," he answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Something fatalistic in that sentry's eyes caught me for a moment. All his aspect was young except those eyes. They shadowed forth the imprint of a thousand ghastly images stamped on the soul of this lonely young sentry.

My wife was voluble at having driven through the lines. I was still nervous, thinking what might have happened if that sentry glimpsed the German pass. About two hundred yards further along the road the glint of sun-rays above the macadam. A machine gun! I saw a head pop up out of the trench where it was planted. Again I slowed

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down and explained my mission to the commander of the outpost. Courteously he saluted as we drove on.

He had informed us that Belgian G. H.Q. was at Furnes. I consulted my road map. Only a few miles further. Away we went gayly winging through the streets of a town called Nieuport. In a few hours at the most we would reach Furnes. I was smoking a happy pipe as we drove on to a bridge cutting the town in half. A gasp and the motor stalled!

Exasperated beyond measure, I got out. Of course, our gas was exhausted. Unscrewing the vent cap I was surprised to find a few quarts still washed the tank bottom. What then had happened?

Some idling soldiers of the town garrison gathered. They joked, made suggestions, finally decided I could not remain stalled on the bridge. Under command of a corporal they started pushing the car. As they did so, I let in the clutch. The motor started!

"Thank God," I muttered fervently.

"Ditto," answered my wife, "but isn't the suspense thrilling?"

"I'll be a nervous wreck," I rejoined, "if we have many more such thrills."

Leaving Nieuport we ran into the rear guard of the refugee army. The same details, weary old men and women trudging along the feet-blistering road. Younger women carrying or leading children. All types of vehicles from carriages to wheelbarrows, loaded with household possessions. Pathetic, wrinkled faces looked up at us as we honked for room to pass.

The road now bore inland from the sea. A marsh-scented breeze drove the last wisps of haze before us. Through that haze I made out the steeple of Furnes church. With its gasoline gauge marking an ominous zero, we chugged into the square. From an impressive nearby

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building waved the Royal Standard of King Albert. As I was weighing the chances of getting an interview from His Highness, I heard my wife's voice demanding, "Where do we eat? . . ."

Furnes, a village of feverish war activity. Trucks, lorries, snaking across the square before the Hotel de Ville. Belgium's Royal standard flung from a high window. Below the unceasing tramp of route-marching, tired troops. All day I watched the battle preparations. Mingled with the marching Belgian troops I spied men wearing contrasting uniforms, British marines, sailors, youthful, light-haired lieutenants striding proudly beside them.

Trudging out to the seashore I found a line of somber war vessels riding the green waves. Destroyers, cruisers, a new type of ship, modeled after the Monitor of Civil War days. Long-barreled cannon nosed from the turrets. On deck squatted frog-like howitzers, weapons ready to throw high-angle fire into enemy-filled trenches. Easy to discern the disciplined activity on board those warships.

All night I watched an unending procession of headlights reminding one of fabulous fiery-eyed monsters lumbering across the square. The rumble of heavy wheels, the jangle of harness chains, the shuffle of marching feet never ceased. The night breeze brought the sharp tang of the sea.

The next morning, Sunday, clear and bright, ammunition trains parked in the square woke me with snorting engines. A squadron of armored motor trucks lumbered out on the road marked "Ostend." Picturesque squadrons of green-coated Belgian cavalry rode jauntily in rear of the trucks. Hardly had the clatter of their horses' hoofs died out across the bridge than a new sound, the rumble of limbers and caissons, field guns. Horses, jaded, planting one stiff leg after another; cannoneers alert, stiff-seated on the caissons.

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I found no difficulty in following these columns. I made my way along the road paralleling the seashore. The warships were steaming slowly east, smoke haze above their funnels.

Suddenly a deep boom sounded across the water. A smoke ball, white, cottony, appeared magically above the deck of the leading monitor. The whistle of a shell steaming through the sky. Another boom, echo to the first. The burst located the German position for me—the village of Lovie.

The terrain was flat, criss-crossed by a network of canals. The Yser river swept south, itself a broad canal. As far as I could see the country stretched away in a great marsh. Now the ship's batteries were methodically searching that marsh with heavy shells. Fully half an hour this barrage continued. When it slackened I heard machine guns bursting into their characteristic taka-taka-taka, adding new notes to the naval gun booming.

In all this noise I shortly recognized a new note—rifle fire. Creeping along the marsh land between the sun-reflecting canals, the infantry took the battle.

All day the fighting raged across those marshes. I could estimate that the Germans had not as yet brought up adequate field artillery. The cannonading from the warships hurled up geysers of muddy water whenever the gray-coated German regiments moved. Still the Germans fought stubbornly. All day the battle continued with monotonous repetition of detail. When night fell it continued in sporadic outbursts of machine gun and rifle fire. Such was the prelude of the Battle of the Yser.

In Furnes I had made myself known to General Bridges, English liaison officer attached to King Albert's staff. I told him my story of my dash from Ostend and my present mission, also my status as correspondent of the "Daily

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Telegraph." After much talk, I "sold" him on my interview with King Albert. He promised to lay the matter before the Belgian General Staff.

Here he met complete denial, I heard later. What! exclaimed the staff as one man, let a newspaper correspondent approach His Majesty! Unheard of, impossible, unprecedented.... Had the staff heard that the "Daily Telegraph" was collecting a great Relief Fund for Belgian refugees in England?... Even so, to permit an interview would only annoy His Majesty, especially while he was harassed with this battle.... "The correspondent is an American," urged Bridges, "represents a great American newspaper syndicate; he seeks to help the cause of Belgium in America."

At this point in the discussion, King Albert himself entered. He settled matters at once. Certainly he would grant the interview.

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CHAPTER XIX

KING ALBERT AND HIS PEOPLE

As before the blast of pestilence, the peaceful people of Belgium fled from the invader. The women, the children, the old and the afflicted saw the serried gray ranks marching, and their hearts chilled with terror. Some instinct told of the afflictions that were to come. But these afflictions proved greater than any could have pictured.

Imagine the emotions of the villagers of Visé when they heard the wail of the first shell. Think of their terror when this ball of fire and iron crashed through the roof of a house and the first home was given over to the flames. When that happened, in a flash all understood the scourge of war.

In July no country in Europe gave a more composite picture of peace than Belgium. I have watched the men and women toiling in the fields, and have marveled at their industry. From before sunrise until dark they labored. I have even seen them at work by moonlight. These were the people of the few contented acres. And they had tilled

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every available inch of soil, until the whole country seemed a vast market garden. The industry the Belgians showed in farming was duplicated in the mills and the lace factories. No nation was more devoted to the arts of peace.

Having seen this side of the picture, the contrast that came with war was all the more appalling. I remember standing on the Fragnoe Bridge in Liége, the morning after the first German night assault. Women with fear written in their eyes hurried past me. Each carried a bulging sheet slung over her shoulder. That sheet contained all that war had left them. With the women came children, pale girls who trembled as they walked, and small boys who sobbed unheeded as they stumbled onward. These had been caught between the fighting armies. Their homes lay in the path of the invaders. For this they suffered. A house that stood in the line of fire was ruthlessly razed. It did not matter how innocent the owner may have been of any active part in war; it was a crime that his property should impede the killing that was going forward.

The human stream I watched crossing the bridge had lain all night under the shower of shell and shot of both armies. Many of those in the crowd had seen a vagrant bullet kill or maim some one dear to them. One woman had her gray-haired mother struck down at her side. All had heard the terrifying screech of missiles overhead. The night they had passed left them filled with the fear that is born of some mighty cataclysm.

After the stream of frightened non-combatants—yes, among them—came a herd of lowing cattle. These were driven forward into the ranks of the refugees. They knocked against carts that some of the more fortunate were trundling. The carts held the wreck of their household goods. A mattress, a clock, kitchen pots and pans, a bird-cage, an old dilapidated trunk, a basket of vegetables,

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some trussed hens, and always an image of the Madonna and Child Christ.

As far as I could see along the winding road stretched this river of refugees—women, children, men, cattle, carts —all flying from the danger that threatened. So might a crowd have fled before the rumble of an earthquake, or the boiling lava of a volcano. Fire and shell were sweeping athwart the country that only a week before smiled in fruitful harvest.

All this was but the beginning of the horrors that accompany war. More dreadful trials were to follow. Those villages that stood between the lines were the scenes of constant skirmishing. A patrol of Uhlans would ride down some village street. Their lances, painted slate-gray, they carried ready for attack. Every blind of the houses they passed was drawn, every door barred. The villagers huddled in the cellars. If the faint echo of clattering hoofbeats came to their ears, they trembled. Sometimes a patrol of Belgians would gallop down on the Uhlans. There would be a fight in the village street. Carbine bullets would tear through the plaster walls of the houses. The shouts of the battling men, the scream of wounded horses, the clash of saber on lance, broke the deathlike quiet of the street.

Soon the clangor of the conflict would pass. Silence reigned again in the streets. Here and there a fearful face appeared, ready to withdraw at any further sound of danger. A few of the terrified inhabitants would steal into the streets. Tremblingly they would approach the scene of the conflict. Their own dead they would carry off for reverent burial. But they dared not touch any gray-coated corpse that lay in the village street.

After the Uhlans had passed the infantry of the Germans would come. Whenever they found the body of one of their own men in or near a village, they claimed that

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he had been done to death by franc-tireurs. For this crime they demanded the lives of ten of the men of the village. Try and picture the agony of those who took part in this gamble with death. With brutal rapidity the victims were singled out. Torn from their families they would be marched to the wall of the village graveyard. The crying women and children of the town would hear the echo of the volley. After that they might drop their tears on the bodies of their loved ones.

Who would envy a king? Let him that would meditate on the tragedies that filled the life of King Albert of Belgium. He lived the myriad sorrows of his own people, witnessed the desolation of his country, watched his soldiers thrown into the hopper of death called War. Then the final tragedy. The mystery of his end. Death comes when on a holiday. Already when I met him in 1914 his tragedies had lined his unusually youthful features.

Escorted by two officers of the Guides, the crack Belgian cavalry regiment, I was ushered into the long oak hall of the Hotel de Ville. It was a moment before my eyes were accustomed to the dim light that filtered through the leaded windows. Then I saw standing before me, his hand extended, the King of Belgium. As we shook hands I noticed that he wore the regulation blue general's uniform. I looked in vain for ribbon or glittering order. Standing before the great open fireplace of the hall, the light threw the grave lines of his face into deep relief.

My interview was concerned first with the Christmas Fund for the Belgian refugees which was being collected by the "Daily Telegraph" of London. King Albert spoke English perfectly but slowly.

"I have been deeply touched by this other proof of the generosity of the English people. Again they give substantial evidence of their great sympathy." The King paused. When he spoke again his voice was lower. "Poor

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Belgium, now merely the edge of a nation, appreciates most sincerely all that her generous ally is doing."

The practical side of the Sovereign showed itself as he continued: "I know already how hospitably my people have been received in England. In this respect I hope the Belgian men who are there will be given work. This is the first requisite, for I do not wish that any able-bodied citizen of my country should become a charge upon a friendly people. Let them not be pauperized. It has been the misfortune of these men that they were compelled to leave their country that they might lead those dependent upon them into safety. In England I know the unfortunate women and children of my country are safe."

"Has Your Majesty any suggestion as to how the Belgian refugees can best be helped?"

"The need of the present is food and clothing for those who have been driven from their homes. In the future it will be necessary to rebuild those homes. Then we shall want every aid to repair the havoc wrought by the enemy."

At these words, spoken so feelingly by the King of these stricken people, there flashed into my mind the many scenes of desolation and ruin I had witnessed. The burnt homes, the devastation of the battlefields, the fleeing multitudes clutching their bundles, all seemed to pass in review in the dim light of this improvised audience chamber. Even now the distant guns of Dixmude made a low accompaniment to our talk.

"Has not your Majesty a message for the American people?"

For a moment the King was thoughtful.

"I hope that the American people will remember that Belgium has been scrupulously exact in carrying out its obligations as a neutral country. It has never been our policy to interfere in international politics. Like the United States, we have been concerned only with our own

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problems. Belgium is fighting to defend her neutrality, and she will fight as long as that neutrality is invaded.

"No nation has more hospitably entertained foreigners than Belgium. Year after year we have received them, always treating them as the best of friends. Our greatest boast in Belgium is our liberty, and this liberty extends to all who live within our borders. The Germans who have lived with us in Antwerp, Brussels, Ostend, have enjoyed this liberty to the fullest." Once His Majesty hesitated, as if weighing his words. "Even after the war began, the German citizens found within our borders were treated with kindness and care. The American Minister, Mr. Brand Whitlock, and the Secretary of the Legation, Mr. Gibson, can testify how, when the four thousand German men, women and children were waiting at the Gare du Nord on their way to Germany, it was my Belgian soldiers who went and bought milk for the children and bread for the men and women.

"I hope that the American nation as a neutral will not forget how the neutrality of Belgium has been violated. When the war is ended, this fact should bear heavily on the terms of peace."

Ceremoniously he bowed, shook hands, bade me "bon voyage." My last impression was a glimpse of the deep sadness that welled from his soul to his blue eyes. I have thought of him ever since as a sovereign of sorrows.

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CHAPTER XX

IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE POILUS

HAVING had my interview with King Albert—something I knew would please Mr. Lawson immensely—I could wait no longer in Furnes. How to arrive at London? Ships sailed for Dover from Dunkirk, that I knew, so with my wife, my treasured interview all cleanly typed, and Mowrer, of the "Chicago Daily News," whom I had picked up, our motor chugged out of Furnes as the church-bells were ringing.

All went well while we were still on Belgian soil. The countryside swarmed with troops, digging trenches, dragging up ammunition, marching and counter-marching along the highways; still no one hindered us. I had the miniature Stars and Stripes flying from the radiator cap.

When we crossed the border I harbored uneasy feelings. Suppose some French unit stopped us? We had no authority to pass through the war zone. Our only chance was to proceed as if we were on some sort of mission. In case of trouble, the letters furnished by Consul Johnson would serve to identify us.

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Hardly had we made two kilometers along the road when we were stopped by a trench-digging detachment. The road was barricaded. As I was explaining to the non-commissioned officer in charge our purpose to proceed to Dunkirk, my wife, who never failed to bring her camera into action on such occasions, started taking photographs.

An uprush of French oaths. A *poilu* tore the camera from her hands.

"Espions!" "Spies!" he shouted, and much else. I felt myself seized roughly, turned about. A ring of soldiers, bayonets at "Prepare to Thrust!" faced me. Hate and stupidity. Those two expressions marked every wooden face. The rest of the detachment—some twenty-nine when I had time to count them—were shouting and arguing as to their next duty. Several suggested shooting at once. Had we not been caught red-handed? The *poilu* with the camera waved it aloft.

In the meantime—in spite of Mowrer's protests (for some unexplained reason they did not molest him)—several soldiers were demanding that I open our bags. When I did so and they discovered my notes and copy, a great shout went up. Ah! ha! The evidence! Spies of great importance caught red-handed with valuable information. To the gendarmerie!

Three soldiers piled into the car. One violently thrust me out of the driver's seat. Another stood on the running board roughly holding onto my wife. She seemed to think the affair a rare joke. Later she changed her mind. The man attempting to drive the car knew nothing about cars and nearly stripped the gears. Finally we were on our way, escorted by twenty-nine French soldiers all jabbering together, insulting us, boasting of the promotion our capture would bring, and predicting a firing squad in the morning.

Mowrer disappeared. I have never seen him since. When we arrived at the gendarmerie—military police headquar-

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ters—all the poilus began talking at once. The officer in charge finally quieted them. He listened while a corporal told the story of our capture. To all my protests, explanations, he replied with one word, "Silence."

Again our luggage was ransacked. When the lieutenant of gendarmes discovered the copy of the interview with King Albert, his face registered bewilderment. Here was something indeed serious. Naturally I felt reassured. No spy would be carrying such a document.

No, the interview seemed to be extraordinarily incriminating. Ah, this was a case for the Intelligence Department! And the prisoners must be separated. Most important that. No consulting together. No agreeing on a story. Take them under guard to Dunkirk! To the office of the *Chef d'Intelligence.* But take the woman in the car. The man will march escorted by a platoon.

This was somewhat too much. At first I tried to explain everything simply to the gendarme officer. And even if he did not understand, what was his purpose of separating me from my wife? How could we concoct a story surrounded by soldiers? Ah! spies were sly, he replied. After the motor had started and the platoon formed with me in its center, I took the opportunity to call the lieutenant of gendarmes an offshoot of all the stupidest creatures that roamed the earth. So vehement did I become that he actually "shooed" the soldiers into marching to get rid of me, no doubt.

During the eight-kilometer march to Dunkirk, I turned the problem over in my mind. Uneasy as I felt wondering what would happen to my wife, I reassured myself that once we came in contact with officers of average intelligence—as officers of the Intelligence Bureau must be—I should have no difficulty in saving us from our annoying plight. Still, some impish voice whispered, "You've met

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dumb French officers before; besides, anything can happen in this war zone."

In Dunkirk my captors turned me over to the headquarters guard. Their disappointment was acute when they were ordered to return to their billets. I watched them go with considerable satisfaction.

Anxiously I looked about the building for any signs of my wife. The motor stood outside the door but she was nowhere to be seen. My questions concerning her fate met no answers. I was placed in a waiting room alone.

In spite of assuring myself that nothing untoward could happen the next half hour was one of racking concern. My wife's attitude towards those in authority is somewhat flippant. She would not be daunted even if Marshal Joffre should question her in person. And she would not hesitate to speak her mind. How would some self-sufficient, hard-boiled staff officer receive her?

At last I was escorted to the staff chamber. Five officers, the eldest holding the rank of colonel, sat behind a long table. In silence I took a chair facing that table. I bowed before seating myself. I waited, silent.

I studied the officers' faces. Obviously they took themselves exceedingly seriously. The colonel was a hard-bitten, iron gray, rugged-cheeked individual. A bad type in a pinch. In doubt he would give me the worst of the decision. The other officers preserved a wooden-faced silence. Only the *sous-lieutenant* who put questions seemed human.

The examination was a matter of question and answer. Bewilderment I could see spreading over those wooden faces as I recounted my story. I began by stating I was a Special Messenger from the American Consul in Ostend. Official standing I knew would impress the military. I explained my newspaper work and my American nationality. I asked if the interview with King Albert—which they had no doubt read—did not speak for itself. I ended on the

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indignant note. Especially I stressed the discourtesy in treating my wife as had been done.

When I finished for a full moment only the sound of low breathing could be heard in that room. My story seemed to hang in the air. At last the colonel mumbled to his neighbor. Soon other officers took part in the talk. A hum arose about the table. A debate was going on. I began to feel nervous.

"All monsieur has said would seem to be confirmed by the documents we have captured—I mean read," the *sous-lieutenant* said as the others became quiet, "but nevertheless, such documents might well have been stolen."

A sudden idea struck me. I smiled at that court-martial group.

"Undoubtedly a telephone connects Dunkirk with Paris?"

"Yes, Monsieur."

"Telephone to the American Embassy. There I can be identified."

While I knew I was becoming a nuisance to Mr. Herrick, I also knew the mention of the Ambassador would impress the officers.

I was escorted back to the waiting room. In a few minutes my wife joined me. Bitterly she complained that the soldiers had rifled all the film from her camera. And she had some grand exposures of King Albert and the Belgian troops.

Relieved as I was, I made light of her loss.

We remained together for nearly two hours. No visions of a firing squad disturbed us further. But what punishment we might suffer for invading the sacred war zone I dared not think on. Would I ever get my King Albert story off?

At length the *sous lieutenant* opened the door. He bowed in a most apologetic manner. The whole affair had

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been an unfortunate mistake. He hoped we had not been too roughly treated. We must forgive what had happened: *C'est la guerre!*

My wife demanded her film. Regrettably it had been destroyed. (Liar, whispered the lady.) But our motor was already arranged. We were free. Where did we wish to go?

"To the best restaurant in Dunkirk," I answered.

It was the best restaurant I had tried since Ostend. The *moules marrinaires* were as tasty a dish as one could be served in Paris. Luckily we found ourselves sitting at a table with a British naval officer. We were soon talking. It developed that he was one Captain Brandon, R.N., at the moment on duty in charge of transport. When I explained our situation he made out papers for our transportation to Dover on the *Invicta,* a transport sailing that afternoon.

Luncheon finished we thanked Captain Brandon. A few moments and we had the motor chugging towards the wharf. The city swarmed with troops. My wife and I were filled with exaltation at the prospect of getting back to England. We talked excitedly. I could see the British transport, steam up, at the quay in the distance. A few minutes and we would be on our way to Dover.

I turned the car into the gate leading to the dock. A sentinel, a French soldier, shouted and waved his bayoneted rifle. For a single second I hesitated. Then I gave the car the gas. It raced through. In thirty seconds I was on board the *Invicta,* the motor safely stored on the fore deck. The transport's siren blew. The engines growled into activity. While the propeller whirled us out into the harbor, my wife and I waved affably at the sentinel.

It was with a feeling of relaxation that we journeyed up to London. Mr. Lawson made much of the King Albert story and the other descriptive articles covering my adventures from Antwerp to Dunkirk. For some remote rea-

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son the censor "killed" about a quarter of the stories, in spite of which they were widely copied.

Now Mr. Lawson broached the question of my going to Russia. Ashmead-Bartlett had returned from the continent but intended to return shortly to the front. Official correspondents were to be appointed to accompany the armies in the field—the military had decided this was the better way to handle the newspaper problem—and Mr. Lawson hoped to put Ashmead-Bartlett into the job. The "Daily Telegraph" had but one man in Russia; their Special Correspondent stationed in Petrograd. Would I take over and endeavor to get stories from the actual front?

When I told my wife about the Russian plan I noted she did not entirely match my enthusiasm. To arrive in Finland two seas must be crossed. Daily reports of ships sunk by mines and submarines were discussed over the dinner tables of London. A short time only had elapsed since a new British Dreadnaught had been sunk in the North Sea. It was infested by German "U" boats. Was it worth taking the chances? Then, to be consistent, she declared she would follow me before Christmas.

Once in the China Sea I was on a transport during a typhoon. My trip from Newcastle to Bergen across the North Sea on the Norwegian ship *Zeta,* matched that experience. The storm delayed our sailing six hours. When we did push out into the gale-swept sea, wave after wave soused the ship from stem to stern. As night wore on the seas were more than mast-head high. The *Zeta*—a six-thousand ton ship at the most—would coast down the black rush of waters to stagger up again into a ridge of boiling white foam. For a moment she would poise straining against bolt and rivet, then stagger down again into a surging valley of black water. Rolling until she shipped seas over her gunwales, groaning in every plate, it seemed as if it would be only a matter of minutes before the vessel

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would rip apart from keel to bridge. The wireless apparatus was torn from the masts. When the ship tossed in what seemed the final throes of disintegration suddenly the engines stopped. We lay to.

At daylight, the storm continued rising. Three inches of water sloshed over the floor in my cabin. I watched a Niagara flow of water stream past my window. Mine was that numbed feeling that comes when you realize your fate is in other hands. Would we ride out the storm, or would the *Zeta* split on the surging crest of one of those mountain-high waves? Towards evening the storm abated. The sun broke through the smothering gray clouds. The crested caps of the waves disappeared. They turned into long, rolling swells over which the ship rode easily as a cradle on its rockers.

Next morning we steamed into Bergen harbor, as smooth as an inland lake.

Without further incident I made the journey across Norway, Sweden, the Baltic sea to Rauma in Finland. Snow was falling as I boarded the train for Petrograd.

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CHAPTER XXI

RUSSIA—WAR PICTURES

SNOW dominated the scene during my travels in Russia. The Russian winter had started when I arrived in Petrograd and continued with its characteristic rigor throughout my stay. Damp, oppressive fog clogged the streets. Shaggy ponies dragging their robe piled *droskies* charged out of this fog not unlike snorting apparitions from some other world. The gloom that is Russia penetrated my spirit as the damp cold penetrated my body. Snowflakes sifted through the fog.

In the hotels, the restaurants, the amusement places one forgets the gloomy outside world. Lights, music, song, wines, delicious food, dashing officers, beautiful women, set a contrast that makes it seem unreal. Still that gloom is the eternal, overwhelming reality of Russia in winter.

The Ambassador, Mr. Mayre, and his handsome wife, invited the few Americans in Petrograd to dinner Thanksgiving Day. The embassy staff, Captain McCullagh, naval attaché, Colonel Miles, military attaché and his wife, Stanley Washburn, "London Times" correspondent, John

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Bass, "Chicago Daily News," Winship, the American Consul, Mrs. Noble, and Ray Baker, the Ambassador's private secretary, made up the party.

Ray later proved my best "lead" in Petrograd. He arranged through the Ambassador that Premier de Sazanoff grant me an interview and later was directly instrumental in opening the path to Warsaw and the front. I spent about ten days in Petrograd—time enough to be fitted out in the uniform of a Russian cavalry officer, as the Foreign Office had issued an order requiring all correspondents to wear uniforms—then boarded the train for the capital of Poland.

Warsaw stands at the cross-roads from Russia to the battle-fields. The regiments of the Empire sift through the teeming streets like unending lines of ants. Day and night the rumble of gun and caisson swells up from the cobbled streets. The tramp of marching thousands is the master-note in the sounds of the city. Far-off Siberia and the country bordering Turkestan drain their men into the plains of Poland. And each burdened soldier lives a story. Somewhere in an earth hut hollowed in the sands of the great steppes, or in a home on the banks of the Don, a woman was waiting.

This is a winter of sorrow in Russia, yet the soldiers march gayly enough down the Jerusalem road. No trace of what they may feel shows in their faces. Study as you will these Tartar, Mongol or Caucasian features, and all you read is enigma. Tramp, tramp, tramp; on they go, past the Kalisch station, across the railroad tracks, beyond the Wola meadows—where in the days of the greatness of Poland other soldiers met to select their kings—until you lose sight of their swinging coats behind the cemetery wall. It makes for thought to stand and watch these marching men. How far have they come? How far will they go?

When you stop to consider that some of them have jour-

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neyed from the Urals you understand the herculean proportions of the Russian problem of transportation. From the point of view of the common soldier this journey must be a bewildering, yet wonderfully enlightening, experience.

Fighting makes the supreme demand on all the perceptions. This means an extraordinary sharpening of the wits of the peasant. But before this happens he sees the world—at least the world of Russia. His mind is constantly receiving new impressions, and one can almost perceive his brain grow under the stimulation of all that passes around him. And here, where the east and west of Europe meet, he finds himself in a new civilization. He must learn a dozen new facts every day. Ivan the soldier is expanding. Having traveled and seen the world it is impossible to believe that when he returns to his home in Tomsk or Tashkent he will relapse into his original condition of mental vacuity.

There are some hundred hospitals in Warsaw. Not all of them are full. As soon as cases can be transferred they are sent to other cities for convalescence. This makes for constant movements. Some days the surgeons are gloomy. No cases but those of the slightly wounded find their way back to the base. From this they deduce that the badly hit lie where they were struck on the field. A bad sign is this!

When a trainload of wounded arrives every vehicle that can be found in the city is pressed into service. Motors, carriages, ambulances, Russian farm carts—all serve to distribute the disabled. But the unique ambulances are the tramcars. These date from the pre-electric period. Their benches are made up into improvised beds, and when each has its complement of wounded the driver cracks his long Russian whip and off the horses start. War has put back the hand of time.

In Warsaw, the motor is the barometer of war. When

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there is a pause in the fighting, the long, mouse-gray cars stand for hours before the hospitals, hotels or some headquarters. But let the blast of war sound on the air and they spring to pulsating life as if touched by magic. Reckless of the street traffic they speed one after the other out of the Jerusalem road, tearing at express-train velocity to the scene of the fighting. In the city there are numerous arteries, and along these the motors pass and repass—veritable modern dragons spitting choking smoke. Their horns are never silent till, with the fall of night, there may come a lull in the fighting, and then the haggard-eyed chauffeurs bring their mud-spattered machines once more to rest at the curbs.

My hotel is a hive of officers. Every grade and branch is represented, from the grizzled general to the debonair lieutenant in the Flying Corps. Like bees they circulate through the halls and public rooms to the hostelry. And like bees they suddenly disappear. Then we surmise that an attack somewhere is being repulsed.

Every province of the empire seems to have sent its representative to the war congress. And as types they afford many lessons in Russian ethnology. One of the most picturesque is a Caucasian colonel. In face, figure, and—I was going to write costume—uniform he is a replica of the last century warrior. First he trims his mustaches and side-whiskers together, after the military fashion of the Napoleonic days. Then from his fuzzy, chocolate-colored *papaka* to his black high boots he is the Muscovite soldier of a hundred years ago.

Another feature of this cinematograph of war in the streets of Warsaw is the shaggy Caucasian pony. Why he does not topple over when six feet of Cossack is astride of him is to me a mystery. Certainly the load looks top-heavy. But Russians swear by these wiry, under-sized, tucked-in animals, and from what I have seen here I think

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Cossack soldier

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the horse-flesh, such as it is, on this side outlasts that on the West front. The same type of horse is used in the wagons. If you saw them hauling a killing load of logs to be used in building head cover in the trenches you would wonder at the "horse-power" of these little animals.

With the right wind, one sometimes hears firing. Yet to all outward appearances the civil population is indifferent to the situation. Indifferent until a distant humming plane sails circling overhead. Then the citizen of Warsaw knows that he lives in the hub of the wheel of war.

The first Sunday I spent in the Polish capital I witnessed an air raid. The spectacle was repeated each Sunday during the months I made this city my base. The description of the first raid holds good for all.

It was a still day with one or two low-lying clouds alone visible in the clear atmosphere.

In the morning I had called upon Mr. de Soto, the American Consul. I remember his answer to my casual remark that it was a fine day.

"Yes, a good day for airplanes." At the time it seemed to me he put much feeling in the sentence. I soon came to know that many of Warsaw's citizens dreaded this clear weather. Taking advantage of the beautiful flying conditions, three aviators sailed high over the city. Little larger than crows they looked as they poised above the city. The exceptional sunshine and warmth had brought the city's thousands to the streets. With one accord they strained their heads upward, watching the flight of the airplanes. Open doors swallowed many, who disappeared with the rapidity of frightened chickens at the sight of a hawk.

I was in Cracow Street at the time. I stood with some Varsovian friends, speculating on the flag of the flyers. We were not convinced that they were Germans. A day or two before the Russian aviators had driven a German airplane to earth, and we thought that the flyers we

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watched might be protecting the city. A sharp explosion set our doubts at rest. As the first bomb fell, by a queer coincidence the clock of the District Court tolled a doleful "One." About fifty yards away the shell struck. I saw a sheet of flame travel from roof to cellar of the Hotel Saxonia. There was the tinkle of shattered glass, and when the smoke cleared away, three figures lay outstretched on the sidewalk. Luckily they were only stunned. The shell had struck the coping of the hotel and so lost much of its power in the upper air. A gash in the roof and several broken panes were the only effect on the hotel.

As the airplanes circled above the roofs, the Russian anti-aircraft guns sent shrapnel after shrapnel behind them. The exploding shells gave quite a battle aspect to the city. Then as the machines passed over the outer fortification, the infantry tried to bring them down. The noise of the gun and rifle fire was keenly suggestive of an attack.

The "aviatiks" as the Varsovians called the German pilots, dropped some half-dozen bombs in the city, their objective being the new bridge over the Vistula. No shell struck within a mile of this target. The mangled body of a boy was one result of the attack. This and a ruined house was the sum total of damage done in the daring raid.

Considering the crowded condition of the city, it is extraordinary that there were so few casualties as the result of these air raids. As in Belgium, the refugees swarmed before the oncoming Germans like hosts of locusts before a fire. Warsaw, even in peace time a crowded city, now had its streets thronged with restless crowds. Every morning the Kalisz road was crowded with carts that trailed into Warsaw in one endless procession. Each cart looked like a long boat. It was piled high with all the *lares* and *penates* of recent homes. Tables, chairs, armoires, buckets, blankets, bird-cages and every what-not that furnishes a farmer's house were loaded into wagons. On top of all sat the family.

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Women in purple and yellow skirts from Lodz; gaunt, hollow-cheeked men sat beside. They all rocked from side to side as the springless cart jolted over the broken road. There were not as many children here as I had noticed in the throngs that fled before the German invader in Belgium.

In my wanderings through different sections of the war zone I have seen no more poignant sight than the sufferings of helpless civilians caught between the jam of contending armies. For the most part these people are the victims of circumstances. The path of war is destruction. I know this only too well; yet it would seem that as long as war must be a part of our civilization, that strong measures might be taken to relieve the injustice it metes out to helpless women and children.

In contrast to the tribulations of the rural populations I was much impressed by the apparent indifference of Warsaw's city population to the approach of the enemy. Operas and plays followed one another, week after week, at the different theaters. Dinners and the amusements of society went on without interruption. It made one almost think that the Varsovians were indeed of that lightness of character with which Napoleon stigmatized them. When I came to know the Poles better, I quickly found that this lightness was purely superficial. In the heart of every loyal Pole there glows but one thought, the hope of freedom. In my visits to the front I came much in contact with the Polish Red Cross Society. There was no frivolity here. The men and women, for the most part recruited from Poland's nobility, who made up these corps, went at their work with a conscientiousness that could not have been surpassed.

I spent several nights in the country home of a Polish princess that had been turned into a field hospital. I have seen Polish countesses doing all the menial work of this hospital. Prince Potoiski, a graduate of Oxford, who has

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by inheritance a claim on the Polish throne, drove a field ambulance.

Despite the battle ring of iron that daily draws tighter around this city, Warsaw sometimes rests. At the center of the coming war-storm now there is that moment of calm which always presages all great battles.

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CHAPTER XXII

WITH THE GUNS

A RED flare shows out of the distant haze that covers the plain of Poland. Then over the snow rolls a faint "Boom!" The note is the same as that sounded by the drummer of an orchestra when he is carefully testing his bass drum. Hardly has this deep reverberation ended, when from the heavens there comes the soul-sickening screech that marks the course of a shell. An earth-shaking explosion ends the flight of this cone of death. Then the air is filled with a hundred bits of biting iron that hum through space with such a song as might have been sung by a primordial bumblebee.

Again and again this sequence of sound repeats itself. It continues from morning to the fall of night with hardly a pause. In their struggle to cross the Bzura River the Germans sow the fields of Poland with scrap iron. As long as there is light by which to sight their guns the German batteries boom out this chorus of cannonading. When night falls, rockets show the gun pointers the range.

The Russians call the noise of the cannons music. If it be music, in this battle-opera the song of the shell is the

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fighting motif. From first to last it runs through all the noises of the conflict. It seems to shriek of smashing death.

The modern battle in winter is a heart-breaking game. I have been watching the gunners of one of the Russian batteries. They go through each motion of loading and firing with that mechanical stiffness which is the sure indication of muscles put to the last test. The gray nose of the gun sticks out over the emplacement, which makes a splash of brown on the white snow. One or two fir-trees, mockeries of Christmas, are set up in the soft earth of the beet field, and behind these soldiers in their long, mud-gray coats and heavy boots jam the brass-cased shrapnel in the barrel, close the grating breech and lock it with a clank. The pointer stoops over the sights. He straightens up and blows on his frost-nipped fingers. He steps back out of the circle of coming recoil as an officer gives two words of command. A tense moment follows, then the gun belches out its gaseous smoke and flame with an ear-stunning roar. The officer fixes his glasses on a distant point where a German battery has been located. While he watches for the result of the shot, his men go through for the hundredth time the motions of loading.

As far as I can see to the north over the plain of Poland the same picture is repeated. It reminds you of a film where the action has little variation. But there is variation. Time and again miniature volcanic explosions spring out of the snow. A crash and a cloud of smoke tell where a German shell has landed. When the smoke clears there is a new black blot, like an ink stain, in the snow. The field behind the batteries is thick with these spots.

It was about two hours' ride in a motor from Warsaw to the gun positions that defended the Bzura River. Except that the road was jammed with an endless procession of transports, the trip could have been managed much more quickly. If you live in New York, think of two enor-

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mous armies, locked in a death struggle, about as far away as Trenton. With the proper credentials you could live at the Bristol Hotel in the Polish Capital and make daily trips to the firing line.

I made my first visit to the front in a four-seated taxi. Along Jerusalem Road we passed a Siberian Infantry regiment with a battered brass band leading. The soldiers wore long, mud-colored coats, *kubankas,* fuzzy gray hats and black half boots, which sank almost to the tops in mud.

I judge half the sheep on the steppes must have been skinned to make linings for Russian army overcoats.

We had hardly passed the *faubourgs* of Warsaw before we met a dozen German soldiers coming in under Cossack guard. Two officers marched defiantly in front and the soldiers followed, carrying heads erect, with "pickelhaubes" pointed skywards. Soon after we had lost sight of these, a cart overflowing with damaged rifles came clanking through the mud. They were bound for the foundries to be remade and later reissued. Russia had many more soldiers than rifles.

It is not easy, when motoring through the artery that feeds an immense army, to paint the passing picture. I have seen so many supply carts pulled by brave-hearted Siberian ponies that the sight of a train stretching on end three miles leaves no visible brain impression. Motor transport could never compete with the light Russian cart and horse power over these roads. When a motor goes out and back to the front it takes a day of cleaning to make it fit to run again. But the double stream of Russian wagons, coming and going, never halts. Beyond my understanding was the patience of the drivers. The American mule-whacker spouts an almost continuous stream of oaths when he works, and if blasphemy were energy he would create the swiftest moving supply corps in the world. But the Russian driver hardly ever raises his voice. This is

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literally true. I have seen two carts, when the half-trained ponies had been frightened by our motor, up-ended in a ditch by the road-side. The drivers got up smiling and with a simple *"Nitchevo"* (it does not matter) labored to get back in place.

Beyond miles of transport we came suddenly upon the camp of the Askabad Cossacks. They are the most picturesque corps on the fighting-line. They wear a long, loose sheepskin-lined great-coat with the outside hide dyed a brilliant mustard yellow, over purple tunics. Their hats are nearly as large and of the same shape as the British Grenadiers, but instead of bear-skin they are covered with black shaggy sheep's wool. The flat, brown, almost round faces of the men marked them as the connecting link between modern and ancient Mongol Russia. Mount one of these on a rough-coated Siberian pony, and you have as wild a rider as ever dashed over the steppe.

Poland is as flat as a plate and reminds one of the drab Illinois prairie. Before the snow fell it presented the most desolate picture I have ever seen. The Kalisz road with its border of winter-whipped trees leads through an unending succession of potato and beet fields; but there is no one here to gather this crop, which rots in the ground. We passed a few villages, islands of plaster houses in a sea of mud. They were crowded with a conglomerate mass of soldiers. Long since had the civil population been evicted from their homes.

Such a town was Blonie, our first stop. Here we had tea. It is the Russian custom to keep the kettle boiling all day and night, and many a wounded, weary soldier has found tea a life-saver. We were the guests of the surgeon of a hospital depot which supplied two dressing stations on the firing line. With the tea he passed me a little vial.

"Ten drops is the dose," he said in a matter-of-fact tone. It was anti-cholera mixture.

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Crates of bandages and boxes of medicines were piled up about us just outside the circle of light thrown by the table lamp. In the next room were three wounded—a Russian, his head swathed in bandages with only his eyes peering through, and two Germans. The latter looked up alertly when they heard me talking English.

Once more under way, five minutes outside of Blonie we heard the booming of guns; each minute it grew louder, and soon the sky in the west was lit by flashes that might have been summer lightning. Blonie is but fifteen miles from the Bzura, and we covered twelve of these before our motor turned south.

Here a glorious panorama of night fighting opened before us. The moon shone behind gray clouds, shedding a soft radiance, just strong enough to shape the shadows. On the western horizon flash after flash of firelight would spring out of the darkness. These were the distant German guns. Nearer to us the Russian batteries were firing, each piece cutting a red dash of flame into the blackness before its muzzle. Then the long arm of a searchlight shot across the heavens, bringing house, fence and road into clear outline. Irresolutely it wandered over the plain as if seeking something it could not find. At last it dropped its shining beam into a ravine and held it there. Suddenly a blazing rocket shot up into the heavens and burst into a shower of silver stars. As they fell slowly the country beneath was lightened in high relief. Then in the very center of the picture against the sky appeared a blood-red ball of fire. In a twinkling it died, only to be followed by three others. These were German shrapnel.

While the eye was entranced with this sight the ear was jarred by an unending succession of irregular explosions. Sometimes four bass notes of the lowest octave would boom out almost together, and then would follow a series of air-rocking detonations. All at once I caught a glimpse

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of another line of lights. They looked like a row of pin points pricked into the ebon void. They sparked and darkened to an accompanying rat-tat-tat-tat-tat, like the sound the small boy enjoys when he scrapes a board along an iron grating. These lights marked the line of the infantry. A hand's breadth beyond, so it seemed in the darkness, another line of sparks appeared. These flew out from the enemy's trenches. Suddenly a gash of red fire stabbed the night from this same line and above the rattle of the musketry came the sharp, regular echoes of a machine gun.

With the tide of the fighting at its highest it was impossible to distinguish the rifle fire of friend and foe. It all blended into one strident chorus. As I watched I saw the enemy's line of firing creeping nearer. The Russian infantry broke into a blaze of sparks, and the racket of their rifles almost drowned the barking of the cannons. Then, as if blown by a sudden breeze, the lights went out. But not for long. Where the muskets had blazed before was now a hell of exploding shells. This sudden change in the picture told its own tale. For the moment the Russians had been forced out of their trenches. The flames of the machine guns went out suddenly, to light up again in the captured position. For some hours the Germans held on, but all at once their firing stopped as if smothered by a blanket. The sputtering mitrailleuses choked and died. I have heard a great many tales of the Russian bayonet charges. "The bullet is a fool, the bayonet a trusty fellow," is their old saying.

Down in the distant darkness it was steel against fire, and steel was winning. It was hard to picture in the mind the dramas enacted in that black ravine. It was too far away for human sounds to carry.

Stiff with the cold I walked back to the dressing station.

"There'll be plenty of wounded tonight," remarked my

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companion, John Bass, Chicago "Daily News" correspondent. His words were verified as we entered the clean, white-walled operating room. On a stretcher, its canvas stained with rusty smudges, lay a figure in drab. A doctor in a white oilcloth apron bent over this broken soldier. Two nurses also in white, their hair bound in spotless handkerchiefs, stood ready with bandages. The man had been struck by bits of a shell. There was a great gash in the inside of his upper leg and another across his arm.

While he lay on the operating table the wounded began to arrive. The slightly hurt, which meant men with a bullet hole through hand or arm or scalp, made their way back to the dressing station from the trenches alone. The badly wounded were carried back at night by the company's stretcher-bearers to a protected point in the rear. From here they were gathered up in carts sent from the dressing station. Two-wheeled farm carts served as ambulances. As they were built without springs the trip to the dressing station was one of terrible suffering. The slightest mishandling as the men were lifted in or out brought from these battered humans cries of anguish. From the dressing station the wounded were taken by cart, motor ambulance, and train to Warsaw.

Most of the wounded were incoherent and could give no details of the fighting. A man in the trenches sees little of how the action is going. During the fighting the line becomes a zigzag of attack and counter-attack. So it may continue for days.

Gun fire continued all night. The windows of the house in which the dressing station was established were kept in a constant rattle. All during the dark hours the wounded made their way back to this haven. With the rapidity of long practice the doctors repaired as well as they could the damage done by shot and shell, and sent the broken soldiers back to base hospitals.

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The next morning it was snowing. The sun threw a pale white light through the mass of gray clouds that covered the sky. Against this background the black trees, a bit of wooded country, a solitary house made dark shadings. Across the snow marched a slow-moving line of Siberians. Their gray *kubankas* were pulled down well over their ears. Their mud-gray overcoats hung almost to their heels. The long, thin, vicious-looking bayonet was fixed on every gun carried aslant their shoulders. They were on their way to relieve the troops who have been holding the Bzura trenches all night. We passed three hooded Cossacks coming from the direction of Sochaczew, who had evidently been patrolling the road. Their sheepskin cloaks flapped on the ponies' backs as they rode on towards camp and breakfast. The ponies' noses were close to the ground. They were tired.

Now we were in line with the battery positions. Two soldiers carrying a basket of shrapnel cases staggered through the snow. One after the other the bull-throated guns roared out on the still air. But the firing was slow. It brought to mind a boxer who has lost his steam. From the wood that marked the banks of the Bzura came another noise. It was the "pop-pop-pop pau-u-u" of the rifle fire. Mingled with this was the recurrent burst of machine gun shooting, but throughout it all, one sensed the effort, the fatigue of the men operating these engines of warfare. As the sun brightened the crashing of the small arms intensified. It sounded heaviest to the north, but before noon it broke out in the south. Here the Germans were making one of their desperate attempts to cross the river.

"We let them get into the water up to their armpits, then we shoot. Killed and wounded float down with the tide." So it was a general of cavalry described to me the Russian method of repulsing the assaults.

For the moment Sochaczew was not under fire. Our

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chauffeur said much in Russian when we told him that we intended to have a look at the village that had been the storm center of the fighting. But evidently he decided that he would give us enough of that town in one visit. We chugged through the silent streets and never paused until the machine stood at the top of the rise leading down to the waters of the Bzura. If the bridge had been standing, that chauffeur might have run us right on to Thorn, for all he seemed to care for the Germans. When we did stop, six singing bullets sped overhead. The enemy's trenches were about four hundred yards up the other side of the stream. From where we were the range could not have been more than seven hundred yards. It was bad shooting. I felt certain that American sharpshooters would at least have punctured the motor. We turned in under the cover of a protecting wall.

Sochaczew was a city of the dead. Yet there were few marks of the damage done by the several days of shelling under which it suffered. Unless shells set houses afire, they leave few tracks behind them. Here and there they may crash through a wall or topple over a chimney, but other signs of destruction are hard to find. Of the population hardly a handful remained. At one or two windows a few white, scared faces peered out. But the great mass of the inhabitants had joined the endless procession of refugees that poured daily into Warsaw. We stood a moment in the town square.

Now and again a single shell aimed at the battery positions of the Russians would sing overhead. Rifle and machine gun fire snapped out on both sides of us, but except for the six shots that greeted our entrance into the town hardly another bullet was fired at Sochaczew. We seemed to be on an island, safe from the storm of battle. An officer of the Siberian Fusileers, the Grand Duke's pets they are called because he has so often mentioned them

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in his reports, joined us as we motored out. He had been hit in the hand. The bullet had gone between the bones, doing little hurt, but he would be off duty for some days. Now his only thought was the dinner he was going to have in Warsaw. He heaved a sigh when I told him that the ban on alcohol still held.

The wounded officer we carried back with us really knew less about the conditions at the front generally than we did. He had the chance to see only what happened within his actual range of vision, and, outside of that he knew nothing. This is the case all along the front. The farther back you are the more you know as to how things are going. In London one knew more of the war and who was winning than I did there with the headquarters of the Sixth Corps of the First Russian army.

The short winter day was now coming to a close. For a moment the sun flashed through the gray clouds, casting a bright flare athwart the heavens. The battle had died to an intermittent groaning of heavy guns and staccato clashes of musketry. Now and again machine guns turned loose a ribbon of shots.

The German guns, with typical perverseness, came to sudden life. There was one heavy battery firing a salvo. It was annoying. Everybody had had enough for the day. Out of the gray twilight cannons flashed and showed their positions. To the south more infantry firing broke out. Then this rattle ended, and the hoarse-voiced guns were silenced.

Now, along the Kalisz road came another kind of procession. From a distance it looked like a long line of artillery, but they were queer guns, smoking, and time after time, showing a flare. Then we recognized the portable kitchens. Here was comfort for the men in the trenches. Already the Russian soup was boiling. One could almost smell it. On they went, clattering and clanking,

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to the very first line of battle. It was a humble way of serving, but no more welcome sight greeted the eyes of the fighters throughout their weary day.

On the road to Guzow we passed what looked like a man's-size prairie-dog village. The bare ground was hummocked up where black openings led to subterranean chambers. In and out of the holes popped shaggy-capped soldiers. These were their winter quarters. The cold was a long time coming, but when it came it had all the fierceness for which it has been justly famed since the days of Napoleon. The biting wind that blew fresh from the Arctic Circle swept across the plain of Poland. In each of the little underground homes was a doll's-size fireplace where the embers were never allowed to die out. When not on duty at the front the Russki was as comfortable as the proverbial insect who established himself in the rug.

The Germans suffered severely from the cold. Forty prisoners captured in a counter-assault were brought into Guzow. A cart carrying two machine guns followed. But it was not the trophies of war but the men who interested me. Only about half had overcoats. And these were made of a thin shoddy material that is about as much protection as paper against the Russian wind. When you know that the prison camps are all in distant, cold Siberia, try and think of the lot of prisoners. Yet for the moment the Germans were content. They were allowed to sleep. This is the boon that the man fresh from the trenches asks above all things. His days and nights have been one constant strain of alertness. His brain has been racked with the roar of cannon and his nerves frayed by the irregular bursting of shell. His mind is chaos. One thing he knows, he must fire and fire and fire. It does not matter if the gun barrel blister his fingers with the heat, never must it stop. That is the only way to hold back the line of wicked bayonets. When the bayonets come it is death or a Siberian

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prison camp. But when a soldier is once captured he feels that his responsibility of holding back the enemy is no longer his. He has failed. Well, he can sleep in peace now.

The fighting for the Bzura was a desperate, endless struggle. Days of see-saw battle found the Germans pressing the major part of their military might against the angle made by the Bzura and Rawa with the Pilitz River. Charge and counter-charge were the order of the day and night. Supermen, indeed, are these soldiers of the first line who stagger forward and back with repulse and attack.

The Russians made some splendid counter-attacks during the nights. They had such numbers of reserves that they could put absolutely fresh troops into the fighting line whenever necessary and wherever they could be effectively used. You met them marching and counter-marching at the back of the supports, coming out of the darkness and silently being swallowed up in it again like veritable regiments of ghosts. Sometimes they were not altogether silent, for I have heard an irrepressible squeezing a few notes out of an accordion. The accordion is the Russian soldier's favorite instrument, and in the second line you heard the mournful notes sounding all through the night. A group of soldiers will gather where the company field kitchen stands, and in the shelter of its warm sides sit and listen to the troubadour.

One had only to spend a day and night out at the front in this freezing weather to appreciate what the men in the trenches were going through. Then add to the bitter cold and raw wind the fatigue of constant watchfulness, not to mention the exhaustion of actual fighting, and there could be no limit to your admiration.

As each new move in the German offensive developed, the question of how the Russian was going to meet it was uppermost in every Polish mind. It were idle to say that those were not days of anxiety in Warsaw.

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CHAPTER XXIII

IN THE FIRST TRENCHES

THE first trench was nothing more nor less than a hole in the ground, deep enough to protect a man kneeling, standing, or sitting, as the case might be. Before the day of the modern rifle and modern cannon, these defenses, with a couple of feet of loose earth thrown up in front of them, served admirably. In the American Civil War the question of head-cover was of minor importance; today a protective roofing is the *sine qua non* of any well-constructed trench. Early in the Great War it was discovered that the trench offered the safest haven from the bursting shells of the enemy's field artillery. To all intents and purposes, shrapnel—or, as its inventor termed it, the man-killing projectile—is practically harmless in its effect upon entrenched troops. Unless a shell can be placed absolutely within the two-feet wide excavation, it wastes its destructive powers on the inoffensive earth and air. This has led to a modification of artillery methods, which, in turn, compels the elaboration of the trench and emphasizes the importance of head-cover.

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I had unusual opportunity of studying this new phase of warfare when the Germans were making their heart-breaking charges against the Russian trench-line defending Warsaw. I visited Sochaczew several times when that unfortunate town was under fire of the enemy's bomb-throwers. It is on the banks of the Bzura, and almost in the center of the Bzura-Rawa line, which extended 150 miles to the north and 150 miles to the south. Those 300 miles were a series of these little earthworks, and never a day passed but that torn and bleeding bodies dotted their narrow floors. In contrast to my first visit the houses of the town of Sochaczew had literally been beaten to earth by the German giant shells. They had disintegrated under the shower of blasting cones of fire. Whole streets were tumbled into one indistinguishable mass of brick and rubble.

A furtive dog skulked through the deserted streets. But of those who lived in what was once a peaceful, happy town, not one remained. Your first impression was that the place was absolutely deserted; then you were startled to see a soldier suddenly pop out of the ground at your feet; three or four other heads would appear from openings that gaped in the soil. You had stumbled on a company camp. It bore no resemblance to a camp in the popular sense; not a tent, not even the despised dog-tent, was stretched above ground!

The entrances to the underground huts, which made a little mound above the surface of the ground, were all that you noticed, except a conspicuous chimney. Every dug-out had an open fireplace. Of course, it was only large enough for one or two sticks of woods, but this served amply for heating purposes. After one or two polite inquiries—the Russian soldier is always polite—I was taken to Colonel Sokolowski, of the 266th Regiment, who invited me to the commodious cavern which served as his quarters. He

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was dug-in behind the brick walls of a burnt-out house about three hundred yards in rear of the fire-line trenches. Coming from the bright sunshine, it was a moment before my eyes got accustomed to the semi-darkness. The commanding officer's cavern boasted no luxuries. A table, two stools, and a rough shake-down were all that it contained in the way of furniture. Before the table sat his Adjutant, writing by the light of a penny dip. Military routine went on with the same regularity as above ground. After the usual polite greetings the Colonel, pointing to the report that lay on the table, said, "It's a recommendation for bravery." Then he told me the remarkable story of Private Fuchs.

This soldier had only just returned from accomplishing an exploit of the greatest nerve. An interesting phase of warfare here was the interchange of proclamations. So common was the custom that here it might be called the Proclamation War. The Germans dropped from their aeroplanes thousands of handbills containing direct appeals to the Polish population and the Russian soldiery. Sometimes the handbills took a special form. One had the picture of a galloping Turkish cavalryman as its head, and in Arabic and Russian a statement that the Mussulman people have declared a Holy War against the Tsar.

Another was made up in the imitation of a five-rouble note. Across its face it said: "We will pay to any Russian soldier who delivers a rifle within our lines the sum of five roubles." On the other side was the picture of a fat and smiling Russian peasant supposed to be a happy prisoner in Germany.

To counteract the effects of these posters, the Russians had composed an answering handbill telling the Germans to put no faith in the mythical victories published by their Staff, and not to sacrifice themselves just to forward the useless ambitions of their officers.

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Private Fuchs engaged to deliver a packet of these posters in the enemy's lines. At the darkest hour of night, with a wrenched-off door as his raft, he paddled softly across the Bzura. He eluded the vigilant eyes of the enemy's picket until the very moment that he was about to land on the German side of the river.

Here the Bzura is not more than a scant hundred yards across. Evidently hoping to catch Fuchs alive, the German sentry did not fire, but, calling several of his companions, ran out as if to surround the Russian. But the wily Fuchs ran directly forward, which was not what his opponents expected, and he managed for a moment to elude them. He hid in a shell-pit directly under the German first-line trench, where he remained concealed from the enemy until they suddenly shot off a rocket. The falling stars lit up the country for half a mile, and showed the cowering Russian in his hiding-place. With a shout the Germans rushed at him. But as the silver sparks died out Fuchs again eluded his would-be captors, leaving a trail of hand-bills behind him, like a leader in a paper-chase, got back to the river bank, returned to his own side, from whence he watched the enemy beating the brush in a vain effort to discover him.

For this he has been recommended for the St. George's Cross.

After taking a photograph of Private Fuchs, who was paraded for my benefit, I started with the Adjutant and another officer for the first-line trenches. First we stopped at the Russian observation post. This was in the garret of a brick building which had been greatly damaged by German shell-fire. It was hardly fifty yards from the banks of the Bzura, overlooking the bridge of the Kalisz road. Across the river I easily made out a line of raw earth regularly marked with loopholes. These were the German

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trenches. Beyond them, near a wood, with a glass I could make out a battery in position.

"If you stay too long before the lookout they shoot at you." This was a polite remonstrance from the Adjutant. I had been so interested in studying the German positions, undoubtedly I had more or less exposed myself. I managed to get a good picture of the bridge and the distant line of trenches before the tsing-tsing-tsing of speeding bullets announced the enemy's intention of cutting short my stay at the lookout.

Passing down a side street, we found ourselves at a corner from where we had a clear view of the opposite river bank. Also, if we turned that corner, any one on the opposite river bank could have a clear view of us. The Adjutant asked with a smile, "Shall we take the short cut—yes?"

Seeing that it was the expected answer, I innocently replied, "Yes, certainly."

I later discovered that there is a zigzag approach to the fire-line trenches under perfect cover. This is used in moving large bodies of troops to or from the front position, and also for bringing up ammunition and food. Otherwise, the short cut is used; it is across an open stretch of fifty yards commanded by German sharpshooters.

"I will go first," said the Adjutant. He darted across the open like a hare, but before he reached safety three bullets bit into the bricks above his head. I knew this running-the-gauntlet game from personal experience when I was a Rough-Rider in Cuba. But at that time I played the sharpshooter's rôle, watching for unwary Spaniards. I knew just as well as if I had been there what was happening in that German sharpshooter's trench. The first three shots had been fired by the lookout. Then he used the German equivalent for "Get up, you fellows; there are some

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damned fools trying to cross our zone!" And the rest of the squad jumped behind their loopholes and shifted their rifles for better aim.

All this flashed through my mind as I started out to break the fifty yards' dash record. Subconsciously I counted eight bullets whistling through the air before I was once again under cover. But not even the skirt of my voluminous Russian uniform overcoat was touched. I turned to watch the two other officers make this dash across the danger zone. Those Germans were certainly fourth-class marksmen.

We turned into the saps leading to the river-bank. The approach led through a cemetery. One section of the first line was cut through a Hebrew burying-ground. The quick and the dead sleep side by side.

The bank of the Bzura rose sheer thirty feet above the stream. In the brilliant sunlight it was almost impossible to believe that the sparkling blue rivulet often ran red with blood. It wound in and out of the clay, unmindful of all that passed on its banks. For it had no interest in the thousand dramas played each day above it on the Polish plain. The opposite shore was a sloping bank of green where the winter wheat was just sprouting. Halfway up were two white farmhouses. It was a peaceful scene.

But overhead the shells were whining. At intervals that were timed with seeming care, the great projectiles would explode. It was not a hurried performance, but the leisurely practice of a game so long played that it was not interesting. In trench warfare the cannon never cease.

The Russian trenches were constructed along the crest of the ridge that surmounted the river bank. They were not elaborately built, as they were thrown up in the face of heavy fire when the Germans were making desperate but futile efforts to cross the stream.

Treading through these narrow, grave-like excavations,

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I passed again and again little recesses dug into the front walls. They were raised a few inches from the ground, and by the faint light-rays that filtered through I made out the forms of men lying in lethargic sleep. But the shrill blast of a whistle would bring every one of these sleeping men to life and turn the trench wall into a stream of blazing fire. Even now at intermittent intervals there would sound the blast of a fired rifle. The guards were ever alert, and shot at anything that moved.

But it was not the guns or cannon of the enemy that affected the spirits of the soldiers in the trenches. It was the weather. A week of alternate rain and snow, when the ill-drained dugouts were half-filled with a freezing, viscid mud; when, day after day, the feet were numbed by the frost until all sensation in them was deadened; when the coarse, scanty ration was refused by the tortured stomach —then it was that the spirits of the stoutest faltered. Let the enemy attack as he will, and he must fail. It was only in fighting that the men found an outlet for their rancor. The Germans who attack them drive back the soup-kitchens, with their warm sides and steaming contents. The men who are guilty of this must be killed. This is how the Russian *muzjik* reasons.

But a day of sunshine will start the soldiers singing. It was such a day that I stopped at Captain Melinkof's quarters for luncheon. A short sap connected these quarters with the firing-line. With true Russian hospitality, he put the kettle to boil as we entered, and gave orders to prepare lunch. His two-roomed subway apartment, as he called it, was one of the most elaborate trench-homes I have yet seen. It was an excavation twelve feet by seven, divided into two sections by a door. One-half was the kitchen and dining-room and the other half was the bedroom and his office. Three company officers occupied this dugout, but there were only two beds, as one had constantly to be on

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duty. All the furniture had come from near-by shell-wrecked houses except the stove; that was a regulation camp-stove. As a bathroom with hot and cold water was nearly finished, I realized how comfortable one could be underground.

It was flattering to realize how much my visit was appreciated. Strange as it may seem, these officers complain of the monotony of their existence. The popular mind hardly pictures a trench that is under constant fire both from small arms and from cannon as a place where one has time to become bored with existence. But it is just the continuity of these attacks that makes them so tiresome. Living in this restricted area, and confined to a certain circle of thought by their duties, the officers welcomed a stranger with an acclaim only given to a troubadour in the Middle Ages.

Captain Melinkof was keenly interested when he heard that I had been with the French Army in the field. He plied me with a score of questions about the work of Russia's ally, and every question was put from the standpoint of a practical soldier.

Our chatting was interrupted by luncheon. A cup of steaming coffee, a slice of soldier's black bread covered with a sliver of bacon-fat, was the *plat du jour*. White bread and butter was the dessert. After my exciting morning I thoroughly enjoyed the meal. Our lunch was disturbed by the eerie buzz of the field-telephone.

"Is there any change on your front?" came the question over the wire.

One of the officers took a hasty survey, and replied, "No."

Hardly had he answered, when a German battery opened from a new position. Its target was a group of Russian guns well in the rear. We piled out to study the enemy with our glasses, but when we discovered it was no more

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than what the official communiques call an artillery duel we returned to our muttons. During the rest of the meal one of the Russian officers kept count of the shells that whistled overhead.

"Forty-three," he said at the end of an hour. He poked his head aboveground to see the effect of this expenditure of ammunition. "No damage done," he reported; "every shot was short."

Disturbing the trench cat that was purring around my ankles, I went into the open for a hasty survey. The rifles were opening on the German battery. Every shot made that curious blast of a gun fired from earthworks. Anything moving in the enemy's lines was a target. That is the rule on both sides, and even when I put my camera over the trench-top it brought an unwelcome fusillade.

We sighted a Russian aeroplane circling above the German positions, and here was a picture of war in its most modern aspect. While the aviator flew against the blue sky, balls of snow-white clouds would appear suddenly in the air beneath him. The Germans had turned their anti-aircraft guns on the reckless flier, but he was beyond their range.

On the horizon I could see a low, white house which Captain Melinkof assured me was a German hangar. A balloon and six aeroplanes armed with one-pounders were said to be housed in the building. Russian aviators had made a number of attempts to destroy this structure with their bombs, but so far they could not report any striking success. The balloon was a captive used to direct artillery fire.

The flat plain of Poland makes the observation of gunfire extremely difficult. To obviate this the Germans had brought up this balloon, and all the day before had used it to correct the sightings of their gunners. The balloon made a big target against the western sky, but as it was

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fully five thousand yards distant it would take extraordinary good luck to hit it. It was too low for aeroplanes to attack, for this would bring them into shrapnel range. To drop a bomb on it from above was also difficult. The idea that aviators can place explosives with accuracy has not been proved.

In the trenches I heard a story of how the Germans, to use a slang phrase, "put one over" on the too-confiding Russians. This happened at a portion of the line where the positions ran so close that the men could communicate by shouting. It was before Christmas, and the Germans invited the Russians to come over for a hot cup of new coffee just received from home. The Russians replied to this invitation, shouting: "Come over and try our tea. It's a special gift from the Czar."

The Germans then put up the white flag, and said that they would send over fifteen men to try the tea if the Russians would send over the same number to sample their coffee. The plan was carried out. When the fifteen Germans appeared in the Russian trench, the hosts remarked to one another that if these were a sample the enemy would not hold out long. They were a sick-looking lot. Suddenly the Germans pulled down their white flag and commenced firing. Then the Russians found that they had exchanged fifteen good soldiers for fifteen typhus patients.

It is easy to believe that the Russian soldier could be imposed upon in this way. Although extremely courageous, he is very simple-minded with it all, and certainly trusting. He is a splendid physical specimen. In the trial of trench warfare this was the great desideratum. Then, the Russians of the type that were drafted into the army have all their lives been accustomed to privation and exposure. For this reason they were the only troops that I had seen who could stick six days and nights on end in a trench,

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under constant small arms and shell fire, with the temperature below zero, and after a day's rest be as good as ever.

The Russian common soldier is one of the most patient of creatures. He has all the qualities of a willing horse. He follows his officers blindly. Judged by English and American standards, he lacks initiative, but in the war of the trenches initiative plays little part. You can put a company of Russian soldiers into a trench and they will stay there until they are all killed, captured, or frozen. They have received orders that under no circumstances must they go back, so they merely go forward. The cold, the endless hours of battle, the smashing shell fire, and the rain of ripping bullets are met with what seems to be their universal answer to all the hardships of war—"Nitchevo."

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CHAPTER XXIV

TRANSITION TRAVELS

CHRISTMAS marked a new chapter in the Russian offensive. In the salons of Warsaw—the Polish capital maintained the French tradition and the various princesses of its society promoted "salons"—one heard the gossip of an extraordinary council of the Great General Staff. Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaivitch, Commander in Chief of the Russian Forces in the field, called the council to consider a new plan of attack he had evolved. His idea was to hold the front now occupied, making no further effort to drive the German armies under Von Hindenburg and Ludendorff out of Poland, but push a strong offensive against the Austrians in the Carpathian Mountains.

General Ruzsky, Chief of Staff, respectfully opposed the plan. The arguments pro and con mean nothing now. What was extraordinary about the council was that any one would dare suggest that a plan put forward by the Grand Duke was not inspired, might by any chance fail. The council discussed the matter twenty-four hours on

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end. Ruzsky held to his views. In disgust the Grand Duke dismissed his staff officers, telling Ruzsky to remain. The whole subject was once more gone over. Ruzsky was adamant. If the plan were put in effect it must be without his approval, and, as he was considered the ablest strategist in all Russia, Nicolai the giant craved his approval. The Grand Duke lost his temper. Working himself up into an insane Slavish rage he swung on Ruzsky with a prize-fighter's blow. As Nicolai Nicolaivitch is a veritable giant, that blow meant concussion of the brain for the Chief of Staff.

In Russia the incident might well be true. In confirmation Ruzsky was hospitalized for three months and later removed from his office as Chief of Staff.

Gathering such information as possible, I made plans to follow this new offensive. It was a period of intense cold and overwhelming snow storms. The whole country lay covered with snow four feet deep. To determine how an army would fare campaigning in such weather was not a question of military knowledge but common sense.

After an exhausting journey I arrived in Lemberg. I had letters to General Bobrinsky, in command in that city, which I at once presented with my request for authority to follow the troops moving into the Carpathians. While awaiting this permission I was suddenly taken ill with some strange disease. Looking back, mine must have been a ghastly situation. A stranger in a sordid hotel, acutely ill. As soon as I was strong enough I left Lemberg for Odessa. It was my hope that a rest would restore health and strength and make it possible to continue work.

What the nature of my illness was I never actually discovered. From day to day I grew sicker. In the end I saw my career as a correspondent interrupted for several months. I took train for Bucharest. Recovering somewhat I traveled on to Vienna where the American Military

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Attaché, Captain Briggs, nursed me, shipping me on to Berlin after a week's rest. From Berlin I hurried on to Flushing and London.

My articles on Russia scored effectively. Not only were they quoted in English and French papers, but many had been cabled back to Petrograd and published there. Mr. Lawson was greatly pleased. He, as did all England at that time, confidently expected the Russian "steam-roller" to annihilate the German armies. He seemed much disappointed when I voiced doubts as to such a result. During the later period of my stay in Russia certain facts became too obvious. Ammunition was scarce. Not alone ammunition for the artillery, which was the case in all the fighting nations, but ammunition for small arms and machine-guns.

"An army cannot fight without bullets."

When Mr. Lawson mentioned the enormous reserves the Russian staff could call on I brought out another point: neither arms nor equipment was on hand to supply such reserves.

Finally I brought up a question that had filled me with misgivings before I left Russia. I found my first enthusiastic impressions of the *muzjik* soldier had to be modified. What I had taken for patriotic courage I began to believe was but bewildered obedience to his superiors. How long would that last? From Polish friends I discovered that the embers of revolution were ever burning in the Czar's domain. Visiting hospital after hospital, seeing the thousands of pitifully wounded men, the question of how long these sufferers would continue a struggle which was completely beyond their comprehenison, could not be kept down.

Notoriously Russia was overrun by German spies. They intrigued from the holy circles of the court down to the humble fireside of the *muzjiks*. Intimations of the first results of such espionage could not be ignored. The religious fervor which had been instilled into the Russian

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Correspondents about to move to Russian front. John Bass, Granville Fortescue, Mrs. Fortescue and Stanley Washburn of the London "Times"

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recruits was being superseded by rumblings of discontent.

To all this Mr. Lawson only answered that I was a confirmed pessimist.

My mysterious illness continued three months. Mr. Lawson acted most generously. I was given leave to return to the United States where I gradually recovered my health. I sailed for England again on the last trip ever completed by the *Lusitania.*

Ashmead-Bartlett gave me confidential information of the planned forcing of the Dardanelles. He was to be official press observer with the British fleet. While we discussed his luck over dinner at the Carleton I had the sudden thought: why should I not see the Dardanelles campaign from the Turkish side?

As a neutral I knew I could enter Turkey. In Constantinople I had friends at court; Hoffman Phillip, the first secretary of Embassy; Tarler, one of the under-secretaries; Captain Morton, naval attaché, and Captain Williams, military attaché. Officially I should be representing the Hearst syndicate. Ellis became enthusiastic. The idea of our covering the campaign from different sides amused him hugely. We made an agreement to send out facts, no matter how discouraging, for our papers. If they were unacceptable, the censor could always cut them.

Mr. Lawson approved the plan. Quickly making the necessary arrangements and procuring my credentials from the Hearst London office, I took the channel steamer for France. Travel was difficult. My journey was halted at Berne, Zurich, Innsbruck and Vienna. Here I found an old friend—Grant-Smith—as secretary of embassy. He presented me to the Ambassador, Frederic C. Penfield.

He was the florid, good-natured type, dressed with all the attention to detail affected by elderly British clubmen. It developed that Penfield had been helpful in arranging

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the escape of Joseph Conrad, the novelist, through the enemy countries and speeding him on to London.

The ambassador invited me to a garden party he had arranged for the following day. The gathering indicated how remote Vienna was from the war zone. Among the guests I met Grand Duke Carlos Stephen, slated to be King of Poland when the Kaiser won the war; the late Khedive of Egypt, a fat and oily individual; a Mr. Berchtold, former minister of Foreign Affairs; Princess of Thurn and Taxis—this lady wanted me to carry a letter out of Austria and forward it to one of the Russian Grand Duchesses; and to me that most interesting figure, Sir Rudolf Slatin Pasha, he who had campaigned in Egypt with Chinese Gordon. He was bitter against what he termed his shabby treatment by the British.

Luckily I met Black Bey, the Turkish minister to Austria. I had been told he was instrumental in bringing Turkey into the war on the side of Germany. We became friendly over a whiskey and soda, and before we left the garden party he had promised to give me a special passport to Turkey. With this valuable paper and much information concerning the German and Turkish forces holding the Dardanelles, I continued my journey through Bucharest to Constantinople.

> "There can be no doubt that we now possess the means and the power to take Constantinople before the end of the summer."
>
> WINSTON CHURCHILL.

This confident statement made by the First Lord of the Admiralty, came to me as I stared out my hotel window. A crescent moon shone on the sleeping city. Down a hill of looming shadows—deep purple and dark blue—Constantinople stumbled to a lake of silver. Out of the glitter-

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ing waters rose Stamboul, a castellated island. The gray dome of the Great Mosque bulked against the night sky like a bowl upturned. Beside it, slender as needles, stood two mystic minarets. Here and there the moonbeams searched out an answering reflection among the shadows, while above the waters of the Golden Horn a hundred fireflies were dancing—nightlights of ships at anchor. High among these shone a red star, the signal light of the German cruiser *Breslau.*

Hushed the daytime hubbub, the voices of the city. All was silence....

Out of the night came a wavering cry. It was pitched in shrill falsetto, trembling through the air in uncertain cadences. The High Priest from atop the minaret calling the faithful to prayer. The call died. Once more the quiet of the night settled on Constantinople. As I glanced up at the crescent moon—symbol of Turkey—I noticed a cloud forming. It grew, spreading over the lapis lazuli sky in a strange, fantastic shape that my imagination turned into a gigantic genie, the evil genie that came out of the bottle in the Arabian Nights tale. Shortly it shut out the moonlight, leaving the city in darkness.

There were other correspondents in Constantinople at this time. Arthur Ruhl, representing "Collier's Weekly"; Raymond Swing, the "Chicago Daily News"; and Henry W. Suydam, "Brooklyn Eagle." Ruhl, a writer of wide experience, had no conception of what campaigning meant. He did not carry as much as a pocket knife. For supplies he might have been starting on a Sunday picnic. Suydam was young and romantic about his job; he sent in some strong stories. Raymond Swing was a regular reporter, a sharp contrast to Ruhl. Swing spent so much time buying supplies to take to the front he missed the transport. He come on a later one, the *Nagara,* which was submarined. Here was his special "scoop."

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Hoffman Phillip, First Secretary of Embassy, introduced us to Ambassador Morganthau. The Ambassador stood high in favor with the Turkish powers and within twenty-four hours we were given passes to join the army holding the Dardanelles. For some reason my pass permitted me to work both on the peninsula and the Asiatic side of the straits. Later this proved to be a lucky break.

After dinner at the "Taikalion" with Phillip and Tarler, Ruhl, Suydam and I embarked on a side-wheel freighter. Captain John Morton, naval attaché, had given me a thrilling description of the raid made by the British submarine, E 11, when this daring ship slipped through the mine fields guarding the straits into the harbor of Constantinople. It sank the transport *Stamboul* and escaped safely. The English submarines operated actively in the Sea of Marmora. They sank an unrecorded number of Turkish ships of various types, losing only one raider, the E 15. Embarking, I recalled Morton's story—he had been an eyewitness of the destruction of the *Stamboul*—and retold it to Ruhl and Suydam.

It was midnight before we sailed. A half-moon silvered the Mosque of the Seven Minarets. Our paddle wheels churned the waters of the Golden Horn, seeped with phosphorescence, into a receding wake of dancing diamonds. Past Seraglio Point, its mysterious palace the scene of so many weird stories, a hundred oriental fancies filled my mind. Did Fatima, the Sultan's favorite, peer through those barred windows as our ship chugged down to the Sea of Marmora?

Late the following night we anchored off Ak Bush. All day Turkish soldiers stood alertly poised along the gunwales of our transport watching for submarine periscopes. They—and I—watched in vain. Some twenty transports rode at anchor in Ak Bush harbor. The moon shed its light on a busy scene. Caïques, loaded high with ammuni-

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tion cases, plied between ship and shore. The clatter of donkey engines, the rattle of crane chains called answering echoes from the surrounding hills. Snorting tugs darted across the silvered waters, sidling up to transports. All night this unremitting struggle to feed the never-satisfied maw of the fighting units went on.

Dawn was greeted by the weird notes of a Turkish trumpet. The fires that glowed before the tents on shore died in the sunlight. On the beach soldiers were busy loading a camel caravan, piling the strange saddles high with ammunition cases. Urged by the short, guttural shouts of their drivers, the camels awkwardly unlimbered one leg after another and slowly hummocked out along the road winding between the hills.

With the coming of the sun, the transport and troop officers on board climbed to the upper deck, took off their shoes, faced toward Mecca, kneeled in prayer. It gave one a strange feeling, watching this devout little ceremony. The wild fervor implanted by Mahomet still flamed among his Mussulman followers. Faith inspired, they would fight to the death.

Where Xerxes' bridge of boats spanned the Hellespont, I crossed to the Asiatic shore. Two hulks, transports sunk by British submarines, blocked the straits. Past Maidos, a collection of shattered houses where empty windows stare like eye-sockets in so many skulls, we arrived at Chanak.

This sector had been under constant bombardment. When the English and French fleets attempted to force the Narrows, Captain Williams, American Military Attaché, who witnessed the action, calculated that the combined fleets rained projectiles at the rate of two thousand each hour. In consequence, it was but the shell of a town. Beyond the few houses that lined the sea wall the streets were fire-swept ruins.

We engaged rooms in the Salonika Hotel. Ruhl turned

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the spread covering his bed. He jumped with a shout at what he saw. No old campaigner sleeps in the bed in such a hotel, I explained. He tucks his raincoat or poncho in over the spread and sleeps on top immune from the attacks of the residents.

Down in the bar were gathered a crowd of German marines and some Turkish officers puffing nargiles. The preconceived notion one holds concerning the Turk must be revised. You discover this as soon as you arrive in Constantinople. They are friendly, hospitable, courteous, and among those designated the "better class" one finds the peers of continental gentlemen. I tried to enter into conversation with these officers, but, although they smilingly replied, the language difficulty was not to be overcome. Already I had been impressed by the Turkish common soldier. Fine looking men physically, and while not smart in uniform there was a certain dogged air about them, an air also of self-confidence that told you they were real fighting men.

Leaving the hotel we walked down the street of the Lame Camel. Suddenly we were surrounded by a concourse of mewing cats. They were all shades and sizes, white, black, tabby, orange, tomcat, mother cat and hundreds of kittens. Deserted felines; when Chanak was bombarded and the majority of inhabitants fled they left their pets behind. And who more appropriately than the local butcher gathered the cats and cared for them. Twice a day he wandered among them with a basket of meat scraps, feeding those hundreds of tail-waving cats. Do not believe all the yarns of Turkish inhumanity you hear.

Ruhl and Suydam returned to the peninsula side of the straits. I remained in Chanak, hiring an Armenian interpreter and guide who found me vacant quarters, picturesquely called the House of the Whirling Dervishes.

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To my surprise I met an old friend with the German forces. Prince Reuss, a naval lieutenant and aide to Admiral Usedom, in command of the German naval operations. Reuss did not hesitate to give me all data on the situation in the Dardanelles. On his map he scaled off the Turkish trenches, pointed out the extraordinary type of terrain, fitted in every way for defense. He explained how ineffective the British battleship bombardment had been; then went on to tell me of the arrival of German submarines in Saros.

"Yesterday our submarine sunk the battleship *Triumph*. Shortly it will be among the fleet disembarking English troops on those Gallipoli hills which they climb like cats clinging to the side of a tree. One submarine will end Lord Churchill's dream of forcing the Dardanelles."

"The plan had its merit," I suggested, trying to draw Prince Reuss out.

"Certainly. Without supplies Russia will shortly collapse. Any effort to hold open the road to Russia is wise strategy. And the plan might have succeeded, had not this kind Lord Churchill warned us of his intention last November."

This referred to the shelling of the Turkish forts on the tip of the peninsula. Immediately the Germans sensed the threat, the vulnerability of that sector in their far-flung defense lines. They set about making it impregnable. Reuss with utter frankness indicated the shore defenses lining the straits, forts, redoubts, mobile howitzers, and all the preparations the German-Turkish staff made after the unfortunate first naval attempt to force the passage of the Dardanelles. When I asked if I might wire his information to my newspaper, he answered, "Certainly."

It all comes back to me clearly. From my quarters in the House of the Whirling Dervishes, I enjoy a distant

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view of the entrance to the straits. Above the two main forts—Seddul Bahr on the peninsula and Kum Kale on the Thracian shore—a hazy smoke curtain hangs over the waters. The silhouettes of two battleships stand out against the surface of a slate sea. The irregular thunder of the bombardment carried on by the British ships sounds all day and night.

Calling in the Armenian interpreter—the name Amen seemed to suit him—I give orders to procure animals, ponies or asses if possible, if not camels—that we may ride down for a closer view of the fighting.

At daylight I leave Chanak. Supply trains are already moving along the road before me. Bullock carts with ungreased wheels, rumble across Kodja Chai bridge. Clean, mottled cattle, white heads bent low under their yokes, pulling heavy loads of ammunition, lead the column. Hairy water buffaloes drag two-wheeled carts piled high with camp equipage in rear of the bullock carts. Following these trots a line of burdened asses.

There is much activity in the camel camp outside the town. The kneeling camels, with eyes of limpid protest, watch the soldiers strapping on the loads across their humps. Heads swaying on their long necks they untangle their ungainly legs, prop themselves on their cabbage-like hoofs and take up their stately march. The camels mouth their tongues and look down upon the attending soldiers with disdainful eyes.

Leading the camels is a bearded Turk wearing a red and white turban and a red sash. He rides a dapper donkey. Small boy Turks run beside the train bullying the shaggy, brown haired camels. A haughty train master drives off these youngsters, scattering red fezzes right and left. Drab soldiers of the train guard follow. Fascinating in aspect, one never tired watching this picturesque train winding in and out along the white road.

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From Chanak south the road follows the coast. A stretch of green meadowland separates it from the blue waters of the Dardanelles. Across the straits abrupt crags rise. These break into radiating brush-covered ridges. Carefully hidden, the Turkish trenches make a bewildering network that covers the whole promontory, each trench protected by barbed wire woven among the branches of the scrub-oak bracken. One needs but the slightest military knowledge to realize the devastating fire the Turks can pour upon an enemy attempting to drive them from those trenches.

The rumble of the battleship bombardment is a constant accompaniment to my ride. Now, wafted by the morning breeze, I hear faint musketry and machine-gun fire. The road winds up heights past rows of newly dug graves. Here lie the Turkish soldiers killed at the time of the first bombardment. I urge my pony on to the top of Dardanos hill.

From the hilltop the mouth of the straits comes into view. The Turkish forts, Seddul Bahr on the tip of Gallipoli, and Kum Kale on the shore before me, bend together, guns grimly pointed across the narrow entrance.

Far on the horizon under a canopy of smoke lie three Dreadnought class battleships. From storied turrets flame bursts, smoke clouds, a haze stretches from the battleships in an arch above the sea to the hills of Gallipoli. That haze marks the course of the shells fired at the Turkish trenches. Without pause this gunfire continues. It is too far to distinguish details. Only the ships, the smoke, the promontory, jutting out into the sea, not unlike a crouching tiger.

Down from Dardanos hill our road winds past a Turkish camp. It is pitched along the banks of the river Simois, in a valley as pretty as an English park. Branches ravaged

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from oak and plane trees that cluster along the river bank, camouflage the tents.

This is my first view of Turkish soldiers in mass. I find them a grim, impressive group of fighting men. They wear their drab uniforms with conscious pride and the odd, Turkish helmet at a jaunty angle. Watching them drill, you become deeply impressed. These awkward, stolid-faced clods will fight with the same grim fatalism that inspired the soldiers of Mahomet.

The defeat of Churchill's premature naval attempt to force the narrows and the repulse of the French attacking Kum Kale had, no doubt, filled the Turks with confidence in their own powers.

Time and again shells fall into this camp. The troops go on with their drills, their camp routine. Scornfully the Turkish soldiers call those shells, "postcards from England." Taking leave of the German staff officers who escorted me, I ride on.

Amen, my interpreter, explains that the Turk wearing a green turban, who accompanies us for a mile or two along the road is a *hojah,* or chaplain. Together we clatter through Erenkeui, a shell-riven, deserted village. Our horses' hoofs echo hollowly as we trot past a sprawling white building, the Red Crescent Hospital, down a steep hill to the plains of ancient Troy.

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CHAPTER XXV

THE LAST CRUSADE

FROM the site of ancient Troy I watch unfold battles of the "last crusade." Underfoot poppies, larkspur, mustard flowers are woven into a gorgeous carpet. Spots of red earth mar this carpet, shell holes that fill the valley from the hills of Ilium to the waters of the Dardanelles.

Across the straits a straggling, yellow cliff upshoulders from the blue sea. With my glasses I spy the British troops. They gather in a ravine below that cliff, surrounded by sharp-edged crags and jagged hillocks. Along those crags and hillocks run the Turkish trenches, artfully hidden amid forests of low scrub. I have compared the Gallipoli promontory to a crouching tiger. Lapping the nose of that tiger is the blue Ægean Sea.

Spotting that sea are a dozen ships. A two funneled gray-black battleship with spreading fighting-tops, I believe to be the *Majestic.* I wonder about Ashmead Bartlett, envy him his comfortable quarters. Transports cluster about the *Majestic,* herded by a dozen destroyers darting

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in all directions. Like vigilant sheep-dogs those destroyers watch for enemy submarines.

The transports, formerly Cunard passenger vessels, crowd close to the head of the crouching tiger. Each ship boils with activity. Cranes swing outward and inward lifting out of the ship's hold ammunition cases, dismounted cannon, wheels, all the supplies of war. Khaki-clad soldiers, tightly packed as a crowd watching a football game, press against the gunwales waiting their turn to take to the boats.

What are the thoughts of those men? The war-scene spreads magnificently before them. They can see a flotilla of gray-black battleships parading the horizon, turrets bursting into smoke and flame, hear the rumble of salvos rolling across the waves of the Ægean, watch the giant projectiles explode on the cliff top. Along that cliff top they spot the Turkish trenches. Crowding to the ladders, ready to debark, these soldiers have seen those trenches quicken into lines of blasting flame, seen their comrades crumple and fall before they could cross the beach to the sheltered ravine where a pitiful group fights desperately to hold the tip of the crouching tiger's nose. Why, I ask myself, do those soldiers hurry so eagerly down the ladders when they can envisage the fate in store for them? What Peter the Hermit has inspired them?

The Gallipoli landing is the most fascinating war picture I have yet seen. All morning I train my field-glasses on the launches dragging their tows of lighters and gigs filled with khaki soldiers from transport to beach. Below me, a Turkish howitzer battery fires spasmodically at those tows. Miniature shell-created fountains spot the sea all around the boats. Within fifty yards of the beach the launches cast off. Sailors row the gigs. When the keels touch bottom the soldiers jump into the waves, wade ashore weighted down with pack and rifle.

All this while the battleships keep up a steady bombard-

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ment of the Turkish trenches. So steady is that rain of shells that the cliff top spouts fire and smoke like a lava bed. Yet, impossible as it seems, no sooner do the boats approach the beach than the Turks rise from their trenches to smother them with massed rifle and machine gun fire.

Yet the ferrying of troops from ship to shore never ceases. The khaki figures on the beach immediately start digging. Squads, platoons, companies dash across the open beach to the ravine that lies in a dead angle below the hill that hides the Turks. Soon the whole shore is alive with swarming soldiers.

About midday, under the burning sun, comes a lull in the fighting. It is broken by the drone of airplane engines. These fly low over the crouching tiger, hover above the fleet of transports, drop their bombs, then scurry back beyond the Turkish stronghold, a grim castle-like hill called Achi Baba.

Upon the retreat of the airplanes the battleships and cruisers parading the Ægean steam nearer. There is menace in the rolling clouds of black smoke bursting from their funnels.

Suddenly those vessels spout flame and smoke. Every ship fires with every gun in its armament. Giant projectiles search the scrub that covers the sides of the hill Achi Baba. The whole promontory resounds with tremendous detonations. The gun thunder rolls across the straits, rumbles to the base of the cliff on which I stand, seems to shake the foundations of Ilium. My interpreter Amen shouts something to me. I can hardly hear him, so terrific is the noise.

Huge shells bursting below what would be the eyes of my crouching tiger trace a line of yellow, green, black smoke. Under that smoke, fire flames skyward. The scrub on the hillside turns quickly to a burning inferno. Blazing rings circle Achi Baba. Smoke, like heavy fog, shrouds its top.

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Could anything survive under such bombardment? I search the terrain where I know the Turkish trenches run. That hell rain must have smothered, burned, obliterated every living thing hidden on the hillside.

As it started, so the bombardment stops abruptly. The thousands of tiny figures I can spot crawling across the beach spring into new life. Line after line rushes forward, till they come to the rugged brow of my crouching tiger. Bayonets flash. Rifles spit flame. The battle lines skewer through the smoldering scrub. Khaki manikins are charging up the hill.

The ridge of Achi Baba changes instantly from a smoldering ruin to a glacis planted with machine guns. As from their graves, Turkish soldiers rise in the trenches, blaze into a steady, unbroken roar of rifle fire. From behind the hill, Turkish batteries pound out salvos of shrapnel.

The khaki figures press forward to the brim of the Turkish trenches, shooting, stabbing. Shrapnel rains down upon them. Rifle bullets in gusts sweep through those struggling ranks. The battle surges like the rip of tide and wind below me in the straits.

So it raged, indecisively, till nightfall.

Yet night did not end the struggle. From across the moon-silvered sea came the thunder of a renewed battleship bombardment. Again the crest of Achi Baba—the skull of my crouching tiger—burst into a thousand flames as if miniature volcanoes erupted from its ridge. The tongues of flame licked through the underbrush. Shortly the whole battlefield became a sheet of red fire that spread from the highmost Turkish trenches down to the white sands of the beach. Dense clouds of black smoke rose to shut out the moon.

For hours I watched that conflagration. Below me on the banks of old Skamander regular white rows of Turkish

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tents dotted the meadows. These tents shelter part of the force that drove the French from Kum Kale, the Thracian point of the narrows. They were deserted. The soldiers crowded into the howitzer battery, massed along the shores of the straits, watching that terrific, inhuman, ghostly conflict staged across the narrow waters. It was as if the Gods of Greece chose this scene once more as the theater for an epic tragedy.

Tragedy! I could picture tragedies uncounted. Those flames swept relentlessly across the area of battle. Stunted, burned trees stood out in the fire-light while the bracken blazed about them. What of the soldiers who had sheltered themselves behind those trees? What of the wounded, scattered amid the bracken? What of the few heroes who had captured a section of enemy trench, held it with the courage of lions, only to be caught in a ring of scorching fire? Was there ever such a holocaust?

Exhausted, depressed, filled with melancholy visions of the fate of the men who had so gallantly fought that day, I stared across the Straits. Above that inferno the half moon shone serenely. But its rays could not pierce the smoke pall that shadowed the head of the crouching tiger. With heavy heart I stretched out in the narrow trench to rest.

It seemed but minutes when I was awakened, the sun rising. Amen was shaking me, pointing, jabbering excitedly.

"Captain! Captain! Look! Great vessel sunk. British ships sail from here."

Instantly I brought my glasses to focus on Seddul Bahr. Smoke poured from the funnels of the transports, the funnels of the destroyers. These darted about the sea surface, crossing and criss-crossing, gun-crews assembled about their deck armament. Far on the horizon I could see the battleships and cruisers steaming for distant Imbros Island.

"Submarine?"

"Yes, Captain," answered Amen. "Turkish soldiers see

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it early, tell me. Say now British must leave Dardanelles."

"How many ships sunk?"

"One. But very large ship."

What ship I wondered? I questioned Amen. He could not help me identify it. I tried to determine from studying the fleet now herded together by the destroyers and steaming out to sea.

As I watched those ships abandoning the men they had left on shore I grew hotly resentful. What a shameful maneuver! Panic indeed must have seized the British that every ship should scuttle for safety while their soldiers still faced a resourceful enemy. Already that enemy poured unremitting rifle, machine-gun, shell fire on the beaches where British soldiers huddled. What would be the plight of those men when they ran short of ammunition, food, water?

There was no need for me to stay longer. That German submarine scuttled Winston Churchill's dreams of conquest. Burning with indignation I ordered Amen to saddle up. I took leave of the Turkish commander of the camp. It was not until I rode into Chanak and met Prince Reuss that I learned the ship the submarine sank was the *Majestic.*

I wondered what had happened to Ashmead-Bartlett.

I returned to Constantinople. In Chanak I wrote—white-hot with what I saw down the Straits—a three thousand word dispatch. The essence of my wrought-up feelings went into that story. How was I to get it out without the censor mutilating it? A few Turkish gold pieces in the right pockets and the telegram went through unread to Bucharest and was wired on from there.

Later I learned that the English censor killed half of that story, and Lawson ran it in an inconspicuous corner of the "Telegraph." Lord Northcliffe who opposed the

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Dardanelles expedition from the first, pounced on it figuratively, and reprinted it in the "Times," pointing all I said in an editorial.

I continued sending dispatches all in similar tenor. In time I received a wire recalling me to Bucharest to await instructions.

In the Rumanian capital I met Colonel Thompson of the British Intelligence Service. (Later Lord Thompson, killed in the R. 101 disaster.) He informed me of the controversy disrupting the British Parliament, the Dardanelles question. My dispatches were being quoted by the anti-government party.

At the suggestion of the American Minister in Bucharest, I undertook a mission to Serbia in behalf of Austrian prisoners. Later I went to Sofia, Bulgaria. Upon my return to Rumania I found a cable from Mr. Lawson recalling me to London.

It was after one o'clock at night a week later I arrived. I taxied to Fleet Street. The "Daily Telegraph" had been put to bed, as the pressmen term locking the presses. I drove out to the flat I had sublet from A. A. Milne in Chelsea. The next morning I was awakened from sound sleep by a ringing telephone.

"Are you there, Captain Fortescue?"

I grunted "yes."

"Lord Northcliffe's secretary speaking. His lordship wants you to lunch with him today—" An interruption—then another voice.

"I say, Fortescue. Come to luncheon today. (It was Lord Northcliffe himself speaking.) Some members of Parliament coming. The 'Times' has been running your criticisms of Churchill. We're fighting to bring what's left of the expedition back from the Dardanelles. Want your story. You'll come?"

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I accepted. But I never learned how Lord Northcliffe knew I had arrived in London.

The Dardanelles dispatches set England aflame. Hearst's International News Service cabled them uncensored to New York. They were repeated back to Paris, Berlin and finally in their uncensored wording, published in London. Not by the "Daily Telegraph" however. Lord Burnham and his newspaper were staunch supporters of Lloyd George and the party in power. Lord Northcliffe, Sir Edward Carson, and the opposition debated the dispatches and their significance daily in parliament. Passions were stirred throughout the Empire. The question of continuing the attempt to force the Dardanelles, or to withdraw, roused every British newspaper to bitter partisanship not only in England but in Canada, Australia, in India.

Privileged to attend parliament in the Strangers' Gallery, I listened to Lloyd George defending the government's position. A politician, incapable of understanding the simplest military problem, looking on all staff officers as nincompoops, the Premier rested his defense of the expedition upon its hoped-for strategic results. On this point there could be only one opinion. All the rhetoric indulged in from Cicero to the present could not make right the tactical errors which doomed the Dardanelles campaign to failure.

Ashmead-Bartlett, who returned to England after the sinking of the *Majestic,* confirmed the conclusions to which I had arrived, from his observations. His version of the campaign was no more welcome to the party in power than mine.

Sir Edward Carson, who lived near where I was residing in Chelsea, and who was one of the prominent figures in parliament of his day, invited me to breakfast to discuss the whole situation. Mr. Amery, his protégé, was present as well as Sir Edward's beautiful wife.

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Eating that bountiful British breakfast, in a charming British house, served by British servants, my thoughts went back to those soldiers abandoned on that far-off tip of a bleak promontory jutting into the Ægean Sea. Did they eat that warm, sun drenched morning? Did they drink? Or had the few springs dried? Had they slept the night before? Or had the Turkish shells doomed them to sleeplessness? Mentally I compared their lot with ours. Is it to be wondered that I convinced Sir Edward that the battalions fighting that hopeless battle should be brought home?

Hints were now dropped from high powers. Evidently the public mind was to be prepared for a change of policy. All the propaganda that had gone before to create a fury of support for Churchill's plan was now to be soft-pedaled. Under high pressure I wrote a small book setting forth my impressions of the fighting, my analysis of the tactics, my conclusions that the expedition could not succeed. The manuscript I submitted to the censor. It was passed, but a few paragraphs deleted. In a remarkably short time "What of the Dardanelles?" was for sale on all English book-stalls.

Shortly after the little book's appearance Lord Kitchener proceeded on the inspection tour that determined the final withdrawal of the survivors of as courageous a band of soldiers as the world has seen since the time of Xenophon.

When the cost of that gigantic failure is counted it must weigh heavily on one man: Winston Churchill. How can he lift his head among his countrymen?

Late one September night I pushed back from my typewriter. I looked around the walls of Milne's attractive flat, let my eyes rest on the well-filled bookshelves, wondering where their owner spent this night. Did his thoughts contrast the horror of the trenches with what he had left in

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England? In a mood of sympathy for Milne, I went to bed.

It seemed I had hardly dropped asleep when a distant rumble awakened me. My nerves vibrated in unison to oscillating air waves. The boom of a bursting shell, here, in London! A surge of confused feeling welled up inside me warning me vividly of what was happening. It was as if subconsciously I had awaited that detonation.

A Zeppelin raid!

Heart in my throat I called to my wife sleeping in an adjoining room. Being thus awakened annoyed her, but my shout of "The Zepps are here!" brought her out of bed.

The explosions sounded at regular intervals, nearer and nearer. Cautiously I opened a window. I had switched off all light behind me, this in obedience of the military order that no lights should be shown at night. Below me in the shrouded street I could hear a policeman shouting up at neighbors who had opened windows without switching off lights:

"Put out those lights! Put out those lights!"

It seemed a futile gesture. My window looked over a bit of the Thames and beyond the immense bulk of London sprawled under the blackness of the night.

Answering explosions now rivaled the boom of the Zeppelin bombs. The anti-aircraft guns spat their fire at the invading cone. In the haze spreading over the city the Zeppelin gave one the impression of an enormous silver fish. Searchlights from a dozen vantage points played on the bulging body, giving the skin of the gas-bag the appearance of scales. So near it passed I could hear the throbbing of the motors. All about the blazing anti-aircraft cannon shattered the darkness. Shells burst against the black sky, splotches of white light. Blinking to those sudden bursts of fire I watched, nerves tingling, for a

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shell to strike that silver fish. There, one lights up the gondola in high relief. The guns are getting the range!

Lifting its blunt nose the great silver fish started skyward. As it rose a dozen shells exploded, flaming white, what seemed a hand's-breadth below the air-ship. The crackling shell bursts merged with deeper bomb detonations. The Zeppelin dropped the remainder of its death load. Higher and higher it rose, circling to the south till I could no longer see its ghostly outline in the haze.

"Well," commented my wife as I shut the window, "you don't have to go to the front any more; the front has come to us."

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CHAPTER XXVI

AMERICA JOINS THE ALLIES

ZEPPELINS visited London whenever the atmospheric conditions favored them during the following months. What actual damage the bombs inflicted upon a city the size of London could not readily be discovered without a labored survey of its streets. The censor clamped down on every newspaper. Only the baldest account of the Zeppelin raid found its way into print. Liverpool Station suffered considerable damage and fire started by the bombs cut a wide swath through Cheapside. A dozen houses around Grey's Inn were gutted. Other sectors of London felt the wrath of the invader in a similar fashion. The greatest damage was done to window-glass. Over wide areas wherever bombs fell hardly a window remained whole.

What the moral effect of the raid was on the population of London I could not estimtae. Undoubtedly many living in the poorer streets were terrified. Their homes—rabbit-warren tinder-boxes—offered no protection from flaming death dropped from the skies. It is not to be

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wondered that with this class fear of the enemy was only matched by hate.

In my searching after damage I found where two omnibuses received direct hits. On one of these the effect was extraordinary. It must have been enveloped by a sheet of blasting flame. Literally it was reduced to flinders. Of the unfortunates who had ridden in that bus under the firery downpour nothing remained but ashes. This was but an instance of what may have happened in many parts of London.

During a later raid I was at Wyndham's Theater with my wife. The play was "The Ware Case" with that finished as well as charming actress, Marie Lohr, playing the lead. The theory of the English was to "carry on," in spite of war and its attendant horrors, the usual routine of social life. The theater was filled. Women in evening gowns, men in white ties and tails in the stalls, while the pit and the gallery were jammed with London's characteristic theater-going crowd, clerks, small tradesmen and their wives, cockneys, from Cheapside to Maida Vale.

With this audience tense on the play, suddenly came a faint "boom-m-"!, as if the bass-drummer inadvertently tapped his drum. Again it sounded, nearer. "Zeppelins" breathed the audience in a hissing whisper. Eyes turned apprehensively to the doming roof. A third "Boom!" much louder. It seemed to reverberate under that roof. The stir among the audience increased. Still the players never missed a cue. Marie Lohr carried off a scene in superb style as if all unconscious of that menace of sky-sailing death. While the anti-aircraft cannon crackled outside I applauded with all the strength of my palms. The audience joined in, clapped, cheered, this exhibition of their admired "British pluck." The threat of panic passed. Only two of the entire audience—a cross-section of London —left the theater.

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During a change of scene Sir Gerald du Maurier made a short speech deprecating the danger, while the receding explosions faintly echoed. Followed a silent moment when he finished, then the audience stood and chanted the solemn notes of "God Save the King!" Later I found that one Zeppelin bomb exploded within two squares of the theater.

At this period the defense precautions—siren warnings, the construction of under-ground shelters, and other measures of safety—had not been established in the Metropolitan area. The most effective defense proved to be airplanes shooting explosive bullets. These bullets set the Zeppelin gas afire. When the first great airship fell a blazing furnace on English soil, fear of a Zeppelin invasion evaporated.

My relations with the "Daily Telegraph" at this time were difficult. I was thoroughly convinced the Dardanelles campaign was doomed. I wrote a small book to that effect. Sir Arthur Markham quoted my conclusions in Parliament. As I have said, other leaders opposing the Lloyd George party in power, also used my material. Lord Burnham, and the "Daily Telegraph" supported the government. Naturally he could not use my articles. Lord Northcliffe and the London "Times" opposed the government party. He was eager to print all that I might write on the subject.

On a number of occasions I lunched with Lord Northcliffe in the dingy "Times" office in Paternoster Row. The luncheons were excellent, and the "Times" port without peer. Northcliffe, I knew, intended "picking my brain" during the luncheon. I did not object. With Lord Burnham's permission I wrote for the "Times" a number of military estimates of the situation—foretelling with accuracy what would happen when Rumania swung to the side of the Allies—and Lord Northcliffe ran as much of

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this material as the censor would permit. Also I wrote numerous articles for the International News Service.

Finding the situation somewhat embarrassing I declared a holiday and proceeded to Hythe for golf and health. One of the Canadian contingents was in training here. The officers complained bitterly that they were replaced by English majors, captains and lieutenants when their companies were transported across the channel to France. The Canadian officers were left without command. It was just this system that France and England, or rather Marshal Foch and Lord Haig, wished to put in effect when American soldiers arrived in Europe. To the eternal credit of General Pershing, he would not countenance it.

Daily I played golf with George Ashmead-Bartlett, the brother of Ellis. A shoulder wound kept his left arm stiff and vastly improved his game. Often with the wind in the right quarter, we could hear the guns booming in France. In ten days George must return to his machine-gun section. He had told me a dozen tales of desperate fighting. I wondered what his thoughts were when we heard the distant cannon. I could not see that his putting was affected. He usually won our half-crown bets. When I wished him good-by and good luck after our last game, I said:

"I'll be practicing until you get leave again. I promise to trim you when you come home."

I caught an odd glint deep in his eyes as we shook hands.

"Yes," he nodded. "When I come home."

George was killed in the next British Offensive.

After a number of discussions with Lord Burnham, it was decided that my rôle would be to enlighten the American Public to the German menace. I admired and marveled at the extraordinary success Sir Gilbert Parker's propaganda activities achieved in the United States. When

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he "put over" the story that the Germans were boiling down dead bodies of soldiers found in the trenches in order to extract fats for use in making ammunitions, I realized there was no limit to the credulity of my countrymen. I was not averse to talking, but I insisted I should tell my countrymen nothing except the truth in so far as I knew it.

With my wife, I sailed on the *Adriatic* for New York, and we went without delay to Washington.

I began a lecture tour that took me from Maine to Michigan. My talk was illustrated with still and motion pictures, and, while I found audiences everywhere sharply interested, they were by no means enthusiastic to the point of wishing to enter the war on the side of the Allies.

English and French propaganda flooding the United States press at that period, fed the seaboard states. In Boston, New York, Baltimore, Washington, I discovered that my audiences warmly applauded all flattering references to the achievements of the Allies. Still few foresaw that this country would be drawn into the conflict. In my after-lecture conversations among the members of my audiences, the great majority only wanted assurances that such a disaster might never happen.

This sentiment grew stronger as I traveled west. It manifested itself in the great vote given Woodrow Wilson in the western states after his "too proud to fight" pronouncement.

My lecture tour concluded I returned to Washington. Already the English and French military missions were bringing steady pressure to bear on the administration. Fabulous contracts for war material were signed. Huge loans to float these contracts were readily arranged by our financial leaders. More and more did the United States become enmeshed in the circumstances of European conflict. When I learned some of the details of these transac-

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tions I became cynically certain America's entry into the war was only a matter of time.

At this time I held long discussions on the European situation with Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood. My pessimistic predictions only spurred Colonel Roosevelt to new efforts towards turning public opinion in favor of France and England. General Wood already had his preparedness program well under way. In this work I promised to help him. The result was a small book setting forth the duty of preparedness under the title "Fore-Armed," which brought me flattering fan mail.

I saw Count Von Bernstorff daily at the club in Washington. The diplomatic representatives of the Central Powers reserved a table for their exclusive use. The gayety or gloom of that table made an accurate barometer of the fortunes of Germany in the war. I had always been friendly with the ambassador, and saw no reason for not continuing on friendly terms now.

One day after luncheon Von Bernstorff asked me to join him for coffee and cigars. Naturally I was alert for what this might portend. After a few amiable moments, he asked:

"When do you go back to Europe?"

I replied that the date was not fixed. After a slight hesitation he continued his questioning:

"Have you still the newspaper connections you formerly had?"

"Yes. And I have a special contract with the Washington 'Post' for war articles."

Once more a pause, then smiling—Von Bernstorff had much charm—he said:

"I do not wish to ask your salary in this matter, but if you would consider working from the German side, I can promise——"

I laughed. He did not finish. I was neither indignant

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nor tempted. Even when he hinted that various German decorations would be mine if I would simply write my stories from the Central Powers' side I continued laughing. Von Bernstorff shrugged his shoulders.

"No one knows better than you that Germany will win, so why not accept?"

"I'm not so sure Germany will win, Mr. Ambassador, if she continues her present policy."

The diplomat left, his eyes worried. For this was the period of exchange of numerous notes between President Wilson and Germany dealing with the submarine menace.

It was my habit to attend the sessions of Congress whenever the European war was brought under discussion. While going to the Capitol one day when President Wilson intended to address a joint session of the House and Senate upon his policies concerning German submarine warfare, I discovered an immense throng blocking my way. During the flash of a second I imagined the crowd interested in what the President was about to say. No, I soon learned, that crowd assembled to watch Houdini, the Wizard, while dangling from the branch of a park tree, wiggle out of a strait-jacket!

When the time came for my return to Europe I chose the French line. To the best of my calculations the open sea route offered a safer choice than entering the channel. Quite a few English ships sank with submarine-sent torpedoes in their vitals. On this expedition my wife determined to accompany me. Abandon ship drills helped break the monotony of the journey. From Bordeaux, our port, I hurried on immediately to Paris.

And what a different Paris I discerned! While the armies, like grunting wrestlers, were locked in trench warfare, the behind-the-line French schooled themselves to a new sentiment, half optimism, half recklessness. "Defeatism" was a thought taboo. The serried, gray ranks that

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closed in a half circle around Paris during the first months of the war were rolled back. No longer did the Uhlans shake their lances at the *Tour Eiffel.* If the Louvre, the Luxembourg—their priceless art treasures hidden—were closed, the restaurants again invited all within their portals. The Tuileries gardens blossomed with flowers. Children, many it is true, wearing mourning black, played again along the Champs Elysées, laughed again at the antics of Punch and Judy, jeered again at the villain of the piece now uniformed as a "bosche." Warm sunshine bathed the boulevards during the day. At night, lights discreetly screened, the theaters opened. Réjane once more charmed Paris with the rapture of her voice.

Yet the joyous note did not always sound. On benches under the trees bordering the Champs Elysées, the piteous *blessés* sat watching the children at play. Pinched faces, ashen hued; glassy eyes peered out from the turned-up collars of trench-soiled uniforms. Heads bandaged, carrying their arms in slings, or hobbling on canes or crutches, these lightly wounded awaited their cure and the call to battle when they would be once more whole.

My first visit after establishing myself with the Press Bureau, was to the American Ambulance at Neuilly. Doctor "Jim" Hutchinson, a fellow Pennsylvania alumnus, as head of the hospital toiled day and night. Never have I seen a face with more comfort and kindliness in its lineaments. Two other Americans were "Jim's" assistants, Doctors Beebe and Powers, with Hay as dentist, at this period.

Not only as an expression of the friendliness of the United States towards France, but in its demonstration of American surgical and sanitary methods, did the American Ambulance prove its worth to French medicine.

No longer did it seem feasible to see the fighting from the front lines as I found possible during the early-war months. Neither could a correspondent work alone.

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Groups escorted by polite French officers made their way over battlefields still throbbing with conflict—Verdun, the Somme, the Argonne—yet for me the tang of the game was gone. On these expeditions correspondents trembled or thrilled to the burst of an occasional "77" projectile, but that soon became in the current phrase, old stuff. The human interest feature faded from the war writing of this period. Even stories dealing with strategy—Allied or German—met little enthusiasm in editorial offices. The war sank to the status of stalemate. The most interest-catching angle now was the political. And I set myself diligently about discovering all I could on this subject.

Rumania came into the war. As a pawn in Allied attack, Rumania proved to be even less helpful than I had predicted. To me it always seemed ruthlessly selfish of France and England to feed Rumanian peasants to the Prussian lions. Colonel, afterwards Lord Thompson, of the British Intelligence Service, whom I met in Bucharest, knew the Rumanian army would be chaff against the German cannon. Imagine an army whose officers rouged their cheeks!

Major Logan, the always genial "Jimmy," invited me to dinner to meet the flyers of the *Escadrille Lafayette*. On occasion I had run into several of them at the Chatham Hotel bar, which they used as a club. This was my first chance to talk with them as a group. Thaw, Cowdin, McConnell, Killen, Rockwell, Hinkle, whom I knew at school in Andover, Hall, Biglow and Lufberry, as I recall, made up the party.

Over the brandy and coffee I drew out Lufberry on his first air flight. We exchanged reminiscences about the Philippines, and he gave me an outline of his automobile racing career. Of French descent and keen for adventure, he sailed for France during the first weeks of the war,

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enlisted in the Foreign Legion, then transferred to the flying corps when the *Escadrille* was formed.

The brief story as he told it looks cold in type. Words were not his forte. Yet, his gestures, typical of his French origin, his expression, the short sentences—like bursts from his machine gun—made the story intensely vivid. Each sentence painted its own picture.

"I saw a single German machine and I went for him. When I neared him he began firing at me."

"What were your sensations at that moment?" I asked.

"Didn't have time for sensations. I began firing at him. Then we both circled, firing all the time. Suddenly, his machine seemed to turn all white. He was upside down. Then he caught fire. He fell, reminding me of a smoking cigarette butt dropping through the air. Then I came home."

For action and brevity I consider this story a classic.

What seemed to worry these fliers more than the chances of air combat was what would happen should they be captured within the German lines? From a source supposed to be German they learned they were to be shot immediately. On this point I reassured them. What I said was afterwards proved by the gallant code of conduct practiced by the air fighters of the Allied and the Central Power armies.

Major Logan's dinner came to a successful close. Studying these aviators it was simple to catalogue them as the devil-may-care type, young, reckless, resourceful in the new style warfare and largely enamored of the romance surrounding air battles. With one or two exceptions they were hard drinkers. Thaw was one of these exceptions. I came to know him well later. He was second to Lufberry, the most brilliant fighter of the group, and came through unscathed because, I judged, his intelligence proved to be of better temper than his companions.

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Within a week Rockwell was shot down in flames. A month later Norman Prince received the wound from which he died. Others of the famous squadron met similar fates until the remaining members of *Escadrille Lafayette* joined the air forces organized under the American flag. Within a year and six months, Raoul Lufberry, the most gallant knight of them all, credited with some seventeen victories, leaped from his flaming plane to death.

Nineteen sixteen wore to its close. Politicians stepped into the picture, usurping the duties of commanding generals. This was the period of renewed submarine warfare. To answer that threat the trench-weary French poilus were driven to slaughter on the banks of the Somme. I visited the battlefield while it still reeked of corruption.

Over a wide stretch of desolation lay the débris of war. Crushed helmets, twisted bayonets, broken gun-stocks, torn cartridge pouches, grenades, shells, fish-shaped torpedoes planted in the leaden mud, as if scattered there by the God of War himself. Shell pits spotted the surface of the soil as if it had suffered the scourge of small-pox. Ruined machine-gun shelters, gun-pits, shell-ripped sand-bags dripping into shell-riven dug-outs. In the still, damp air a fetid smell. Trenches, where friend and foe alike lie buried, newly covered with that leaden colored earth. Trees waved black and naked branches above those interminable graves, reminding one of witches performing weird and devilish rites. Far and wide this sea of desolation. Above it wisps of yellow mist where gas still lingered. Over all that stench, the choking odor of corruption.

The Somme offensive registered the highest tide of trench fighting and its utter hopelessness. When the appalling losses became known, when hundreds of thousands of mothers and wives donned black, it was only by severest measures the politicians could suppress the people's cries for peace. From Major Logan, who was in the con-

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fidence of the highest French officials, I learned in detail of mutinies among certain French regiments. Also I learned of the ruthless but necessary means enforced to quell these mutinies. For the Allies this was the gloomiest period of the war.

Mackensen, wearing his Death's Head shako, rode ruthlessly through Rumania. The Salonika expedition bogged down. A group of members of the chamber of deputies declared openly for peace. The end—a disaster-filled, world-readjusting end—of the war could not be delayed, unless help came from some new source.

When the Allies' fortunes were at their lowest, word trickled over to Paris that Wilson was wavering. How the United States remained aloof from the conflict so many years baffled me. Money is the sinews of war. When American bankers floated Allied war loans throughout the United States, it seemed obvious that America threw aside its false-face of neutrality. Time and again I discussed the situation with Major Logan and those of our diplomats who dared to talk freely. Relentlessly we were being edged into war in spite of all President Wilson's fervent wishes to avoid such war.

Opinions, conforming in part to the ones I held at that time, I find set forth in a book published in 1935: "The Road to War" by Walter Millis. To say the United States went into the World War to make the world safe for democracy is a stench in the nostrils of intelligent human beings. Perhaps the self-deluding President Wilson honestly believed his slogan. If he could have seen inside the brain of his son-in-law, Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo, his enlightenment would have shaken his soul, his faith in his friends, human nature. If the Allies lost the war, the United States lost the billion-dollar loan it had placed with those Allies. American industry would instantly collapse. Indirectly the American farmer would

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suffer. Here was a situation devoutly to be avoided. The great bankers, the great industrialists stated what would happen in words of one syllable to the politicians: world ruin. The politicians labored with President Wilson. Who could qualify, in this situation, as an understanding and sympathetic intermediary, the ideal liaison officer? Surely none better than the President's shrewd Secretary of the Treasury.

Discouraged by the many restrictions binding war-correspondents in France in the Spring of 1917, I consulted Logan.

"I'm thinking of moving on to Salonika," I said during our talk. "Not much chance of getting to the front here, that is without a dozen French officials to chaperon one."

Jimmy gave me one of his cryptic smiles.

"I wouldn't be in any hurry to go to the Salonika front."

"Why not?"

"You won't have much difficulty in getting to the front in future," he chuckled in his typical fashion.

"You mean?"

"Lunch with me at Ciro's tomorrow."

Not a word more. I knew Jimmy's ideas of little jokes, so I arrived promptly at Ciro's. In a moment Major Logan came in, *resplendent in uniform and ribbons*. Across the room I saw Colonel Lassiter, also in uniform. Hitherto no American officer wore uniform in Paris.

"Why all the uniform?" I asked. I already knew his answer.

"We're in the war. You better be sending your old uniform to be cleaned and pressed."

We drank to the war. Within a week I was on the high seas headed for home. I found the old uniform beyond cleaning and pressing. I was measured for a new one.

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CHAPTER XXVII

BACK STAGE IN WAR-TORN SPAIN.*

Is an Italian Gibraltar only an Italian dream? The revolting forces in Spain are strongly allied to Italy. And Mussolini covets "the Rock." Who yet knows what understanding exists between Rome and General Franco's headquarters in Salamanca?

Watching the nightly movies shown on the *Conte di Savoia* during my voyage from New York to Spain, I discovered it was a dream devoutly shared by all the people of the aroused Italian nation. The screen showed an animated map of the Mediterranean. In succession Suez, Malta, Gibraltar came into close-up focus. An Italian Graham McNamee enlarged on how these British possessions pointed cannon at the heart of Italy. How, asked the announcer, can this menace be removed forever from the Italian nation? The audience was left to think out the answer for itself.

That this Spanish war may light the fuse exploding an European conflict of appalling proportions is a possibility

* This and following chapters display some aspects of the Spanish war seen by the author. Publication dates unfortunately prevent us from including in this book a fuller account.—*The Publishers.*

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not to be put aside impatiently. Conflict of interest and objectives arising during two years between Italy and England would put the two countries in different camps. Obviously the capture of Gibraltar would exalt Italy to the topmost rank among European nations. Surely "the Rock" is a prize worth all of war's gamble.

Today Italian strategists of the General Staff assure themselves Gibraltar is no longer impregnable. They admit that the world's greatest fortress may withstand attack from sea and land as heretofor, if carried out with weapons heretofore in use. But now modern armies use gas, airplanes. Is Gibraltar vulnerable from the air? To this question Mussolini's strategists answer a confident "Yes."

This question of vulnerability remains academic until the next great world conflict. Secrecy profound, like a London fog, envelops the type and effectiveness of Gibraltar's armament. Yet even the non-military observer can recognize hangars newly built in the shadow of the rock; he can distinguish seaplanes droning above the casements, destroyers floating in the docks. All day and all night he can hear sounds that signal war preparations. Ammunition ships, red flags flying, unloading their explosives. Meanwhile Gibraltar waits, calmly confident in its massive strength, never seriously menaced since first the British Ensign flew high above its bastions.

With British indifference Gibraltar ignores the activities of the Spaniards within its walls. That is, their political activities. The coming and going of the Spanish commercial tide—Spaniards in shoals drift in and out of the town daily—is carefully supervised. Both Spanish and English customs officers examine the bundles the men and women carry or pack on the backs of patient burros when they pass Waterport Gate.

Still war is being waged in Gibraltar. Not actual battle with all its terrors as take place about Madrid, but a sort

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of shadow-boxing war that goes on from dawn to dark in that most fascinating thoroughfare, Main Street. Nowhere in the world can I recall seeing any similar Main Street. Surely not more than twenty feet wide, it crawls up from the wharfs to the winding roads that circle the Rock, so thickly studded with shops that, during the busiest hours in the morning, the whole thoroughfare is an animated bazaar. Impossible to detail the variety and value of the goods for sale. Linens, laces, embroideries, antiques, jewels, perfumes, a wealth of what-nots from the Orient, all displayed to tempt the purchaser. Spacing these shops at convenient intervals for the thirsty are cafés and bars. These are the fronts of the shadow-boxing war. Around the little tables, sipping beer or cognac, Nacionales and Republicanos, whites and reds of Spain, spy upon each other with looks meant to kill as effectively as a machine-gun.

The Piccadilly Bar is the cleanest and most conservative of the group. Naturally you find the better dressed Spaniards, gentlemen who support General Franco, drinking their coffee and liquors here. Few, if any, of the government sympathizers enter. Only when some high ranking red from Malaga (this red stronghold is about sixty miles distant) comes to Gibraltar would you see him in the Piccadilly.

In the Universal Café, some short distance further up Main Street, the tables are given over to the Republicanos. At the moment their aspect is dolorous. Unkempt, clothes soiled, faces drawn, but with eyes brilliantly alert, they huddle about the tables talking rapidly in low tones. You can readily guess that they discuss the latest bulletins from General Franco as broadcast by the resonant General Queipo de Llano, official Graham McNamee of the National forces. Madrid is about to fall. Nationals hold the northwest sector of the Spanish capital. Eleven red

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airplanes shot down in flames. Bad news indeed. It is not however confirmed by "El Annunciado," a newspaper with red leanings published in Gibraltar. Several valiant Spanish nationals enter the Universal, smiling, talking loudly and waving copies of the "Calpense," the nationalist newspaper. Outwardly the two groups ignore one another. Except for covert looks shooting venomous hatred from table to table, there is no sign of those violent emotions swaying fratricidal enemies. In the street outside the Universal Café stand two British soldiers, one a Gordon Highlander, the other a regular infantryman. Eyes apparently focused in the middle distance, nothing that happens inside the café escapes these soldiers of the King.

Moving on up Main Street to the Royal Bar, one finds rare entertainment. This is the semi-official rendezvous of the Spanish nationals. A long, low-ceilinged room crowded with small tables topped with black marble, it is filled with a constant babble of excited voices. All the customers are animated, yet orderly. Along the side wall stands a stage. During the evening hours a band plays and at intervals *ballerinas,* as the Spanish dancers call themselves, appear to dance and sing. This feature attracts not only the Spanish exiles, but numerous British sailors and some Americans. Tonight a contingent from H.M.S. *Glowworm* occupy a table directly facing the stage. Beyond sit two sailors with U.S.S. *Hatfield* on their caps, members of the Coastguard sent here to evacuate American citizens from the war zone. Across the front of the stage you read the notice:

NO MAN IN UNIFORM ALLOWED ON STAGE.
By order of the Naval Police.

The sailors are keenly interested in the stage show, but not to the extent of succumbing to the charms of a muscle dancer in green satin jacket and red pantaloons.

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The Spanish Nacionales who crowd the café tables read their newspapers and comment joyfully over the latest dispatches from Spain. At a few tables in shadowed corners other grim figures watch them, speaking seldom and then in almost inaudible voices.

Out again into Main Street, sandwiched in between shops selling East Indian silks or Spanish "Perfumeria," you find the *casas de cambio,* money changers. The pound varies between 65 and 120 pesetas, paper, according to whether you wish to buy or sell. Silver pesetas are worth about 58 to the pound. These quotations may change violently any day. With civil war and both sides using Bank of Spain paper and such silver and copper as is in circulation, naturally the rate of exchange problem is serious. Recently it has become more serious as the Communist government party are said to contemplate issuing paper pesetas of 5, 2 and 1 denominations. Add to this the fact that counterfeiters are putting out false five peseta pieces, and you understand the difficulties of the National provisional government in handling finances.

There is little likelihood of the paper being successfully counterfeited. The engravers have done excellent work. The bills carry beautifully etched portraits of national heroes—Velásquez, Calderon, Felipe II and others—as well as insets of public buildings, monuments or historic scenes, the whole bill being a distinctly creditable work of art. I have some of the 1925 issue. Probably previous and subsequent issues are in circulation.

On Saturdays the town is flooded with Spaniards from the nearby villages. Some come from Algeciras and even Malaga. Of course they belong to different political parties and only the watchful eyes of the garrison guard prevent hostilities. On one occasion the Nationals and Republicans staged a riot on Main Street. It occurred at the moment when General Franco's forces hoped to fight their way

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into Madrid and all insurgent Spain stood ready to celebrate the surrender of the capital.

Gibraltar Nationals anticipated this celebration. Their flag-waving and cheers bred resentment in the Reds. A café dispute brought the clash to a head. Armed with knives and pistols smuggled into the port the two groups moved into Main Street to continue their battle. At double-time the British guard plunged into the fray, dragging the enemies apart. Other companies of the garrison stood to arms ready to reënforce the guard. Not before an unrecorded number of casualties spotted the cobbles could the riot be scotched.

Since that time there have been no further scenes from the civil war staged in Gibraltar. Still mysterious stabbings are frequent. Local police often find themselves baffled trying to solve these. Undoubtedly these are private feuds between National and Republican who meet in Gibraltar.

Gibraltar ignores these disturbances, but remains bewildered concerning the "Rossi" episode. The activities of Lieutenant Rossi for weeks threw the balance of Europe's war scales into quivering uncertainty. The story touches high adventure.

Commander of an Italian destroyer lying at anchor in Barcelona when civil war broke out, Rossi laid his course immediately for the Balearic Islands. He procured in Barcelona before he sailed sufficient Spanish regular army uniforms to clothe his crew. The destroyer steamed into Palma at night. Lieutenant Rossi debarked his Italians, armed with rifles and machine guns, and uniformed as Spanish Nationals. They seized the city, drove out the Republican officials, posing all the time as Spaniards. Rossi then steamed to Iviza, a half-wild island of the group, and repeated his coup. It was not long before Benito Mussolini knew what had happened, unofficially. Mr. Eden and the

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British Foreign Office also became painfully aware of what had happened, unofficially. Some very private correspondence passed between London and Rome. I can imagine the clerks of the British Foreign Office sitting up far into the night composing just the right type of note, diplomatic yet forceful. Here indeed was a direct threat at Gibraltar, a menace to English domination of the Mediterranean. Diplomatic the note would be, but Mussolini must be warned "Hands Off!"

The Italian Foreign Office declared itself shocked and surprised. The Italian Foreign Minister disavowed Rossi. And so the matter rests.

It was with rather mixed feelings my wife and I embarked on the steamer *Margaritha II* for Algeciras. The horrific tales of massacres, assassinations, sudden death everywhere in Spain read in the press last July and August floated again into memory. Glimpsing the grim outlines of "the Rock" I admit being a prey to certain misgivings as I heard the pilot shout *"Laga lo!"* and our ship steamed out into the beautiful azure bay headed for war-torn Spain.

Early one August morning the hardiest of fishermen from Algeciras sight a small tent of smoke forming over the blue of the Mediterranean horizon. Drawing in their brown nets they watch that smoke tent grow higher and darker against the blue sky until they are able to distinguish the hull, masts and the cannon of the ship bearing down so grimly on their yawls.

"Es buque de guerra! It's a war ship!" they shout, immediately losing interest in the morning's catch. They continue to watch intently. Soon straining eyes distinguish a flag flying from the masthead, the flag of the Communist republic.

"Es rojo! Es rojo! It's a red—a red!" the fishermen shout from yawl to yawl. Instantly brown sails are set, oars pushed

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through the tholes to help speed the boats to shore. Before they reach the safety of the breakwater, the cruiser fires its first shot. The boom of the cannon rumbles over the blue waters. The sound sends the fishermen into a chorus of excited cries. Frantic calls upon the rowers for more speed mingle with Spanish oaths. A second "bomb!" The projectile explodes high above the white-walled town on the side of a green hill. The fishermen laugh and cheer at this poor marksmanship. On shore bugles shrill the "Call to arms."

The bombardment of Algeciras has started.

For seven hours that cruiser lay about a mile off shore and fired shot after shot into the town. The garrison under Lieutenant-Colonel Coca having no artillery could make no reply, so the gun crews continued a leisurely bombardment unmolested. During the first hour the populace scuttled to the cellars. When the shells continued to drop in the streets doing negligible damage, men, women and children emerged from underground like ants after a rain, to find themselves vantage points more or less safe from which to watch the fireworks.

According to various accounts about 250 shells were fired. Only one building on the sea front was destroyed. Scattered hits around the town did a certain amount of damage, one struck the British Vice Consulate, but as a gesture towards recapturing Algeciras, the bombardment was a complete failure. The appearance of three Nationalist airplanes dropping their bombs about the cruiser put an end to the episode. Of the population two unfortunates, an old man and a woman, were killed. Also a burro was the target of one projectile. Others among the men and women received minor wounds, but no one was seriously hurt.

Algeciras marks the end of the right flank of the National army front. Malaga, some sixty miles east along the coast, is in the hands of the Reds, or former government par-

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tisans. General Franco's line extends a little east of north to Madrid with a salient jutting out to include Granada, around which city raged considerable fighting during the early weeks of the war. From Madrid the National forces hold the country to the Pyrenees at a point dividing almost equally the French frontier. Certain spots in the Basque country are still in dispute; these however are local disturbances of little consequence to the main operations. General Franco's objective is Madrid.

Roughly the opposing forces divide Spain half and half, east and west. Under General Franco's flag spread the great agricultural and pastoral provinces of the country while in the east under the government domination are the great industrial cities of Spain. This is of course a rough division. Certain cities of importance are included within General Franco's lines and agriculture flourishes in certain areas in the eastern provinces. It is interesting to speculate upon what may be the consequences affecting the general trend of the war due to this peculiar situation.

Green rolling hills rising from a sea almost indigo, so dark its blue, frame the whitewashed walls of the homes of Algeciras. It is a small town and a *mozo* carries your luggage from the custom house on the dock to your hotel in five minutes.

Typical Spanish fishermen possess the dock side sector of the town, crowding the beach with their boats and hanging their brown nets out to dry. Climbing up narrow streets into the town proper two out of every three males—men or boys—wear either blue or khaki uniforms. Some top off their uniforms with blue fore and aft caps, such as the American Legion affects, or wear a far more striking headdress—a tip-tilted scarlet béret.

Half of the Spanish girls you meet wear uniforms. What a cheery sight one of these brilliant-eyed, black-haired girls makes with a scarlet cap tip tilted above her brows! The

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señorita has become modern. I looked in vain for the types I remembered in former days, languorous ladies wearing lace mantillas flowing from high tortoise-shell combs. Today the señoritas patronize the beauty shops as regularly as their sisters in America. And all these uniforms are not entirely for show. Many of the girls do useful work for the army behind the lines.

Many officers wear olive drab with Sam Browne belts hardly to be distinguished from a United States army uniform. These are the Regular Forces and the soldiers are clad in olive drab or khaki with red trimmings. All the uniforms are well cut, particularly the breeches with which either leather puttees or olive canvas leggings are worn. The regular army including the Moorish battalions form the storm troops of General Franco's army. On the date of the uprising in July garrisons of regular troops took over the cities in which they were stationed, or attempted to do so. In smaller cities and towns they were successful on the whole. In cities such as Madrid, Barcelona, Malaga, and for a time in Granada, they failed. The discipline of this force wherever I have observed it, is excellent.

While new classes are called to the colors and the regular forces are recruited daily, two auxiliary militia forces constitute the rest of General Franco's army. In one of these Spanish youth has rushed to enlist under the felicitous title, "Flechas del Falange Espanol." Enlistments in the "Falange" are voluntary and from what I could observe the force has the defects and virtues of militia in all nations. Great spirit and enthusiasm but small military training. Uniformed in dark blue with red trim, a red sheaf of arrows embroidered over the left breast, a blue fore and aft cap with red tassel, they make a creditable appearance.

The other volunteer force, primarily sons of Navarre, call themselves the "Requetes de Espana," the word

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"requete" being defined as a member of a secret political order seeking the restoration of the Carlist régime. From what I could see they are not so numerous as the Falanges, but are distinctly more soldierly in appearance. Evidently they come from a higher stratum of Spanish life. They wear as uniform a khaki tunic and breeches and a red "boina" or béret that makes for a jaunty aspect. The *esprit* of these Requetes is excellent. I believe they could be more profitably absorbed into the regular forces than their brothers of the Falange.

All the children in Spain wear either the Falange or Requete uniforms. In Algeciras I watched a battalion of boys between the ages of six and twelve drilling in the plaza. Their marching and execution of the manual of arms was excellent. The drill concluded with the battalion singing the new Nationalist hymn, a stirring piece concluding with many "Vivas!"

I have come in contact with Spanish regulars in Cuba, in Africa during the Riff war and now in Spain. Their discipline is always good. While not the very highest type of soldier, these regulars must be superior to the Republican army. The real test of the military worth of the opposing forces will come during the winter months. Notoriously the winters in the Spanish theater of operations try the spirits of the hardiest of peasant living there. The outlook for soldier in the trenches is bad indeed.

The Moors are the Storm Troops. Already they have helped greatly in winning the country General Franco now holds. I am sure the General wishes most devoutly he could recruit a dozen more divisions of these picturesque "Moros."

Already the cold has lowered the morale of the Moors. Used to the African sun, winter's snows will account for more casualties among these mercenaries than the machine guns of the enemy. Rumor says it has been necessary even

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now in early December to evacuate the Moors from the front trenches and fill their posts with militia.

Waiting here in Algeciras before the Commandancia Militar for our permits to go on to Sevilla, I watch groups of wounded Moors tramping towards the dock to take ship for Ceuta.

A good deal of explanation ensued before the pass was issued. After a torturous eight-hour trip in a racketing Dodge autobus, its engine missing on all cylinders, we arrived in Sevilla at four in the morning.

Shrilling newsboys shouting the capture of Madrid awakened us in Sevilla. In view of the stage of operations when I left Gibraltar this was startling news. Immediately I sent out for the newspapers. "A B C" and "El Correo de Andalusia." Consulting my plan of Madrid, I soon realized that the excitement in the Plaza Nueva (new name for the Plaza Ferdinand) was out of all proportion to the military victory. Viewing Madrid as a cheese, the Nationalist mice had gnawed into a tiny corner on the rim.

I had had the opportunity to consult a remarkably fine relief map of Spain. Study one likewise and you cannot fail to harbor grave doubts concerning the success of the northern offensive. The terrain in and about Madrid is admirably suited for defense. Also the defenders fighting on interior lines with a network of well protected lines of supply, possess a military advantage that will be difficult to overcome. On the contrary the supply lines and communications of the Nationalists are dangerously exposed. The defenders are fighting from houses, more or less protected from the weather. General Franco's troops dig themselves in or battle behind barricades, positions open to the elements. These are local conditions. Granting the Nationals do capture Madrid, theirs will be but a Pyrrhic victory. Much of the city will be rubble and its consolida-

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tion would demand enormous labor, efforts always harassed by an active enemy. Then to try to drive out the Republic forces from the mountains of Cataluna! The cost in men and money would be staggering.

For the moment no one in Sevilla concerned himself with these difficulties. The plaza soon filled with a chattering, gesticulating, animated crowd, confident the capital would fall within the week, and that must end this terrible war. New posters appeared on all walls and hoardings. Endless repetitions in red on yellow of the phrases: *"Viva Espana! Viva el Ejercito! Viva el General Franco!* Even *"Viva el General Queipo de Llano!"* the gentleman whose occupation is delivering the nightly official broadcast. He rivals General Franco in popularity. Every ear in Nationalist Spain hangs on his hour-long nightly harangues. It might be well if this broadcasting general remembered the saying—"You can't fool all of the people all of the time."

Wandering in the plaza I caught the universal note of exaltation. Groups of "flechas" in their blue uniforms, "requetes" wearing their jaunty red caps, discussed the news excitedly while the shrimp and chestnut vendors tried to drown out this hubbub with their cries. Even the small boys who play marbles in the plaza all day long interrupted their games to give an occasional cheer.

Turning into Sierpes Street with its odd assortment of shops, cafés and clubs, I was aware the excitement was not so great. While men and boys pushed for places outside windows where maps of Madrid were displayed, the positions marked with miniature tanks, cannon, figures of Moors and other soldiers, the customers around the café tables seemed more restrained. Looking into the club windows—one can do so from the street level—I noted the members, all older men, seated motionless in their deep chairs. Their old eyes from habit stared out on the passing crowd. Rarely they spoke one to another. Their faces were

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masks. It gave one a queer feeling to turn from the hopeful animation of the plaza to the grim taciturnity of these old men. What were they thinking?

In the café frequented by the bull fighters—really an unchartered club—the gloom was thicker. Sitting around the tables in their somber gray suits, their stiff brimmed, high crowned gray hats, staring stolidly out into the street, it was evident they took no joy from the morning's news. Bull fighters belong to the old régime. Of course they side with the insurgents, but while civil war rages over the land, they see little hope for the bull fights of other days.

What struck one forcibly in Sevilla was the number of men crowding the streets. General Franco could recruit an army corps here and make little impression on the city's population. They mill around the streets and plazas like cattle. They are in and out of the shops, cafés, cinemas day and night and seem to be able to spend money without stint.

In one way there is a shortage of money, silver and copper. Each morning long queues form outside the government banks seeking to change notes for silver. They can obtain limited amounts only. Silver and copper were becoming increasingly scarce because of hoarding until General Franco's government issued drastic orders against this practice. Now a new order takes effect concerning notes. These must all be taken to the Bank of Spain to be stamped. Shortly it is expected that only such stamped money will be in circulation. All visitors are searched for money upon entering and leaving Spain. Upon entering they see that you do not carry more than the allotted 500 pesetas in notes or silver, and upon leaving they see that you carry out of Spain no silver whatever and only 5 pesetas in copper.

Money, the sinews of war, becomes more and more a troublesome problem for the insurgents. And it will be-

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come an equally difficult one for the Republicans when the reserves (estimated between 60 and 100 million pounds) held in Madrid are spent in Russia. Granting the war lasts another six months, which it may without more active Italian and German aid, we will find both armies supporting themselves upon what the land they occupy can supply.

German aid will make itself felt shortly. In my hotel I counted thirty Germans, youths evidently belonging to the air corps, and older men, technicians and gunners. Daily the aviators reported to the Sevilla Flying Field and flew all morning. The afternoons these young men devoted to sight-seeing, hurrying from the Cathedral to the Alcazar, the Giralda, the Musea with its Murillos, Zurbaráns and the works of other famous painters. So does the German combine culture and war.

I saw many Italian officers in Sevilla. The fascist salute one met everywhere. Not only did the Germans and Italians greet one another in this fashion, but now it has been adopted by the Spaniard. Falange and Requete use it whenever they meet. Officers and soldiers of the Regular army salute according to old army regulations.

A day or so after the newspapers carried the Madrid dispatches I noticed they printed more than usual numbers of death notices. Large black framed insets headed by a black cross telling of the deaths of officers. From the dates I recognized that the casualties occurred during the Madrid offensive. That day I attended the services for Prince Alonso of Bourbon who was killed in an airplane crash. I had known his father when he was a colonel of cavalry in the Riff war.

Also at this time many new cases arrived at the hospitals in the suburbs of Sevilla. And one met many more lightly wounded in the streets. The bite General Franco took out of Madrid must have been costly indeed.

I have already referred to some factors that make the

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capture of Madrid a major military problem for the insurgents. They have however two weapons that may in the end solve that problem—superior air power and superior artillery. There can be no doubt of the success of General Franco's flyers and gunners. Bomb dropping has ruined the morale of Madrid's civil population and no doubt has lowered the morale of the military. To be subject to this type of attack night and day is bound to wear down the bravest and best disciplined troops. Dispatches coming from the Republican red side confirm the claims of the insurgents by the violence with which they cry out against bombing as barbarous. Actually General Franco was most reluctant to destroy the capital. Bombing and artillery fire were strictly held down to limited areas. Now in order to capture Madrid the most ruthless methods become necessary. Neither airplanes nor guns can actually take the city. They can prepare the way for successful occupation of positions by infantry and can protect that infantry against counterattack. With the arrival of more Junker planes and German aviators, the systematic and complete bombing of Madrid will begin.

Bombing however is an attack both sides can use. In retaliation for the daily raids on Madrid, the Republican planes appeared unexpectedly over Sevilla at dawn one November morning. Before the Germans could run their Junker planes out of the hangars, the enemy ships dropped some dozen bombs on the flying base. Having done this, they loosed the remainder of their bombs on the railroad station, then soared safely back to Malaga.

The morning of the day of my departure from Sevilla again the newsboys were shouting their special editions. And the news was welcome indeed. Italy and Germany recognize General Franco's party as the supreme power in Spain. This brought smiles to the somber clubmen along the Sierpes and seemed to dispel some of the gloom that

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fogged the bull fighters. Later, when the German and Italian representatives passed through Sevilla the plazas were flooded with light, and the city was *en fête* for the occasion. Dinners, speeches, toasts, unremitting "vivas" for all concerned, and the gentlemen were speeded on to Burgos.

When I requested permission for my wife and myself to go on to Cordoba and Granada, the colonel in charge made no difficulty whatever. And these cities were in threatened areas. In the press of the last few days were accounts of renewed activity along the southern front.

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CHAPTER XXVIII

THROUGH THE RED LINES TO GRANADA

OUR train to Cordoba proclaimed we were approaching the theater of operations. A battalion of infantry, newly trained and equipped, crowded the third class carriages, a half company overflowing into the second class. Young soldiers, they had not rubbed off the pin feathers of the recruit. The officers also were somewhat callow. This I believe is becoming more and more a formidable question confronting General Franco: where shall I find enough competent officers to lead the battalions as they are sent forward? As the war continues he will have great difficulty in training enough company officers, while finding technical, artillery and staff officers will be a sleep-killing problem.

The troops brought over from Melilla have borne the brunt of the fighting up to the present. Now that the operations are covering more and more terrain and since General Franco expects to operate on an extended front, his task of organization becomes almost staggering. The fact is that the front claimed for the insurgents (provinces and cities favorable to their cause) is held by isolated groups,

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guarding the railway lines, principal roads, approaches to cities and other vantage points. Red raiding parties attack and sometimes penetrate behind the so-called insurgent front. It would be impossible for General Franco to garrison the whole line.

Stopping at a junction about an hour out from Sevilla, the train was surrounded by a hundred or more young girls. All were dressed in the blue Falange uniform with the red trimming and the rakish cap with tassel. They presented the officers with bouquets of flowers, then formed rank and in unison sang the Falange hymn. What struck one about the little incident was the religious fervor with which it was carried out. Deep emotion rang in every note in the young voices. When the girls finished and the soldiers shouted their "Vivas!" these boys were deeply affected. An elderly man, padded with pillows of fat, who had kept up a continual discourse of a paternal character towards the young soldiers, wiped the tears from his eyes, blew his nose and commented brokenly on the scene.

Arriving in Cordoba, one is immediately struck by the sand bag barricades and the barbed wire defenses. These are set up at various strategic points outside the city. Inside the city certain of the citizens have piled sand bags against the walls of their houses and shops. These are to serve as protection against air raids.

Air raids as carried out by both sides in Spain are samples of what may be expected in a great European war. Ostensibly sent to obtain some military advantage, to destroy artillery positions, halt marching troops, sink ships in harbor, actually the bombing planes attack the civilian populations. Today all Spain is bombing plane conscious. Red aviators have bombed Cordoba, Granada, and quite recently Algeciras, doing great damage to the hotel where I stayed in that city.

So great is the fear of bombers that a plane flying at

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more than a thousand feet altitude is always taken for an enemy ship. One afternoon in Sevilla I saw every man, woman and child walking down the street rush suddenly to the shelter of the cathedral. Some shouted and pointed upward as they ran. At the same moment the bells in the Giralda rang out furiously. High up in the sky, fully three thousand feet, a single plane winged over and sailed above the city. Terror held the crowd under the cathedral wall. All looked up, waiting for the expected cone, the blast of flame. Some lips were moving in prayer. One or two among the throng tried to reassure the others, saying the plane was Insurgent, but none ventured back into the street. Shortly two other planes joined the first, the sunlight catching the underside of their wings, and all three went through some simple "stunting." Evidently recently arrived German aviators were preparing for a visit to Madrid. It was some moments before the city became normal. A similar fear grips the populace of Cordoba.

Making my way to the Mosque in the Court of Orange trees, I found it alive with two battalions of Falange troops. It was Sunday and they arrived to attend mass "en honor de los fieles difunctos," in honor of comrades who I learned made up a part of the list of dead before Madrid.

Watching them march into the church that was built in the center of the Mosque, seeing these blue-clad soldiers kneel and rise following the ritual of the mass, I could not but wonder at the ironic turns of history's wheel. Half hidden behind columns that make for the beauty of the Mosque, some dozen Moors peered at the ceremony. I wondered if the spirits of long dead Khalifas hovered about, or if the Gran Capitan himself looked down upon this incongruous scene.

Moorish battalions form part of the garrison of Cordoba. Also a number of lightly wounded have been sent here to recover. With long sky blue capes, white turbans, and red

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kaftans they make picturesque high lights on the streets of the sleepy city.

Cordoba is in the Zone of the Army of the South. It marks the limit of the insurgent front in this sector of Spain; still, in spite of being open to frequent attack, the business of the city goes on as usual. The Sunday crowds fill the streets, drop in at the cafés and jam the cinemas. The night I spent there the attraction was a Spanish version of "Bright Eyes" with Shirley Temple. It was difficult to believe that at any moment an enemy plane might drop death among this crowd. In the local papers accounts of nearby skirmishes are recorded almost daily.

However the rigors of war are beginning to make themselves felt. Coal is scarce and getting scarcer. There are coal mines not far distant but at the time of the revolution the miners in a body joined the Red forces. This I understand has been the case in different provinces of Spain. Some coal is being mined but in such small quantities it is doled out as if it were silver.

Undoubtedly most of the coal now goes to the arms factories. I noticed the artillery foundries in Sevilla were operating at full blast.

Wheat flour is also almost non-existent. For the people this is no hardship as a fair substitute is malt flour from which the bakers now produce very filling rolls, but the pastry-shop keepers complain bitterly that they no longer can make the pre-war cakes.

I mention the scarcity of coal and wheat simply as signs of what may happen if the war is long drawn out. While Spain produces most of what is consumed in the country and in fact exports a surplus, the time will come when it will be more and more difficult to obtain commodities that go to make up the daily diet.

Foreseeing this, behind the lines the women, who always reign over the kitchens in Spain, have started a short

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ration day. It is called the day of the "Plato Unico" (Single Dish). In effect it means that at the principal meals on certain days one plate only will be served. As these days occur but twice a month and if you have ever eaten "cocida Andalusia," a stew of bits of meat, chick peas, string beans, potatoes, etc., ad lib., all seasoned tastefully, you will find the day of the Single Dish no great hardship. What the housewives save from their daily budget is turned in for the benefit of the poor of the different cities.

All citizens have been called upon to give to the Insurgents gold, silver, jewelry, plate, anything of value that can be turned into money to help the cause. From a study of the lists of contributors published in the papers, the people have responded splendidly. Daily I read long lists of ladies who gave up jewels, trinkets, rare paintings, antiques, to help finance General Franco's army. Men were not behindhand in subscribing. They contributed sums of money and stocks to swell the general fund.

One side-light on the war I found in Cordoba seemed amusing. This was listening to the nightly broadcasts. By some sort of agreement, or by chance, the stations announce at different hours. At times there is considerable interference from Continental stations, but as a rule one can tune in on Madrid, Barcelona, and still have time to hear General Queipo de Llano afterwards.

The Madrid broadcasts always begin with claims of success along the entire front. The Insurgents are driven out of the capital and the Government forces push on to Toledo which may be recaptured at any time. The second part of the program refutes the claims made previously by the Insurgents.

Barcelona usually retails a series of atrocities committed by the rebels. They gave a harrowing and detailed account of how two Russian aviators falling into the Insurgent hands had been hanged, drawn and quartered. Then the

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announcer catagorically denies all charges made by the Insurgent press of atrocities on the Red side.

General Queipo de Llano has the last say. In an amusing manner he sums up for the defense. This gives us a foretaste of what will happen when the next European war arrives. In any event one can always tune out.

Having done this, I made my preparations to continue on to Granada next morning, in spite of many warnings from the hotel proprietor.

During the early weeks of Spain's civil war Granada was the focus of world attention. The Red forces surrounded it. Fierce fighting raged for possession of the city. Tourists, viewing the beauties of the Alhambra, caught within Granada, wired frantically to their various governments to come to their aid. Airplanes bombed the city daily. A gallant American aviator flew from the French border to save his sweetheart caught in this vortex of war. He rescued some eight or ten other tourists at the same time.

The struggle continued for a month. Street fighting daily left dead and wounded on the cobbles. Finally the National forces drove the Reds in retreat to Malaga. Since then attacks and counterattacks of small bodies of troops have occurred from time to time.

Following the outline of General Franco's front, you see that the Granada sector is a salient, or tongue, thrust at the Red lines. It projects well to the east of Malaga. As that Red stronghold is only about forty miles distant as an airplane flies, the Republican government under Presidente Azaña still has hopes of slicing off Granada from the National front.

On December 2nd, at 8:10 A.M. with my wife I left Cordoba by autobus bound for Granada. Our autobus started at the corner of Avenida Gran Capitan where it meets the bull ring. A tall, impressive, well dressed chauf-

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feur sat behind the wheel. He bore a stricking resemblance to the American Postmaster-General Farley. Beside him sat a soldier, a Requete in khaki with rifle, a leather box filled with cartridge clips and wearing the typical red béret on his head. Young, he grew a thick black beard trimmed in the popular style of crescent sideburns, which adornment gave him a reminiscent look of the late motion picture actor Valentino. Flanking the red-capped soldier were two Civil Guards wearing their tri-cornered hats that date from the time Napoleon invaded Spain. They too carried rifles and ammunition.

My wife and I occupied the first class seats alone. Behind me was the Second Class Passenger. I give him this distinction as he played an amusing rôle in our subsequent adventures. He was a sallow, elderly gentleman with a pessimistic outlook on life, and he suffered from a very bad cold. This did not prevent him taking a prominent part in all the conversations—and they were many—that marked the progress of our journey, a trip scheduled for six hours.

Once beyond the limits of Cordoba no country could appear more peaceful. We sped along a good motor road in a southwesterly direction over a succession of rolling hills that billowed up to the jagged outlines of the snow-capped Sierra Nevada mountains, deep blue in the brilliant sunshine. The newly plowed gray soil was laid out in olive tree orchards, spreading to right and left like a curious carpet. Carpet—a gray sea rather, spotted with the green olive trees. Not a hand's breath of arable soil but was tilled or being tilled. Interspersed between the olive orchards (it doesn't seem possible that the world can consume so much olive oil or eat so many olives) peasants drove their wooden plows through acres destined for flax, hemp, or beet-root. Some fields were given over to grape vines. In a few barren spots unavailable for cultivating, horses and

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cattle grazed, goats and kids leaped nimbly from rock to rock, burros nibbled yellow stubble. Near the very occasional farmhouses and buildings turkeys roamed and gobbled. In every detail nothing could be more peaceful.

When we dropped two third class passengers at Montilla, peasants gathered at our stopping place and gave us first warnings of trouble ahead. The Civil Guards, the Carlist soldier and our chauffeur Farley listened to their tales, then decided to speed on. The Second Class Passenger shook his head and suggested it would be wiser to await further information. He was overruled and we passed the town with its castle-like church and made no further stop until Priego.

The Priegoans crowded the streets, expressions of expectancy on every face. From second-story windows gayly colored rugs, counterpanes, shawls hung against the white-washed walls. These were draped to honor the expected capture of Madrid.

Men, women and children gabbled excitedly. Chauffeur Farley's horn blew constantly. Reluctantly the people moved from the path of our autobus. When we stopped they crowded about the car to shout their news.

"Los Rojos han attacado a la madrugade! Vienen del Puente cerca de Medinailla. The Reds attacked at dawn! They came from the bridge near Medinailla."

And from this point the story was detailed in a dozen different versions. How many Reds there were who attacked I could not discover. "Algunos milles—some thousands" seemed to be the nearest guess. This no doubt was an exaggeration. The stories originated with the refugees who rushed helter-skelter to the protection of Priego at the first shots, stopping only to gather up bedding, blankets and such belongings as could be packed in their straw baskets. Now these refugees sat on the walls surrounding the plaza, most lugubrious indeed.

Immediately we descended from the bus my wife became

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the center of interest of a dozen señoritas. While she carried on a conversation with them in her somewhat meager Spanish, a young student from Valladolid University took me under his care.

Francisco added little to what we already knew of the attack. In his opinion the Reds wished to cut the National line of communication between Cordoba and Granada as a preliminary attempt to recapture the latter city. He brushed aside my questions and swamped me with dozens of his own on world politics and the intentions of English and American politicians with regard to Spain now that Germany, Italy and Portugal had recognized General Franco's government as the supreme power.

Chauffeur Farley and the Civil Guards were in conference with the authorities on the situation. Suddenly the church bells rang out violently. Shouts rose on all sides, bass and treble voices.

"An airplane! An airplane!"

I looked up into the azure heavens. About two thousand feet overhead a plane droned in the sunshine. I studied it deciding it must be of German origin. When I lowered my gaze, I found myself standing alone.

Of the crowd that swarmed the plaza moments before not one remained. Heads popped out from doors and windows, or from those openings always found under Spanish houses. Arms pointed upward. Tongues wagged in frightened tones. A man called frantically to me to take shelter from a soon-to-be-expected bomb. The plane droned away to the south and the crowd gradually crept back into the plaza chattering like a flock of geese.

Later my wife told me she had been hustled into a nearby house and hidden under a stairway by her terrified señorita escort.

While the populace laughingly reassured themselves that the plane had been one of General Franco's reconnoitering

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the reported Red troops, Chauffeur Farley reappeared. The autobus coming from Granada which was scheduled to meet our bus at Priego had left Alcalá, a town some twenty miles away, an hour earlier. Nothing had been heard of it since. And those twenty miles? Were they in the hands of the Reds?

The Commandancia Militar decided to send us on escorted by a truck load of *milicianos,* militia, under a corporal. Thirty boys in their early twenties, each with bandolier and rifle, yet obviously completely inexperienced in warfare, filled the truck. Once more we were on the road to Granada.

Still all seemed peaceful. The hills were higher; at some stretches along the road we passed close to precipitous cliffs, often the grades were steep, but on we sped following the truck load of militia.

Ten kilometers on our way and the truck stopped. I saw it surrounded by gesticulating peasants. All the men carried rifles or fowling pieces of the Carlist period. Our bus was stopped while we watched the scene. Farley, the soldier Valentino, the Civil Guards and the pessimistic Second Class Passenger began excited speculations as to what had happened. Soon we were enlightened. The militia corporal came running back and shouted:

"We must turn back. The bridge is in the hands of the Reds. It is too dangerous to go on."

This led to more discussions and violent ones. Chauffeur Farley, Requeté Valentino, the Civil Guards all wanted to know of what use were the militia if they turned back now. The Second Class Passenger declared they were right. Why should any one be killed?

I climbed out and went ahead to the militia truck. From over the next ridge I heard firing. The echoes of a fusillade, then a dozen shots that seemed to bang against the

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rocks ahead. I walked on. Two elderly peasants, shotguns in hand warned me.

"Do not go on. The Reds are there. They have been since dawn."

At the foot of the incline was the village of Medinailla. I saw a crowd in the narrow street between the white-washed houses. The truck load of militia had started for the rear. I walked down into the town. Hardly had I entered the narrow street when with great horn tooting, the autobus from Granada catapulted in at the opposite end.

Six Civil Guards climbed out. All were highly excited. While the crowd pressed close about them, they recounted their adventures. The Reds had fired on them at the bridge. It had been wrecked and the road ran down a gully and sharply up the other side, making the going difficult for the bus. It was at that point the enemy opened fire.

Now our autobus came lumbering into town. The Civil Guards conferred together. Again our Chauffeur Farley disappeared to telephone for instructions. During the excited discussion in which the whole population takes part, two airplanes came into view overhead. Their appearance put an end to all talk. The population scattered. Here a series of caves in the hillside afforded them protection.

The planes circled overhead, and, if enemy ships, evidently decided we were not worth wasting a bomb on. When they droned off the discussion was immediately resumed. Valentino and the Civil Guards who had come with our bus were not averse to showing their valor, they stood ready to go on. At this the Second Class Passenger called upon *Dios* to witness that they were all *loco*. Chauffeur Farley appeared. He was smiling widely. A shout went up.

"Los Moros vienen! Los Moros vienen! The Moors are coming."

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Three camions with Moorish troops had been ordered out from Cordoba and were now overtaking us. We were to wait until they came to drive the Red troops away.

A lively argument was now in progress concerning the airplanes. Were they or were they not enemy planes? If they were, must we not immediately notify Sevilla, ask for pursuit planes to drive them off? A gentleman wearing the Cross of Calatrava on his sleeve whom I believed to be the mayor of the village decided against this, in spite of the fact that Priego had been recently bombed.

Suddenly three motor lorries bumped over the ridge and slid down into the village street. They were packed with Moors. Some wore turbans, some fezzes, some were shaved, some bearded, all showed by appearance and swagger that they were seasoned fighters. Baggy slacks, brown kaftans, gray capes, their uniforms made for invisibility. Three Spanish lieutenants commanded them. After a short stop the lorries ran ahead. A half mile up the road they halted. The Moors jumped out. A Sergeant Major, his nose under his fez an eagle's beak, supervised the unloading of three machine guns with their squads. A platoon of Moors, swinging their rifles, pushed off to the right and left of the road. Every move bespoke the veteran. The contrast between these Moors and the militia who had acted as our escort earlier told a vivid story of the wide gap between the best and the worst of General Franco's troops.

Deploying through the olive trees these scouts merged into the gray color of the soil. With glass I followed their movements until they disappeared over the top of the ridge shutting us in. The machine gun squads toiled along in the rear. The Spanish officers each taking post behind his platoon, supervised the advance.

When all slipped over the ridge we waited expectantly. Some half dozen shots set our blood tingling. I followed the Moor scouts, hoping to witness some sort of skirmish.

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Shortly I met a messenger running back along the road. The Reds had retreated, the road ahead was clear.

Hearing no more firing I returned to the autobus. The news that we might proceed hardly met the enthusiasm the commander of the Moors expected. Still when, after some conversation, it seemed that their courage was to be tested, Chauffeur Farley, Valentino our red-capped Carlist, the six Civil Guards—our original lot reënforced by others from the Granada bus—began piling into the bus and preparing to start. We were to make a race for it. Again the Second Class Passenger called on all the saints in the Spanish calendar to save us from such a foolhardy adventure. The refugees climbed into the back seats cackling tremulously. Amidst a babble of excited comment the chauffeur started the engine. He meshed the gears.

Down a slope first, then up the ridge over which the Moors deployed. We speeded around curves on two wheels, skidded close to precipitous drops that slid off into eternity. The Guards sat with their loaded rifles stuck out the windows. Their eyes were searching the landscape, singling out the olive trees for sharpshooting Reds. I heard a mumbling noise behind me, half sobs, half prayer. I looked back. There, stretched out at full length along the bench, was the Second Class Passenger, hat pulled down tight over his ears, telling his beads. At every jolt he joined the refugees in their half stifled screams.

We topped a ridge. Down a sharp incline the road led to a stream. Across it the bridge, both abutments smashed, buckled in the center. A detour led down the bank and up on the opposite side. Chauffeur Farley gathered speed with every yard of road. Down we shot, racketing, bumping, jolting in the silt. Striking the water the wheels began to slip. Would we make it? All stared anxiously towards the ridge that commanded the bridge, the point from whence the Granada bus had been fired upon. For seconds

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the engine labored. Then the wheels caught. Up, up we chugged, scattering stones right and left. Valentino shouted. Figures moving on the ridge. He aimed his rifle. All the Guards pushed their rifles into position. I swept the ridge with my glasses.

"Escapo!" scoffed the Carlist soldier, lowering his rifle.

The autobus now slammed and banged up onto the good road. The chauffeur fed it more and more gas. We rocketed ahead under a sheer cliff. One of the Civil Guards mentioned something about a hand grenade. At this point it would indeed have been an effective weapon. Faster and faster churned the engine. Farley sat grim, eyes fixed on the road ahead. The Guards snapped a few terse sentences. Out we dashed again into the open. Fifty, sixty miles an hour across a level space for a few miles. In the distance we saw the white houses and tiled roofs of Alcalá. With a falsetto laugh Valentino pulled his rifle inside the window. The other Guards began talking all at once. I glanced back at the Second Class Passenger. He was comatose.

At Alcalá we halted. We heard more stories of the morning's fight. Some coffee and we were off again. The sun sank in golden fire behind the Sierra Nevada mountains, setting the snow alight. Night closed in like a fog when we arrived at length in Granada.

A day or so later I read an account of our skirmish:

> Army of the South: In Cordoba, continuing the cleaning up of the Priego front, our Regular forces assaulted. The enemy fled, leaving four dead, one machine gun, one mortar, rifles and other material, besides the dinner which they had prepared.

I could picture the Moors thoroughly enjoying that dinner.

Ending my journey through southern Spain, piecing

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together such bits of information as I could gather with what I learned from personal observation, I came to the following conclusions concerning the war:

1. The winter season already has interfered with military operations on both sides. It will probably immobilize ground troops completely. Air warfare can continue in the coldest weather. Bombing raids will be carried out even more frequently by both armies during the winter months as new planes are added to their equipment.

2. General Franco's losses in first line troops (regular army and Moorish mercenaries) have been severe. I believe crippling for the present. Months must pass before the raw troops now in training will approach Franco's first line army in morale and effectiveness.

3. The financial problem becomes daily more and more complex. The Insurgent government will permit the circulation of Bank of Spain notes only when stamped by that government. The rate of exchange is regulated within insurgent territory by military proclamation. The Azaña government originally possessed gold valued at between 60 and 100 million pounds sterling, the sum formerly set aside as reserve. All this gold has been sent to France or Russia. Twenty-five millions in paper pesetas are now being issued. The governors of the Central Bank for International Settlements in Switzerland is struggling with this problem, one of the most difficult involved in the civil war.

4. Hatred on both sides has been so aroused by barbarities committed that it is impossible to think of Spain as a peacefully united nation, no matter which party wins. Spanish pride demands that the war be continued to the final defeat of one side or the other. The French-English plan for "supervising" the war meets with little response in Germany or Italy. Without intervention I believe the civil war in Spain will drag on to a stalemate.

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5. I am strongly of the opinion that the war in Spain is the first of a series of world-wide struggles, or one gigantic struggle between the forces of Fascism and Communism.

During the last weeks of the year 1936 I become more and more certain that this opinion is correct. The recognition by the League of Nations of the Republican as the legitimate government in Spain is I believe another error on the part of the League. Italy will refuse to take part in any discussions based upon such recognition. Germany also will refuse. Both these countries have recognized General Franco's government and while not openly supporting him, are doing everything possible unofficially to build up the Insurgent army. It only needs some sufficient pretext for them to come out in the open.

Premier Blum's victory over the Communists of the Popular Front demanding that France go to the aid of Republican Spain was due to support from parties in the French Chamber that may turn against him any day. And that would be the end of his premiership. What would come after one can only guess.

England's position is difficult. The government is well aware of the threat to Mediterranean domination. It was, and still is, much upset over the Rossi incident and keeps warships watching the waters of the Balearic Islands for further developments. It is bound by treaty to come to the aid of France if that country is attacked. And as a climax has just gone through a serious internal crisis.

Added to all this we have the support of the Republican Spanish government by the Soviets. Ships under the British flag are carrying arms and ammunition from Odessa to Barcelona in spite of the British proclamation withdrawing protection for such ships. Russian aviators and Russian artillerists fight in the Republican army. Numerous French adventurers are also in the ranks or detailed as instructor officers. The Russians are the dominant body.

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There are other conflicts of interest in Europe that may at any time throw the whole present adjustment out of balance. These are remote from the Spanish situation.

In the final weeks of the year a new war cloud appears in the Orient. In view of the German-Japanese pact to combat the spread of Sovietism (undoubtedly the Soviets secretly encourage China to attack Japan) the spark that will light the European conflict may be fired in the Far East.

When will the next world war start? A year hence, two, five years? It would be rash to predict.

If and when the next war comes it will be carried right into the homes of the civilian population. Thus the front lines of the future will extend into the hearts of enemy nations and the war correspondent will find no difficulty in meeting his newspaper's deadline.

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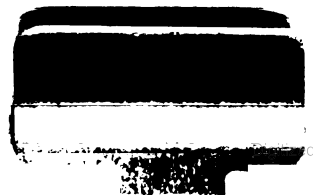

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